Midd

WINTER 2024

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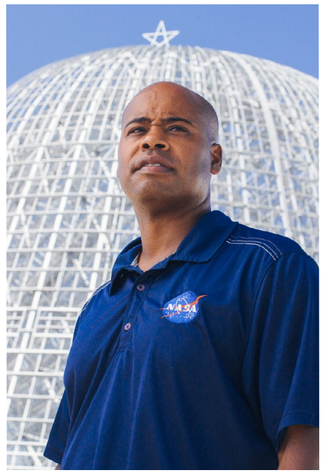

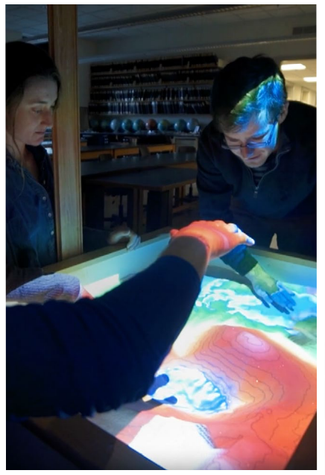

FOR **EVERY FUTURE**

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JOHNSON, RENEWED

Pushing past the half-century mark, the Christian A. Johnson Memorial Building was showing its age.

Since it opened in 1965, the Johnson Building, home to the College's Studio Art and History of Art and Architecture Departments, has had quite a presence on the Vermont campus. Just one of three extant examples of brutalist modernism in the state of Vermont, the building was designed by Jean Paul Carlhian to serve as a work of art itself, a teaching tool, in addition to its function as an academic building.

But more than 50 years of housing creativity can take a toll on a building. Plus, a 1960s structure—no matter how significant a work of architecture—wasn't exactly designed with accessibility and sustainability in mind. (To wit: Johnson had only two restrooms and a less-than-efficient circulation system.)

"One of our main goals was to try to keep and hold onto what makes Johnson Johnson, while improving the things that had come to be understood as shortcomings," says John McLeod, the architect and professor who designed and led the renovation project.

The rejuvenated building reopened in the fall. It's still just as architecturally significant and distinct as before; more so, even. And it's filled with light, is fully accessible, and features a thoughtful layout that maximizes teaching and learning, as well as exhibiting and creating. Plus, it contains multiple restrooms and a modern HVAC system.

"My God Almighty, it's gobsmackingly awesome," one recent visitor was overheard remarking.

We concur. —MJ

RENOVATIONS OF THE CHRISTIAN A. JOHNSON MEMORIAL BUILDING WERE FUNDED PRIMARILY BY A $10 MILLION GIFT FROM THE ENDEAVOR FOUNDATION, AT THE REQUEST OF JULIE JOHNSON KIDD '67.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY BRETT SIMISON

For Every Future

Last fall, Middlebury launched an ambitious fundraising campaign, the most comprehensive fundraising effort in the institution's 223-year history: $600 million to help advance Middlebury's distinctive mission and model of a liberal arts and sciences education.

Quite a few folks have asked me how the magazine will cover the campaign, which is titled For Every Future. We'll do so in myriad ways: when there are data points or significant achievements to share, we'll certainly do so. (Our "Go Figure" column on page 22 is but one example.) But more than any one story or data point or photograph, I'd argue that our entire periodical, pages 1 to 128, speaks to For Every Future and for philanthropy's role in supporting Middlebury's educational mission.

The late Brian Doyle—an essayist, poet, novelist, and editor, nonpareil—once said this, of higher education magazines:

Our magazines are, I would argue, the single most important, enduring, influential, far-reaching, persuasive, consistent, widely accessible, eloquent, articulate, personal, intimate, artistic, attractive, appealing, and potentially alluring and poetic essences of the business at hand—continuing case statements, mission statements, prospectuses, essences, advertisements, sales pitches.

The idea of the magazine as a continuing case statement for Middlebury has stayed with me for years. If you flip through this issue, I'd like to think that everything you encounter supports that theory. To build for the future, we need to understand our history. ("Who Was Alexander Twilight, Really?") We need to have a deep understanding of our place ("Snow Days"). And if we are to embrace our mission and plan for an even greater future, one that is universally relevant and yet still distinctly Middlebury, is there anything more consequential than Middlebury stories and essays of, well, consequence ("Of Consequence")?

So, this is how we'll be covering For Every Future. I hope you'll continue to join us in this effort. —MJ

Midd

WINTER 2024
VOLUME 94, ISSUE 3

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FEATURED CONTRIBUTORS

ALEXANDRA JHAMB BURNS '21.5
"Taking Flight"
A fan of all things pop culture, Burns is a contributing writer and podcast producer at *Vogue* in NYC.

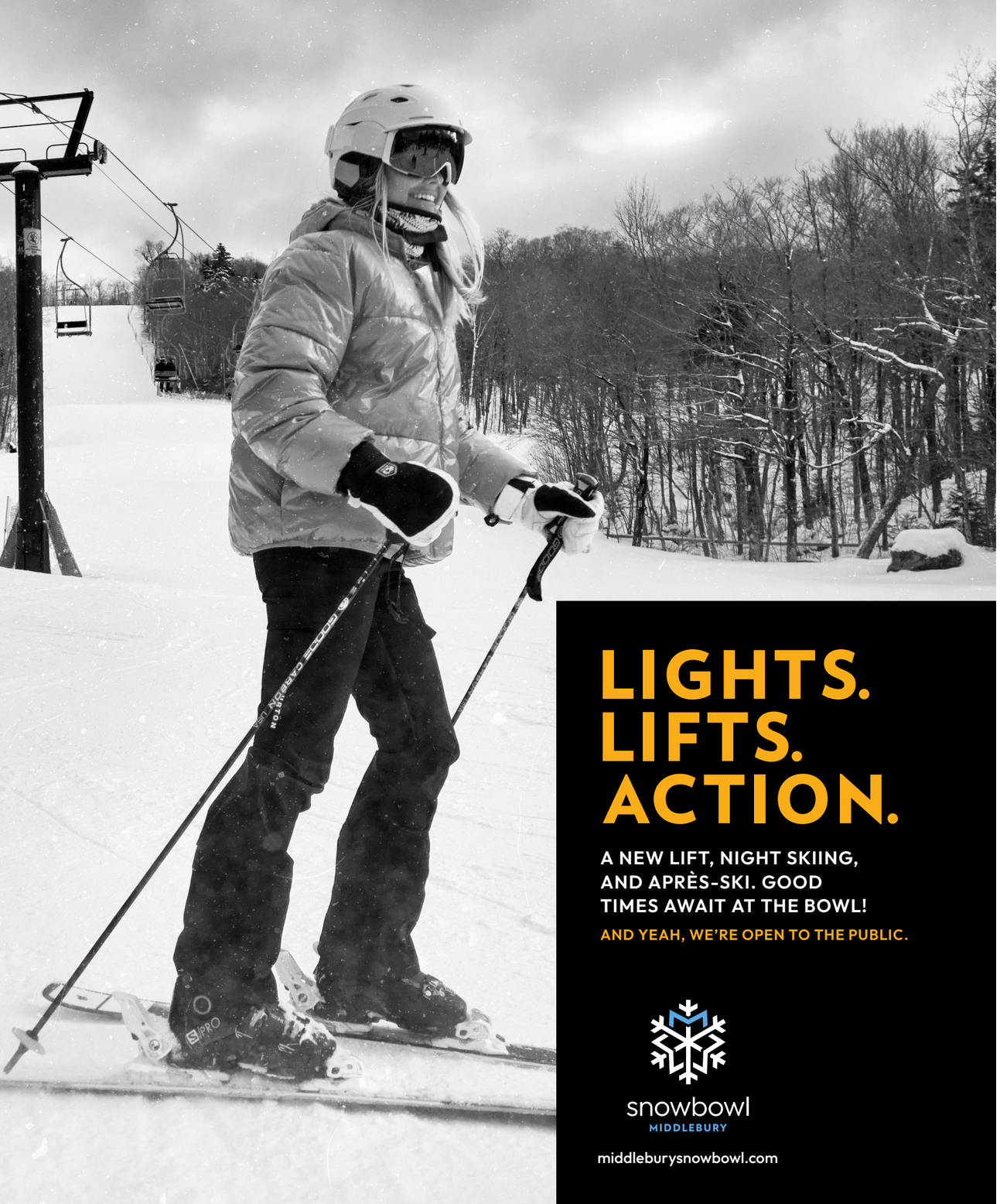
WILLIAM HART
"Who Was Alexander Twilight, Really?"
A professor emeritus of history, Hart was the first director of the Black Studies Department at Midd and is currently working on a biography of Twilight.

MARK ALAN STAMATY
"Freddy Photoseed"
A renowned cartoonist, Stamaty is best known for his work for the *Village Voice* and the *New York Times Book Review*.

BRIAN STAUFFER
Cover, "Courage Under Fire"
An award-winning illustrator, Stauffer is a contributor to many publications, including the *Nation*, the *New Yorker*, and *Rolling Stone*.

ON THE COVER ILLUSTRATION BY BRIAN STAUFFER

ILLUSTRATED HEADSHOTS BY TOM DESLONGCHAMP



On Reading with One Another

Elianna Kan's conversation with Stephen Donadio in the spring issue of the magazine is an extraordinary exchange with a remarkable individual. I wish I had been a fly on one or the other's wall (Zoom, you know…), but in truth Ms. Kan so well captures her subject that while I read, I felt I *was* that lucky fly. Everyone who still believes in the worth and power of literature must read and relish this piece. *Namaste*, Stephen! *Brava*, Ms. Kan!

—NANCY M. O'CONNOR, *CAPE CORAL, FLORIDA*

The writer is the Lois B. Watson Professor Emerita of French at Middlebury.

On Reading with One Another, Part II

"We're All Just Reading with One Another" is a delight, especially since, hallelujah, it appeared in print rather than just online. I loved that when Elianna Kan '10 asked Stephen Donadio about early reading experiences, he replied, "*The Little Engine That Could*. 'I think I can, I think I can, I think I can.' That was the book that my mother read to me. I can't thank her enough for having done it." Amazing, isn't it, that Donadio's mother showed him the wonder of words, and Donadio has devoted his life to passing along this appreciation, this gift. Donadio says his students were "really starved for…close reading." I majored in comp lit and have been feeling a little starved too. Thank you for the inspiring interview. Now I want to reread *Madame Bovary* and think long and hard about Charles's hat.

—CAROL WESTON, MA SPANISH '79, *ARMONK, NEW YORK*

On Reading with One Another, Part III

Kudos to Elianna Kan on her magnificent—and deeply true—portrait of Stephen Donadio. I too studied with Stephen as an undergrad and at Bread Loaf, albeit in the '80s and '90s. Elianna could have been transcribing conversations I have had with Stephen, and his obvious impact on her reflected his on me as well! I credit Stephen as being one of the greatest influences on my intellectual and moral development. I expect that I am merely one of many who feel that way.

—NED WALPIN '86, *SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO*

Choices, Please

I am writing in response to some letters published in the Talk department of the printed edition of *Midd Magazine*. I strongly advocate that readers be able to *choose* whether they want the digital or hard copy version. As Chris Summersgill points out, each alum's decision has financial implications for the College and environmental concerns for all of us. (My point of view also extends to the Middlebury calendar, by the way.)

During the printing hiatus, I read the digital version much more thorough-

ly than I had previously read the hard copy. Let me add that I am not a Kindle owner and *never* read ebooks. But the digital magazine was different. I looked forward to receiving it and could read it quickly and not be concerned about whether it would be recycled appropriately. In addition, I could enlarge the pages to improve the legibility of the *very* small captions that are often used. For example, in this issue, I would have enlarged page 21 to read the red-on-black caption more easily.

I look forward to reading that the College has determined a means by which alumni can opt to receive an electronic version of *Midd Magazine* in lieu of the printed copy.

—JOAN C. HENDERSON '76,
PALMYRA, VIRGINIA

Thumbs Up for Print

Thank you for reviving the print edition of *Midd Magazine*. I just read the spring 2023 edition, and it was good to catch up on all things Middlebury. I don't believe I read a single word of any of the digital editions, by the way. I'm not sure I even knew they were published. Print is good!

—ROB GRAY '90,
BELMONT, MASSACHUSETTS

Thrilled. So, So Thrilled

I was so, so thrilled to get the print version in my mailbox! It's sitting on my desk now next to my laptop, and I read pages of it throughout the day as a break from work. I was an English major at Middlebury and love how tangible it is to read a printed book or magazine. The interviews with Stephen Donadio spoke to me and I couldn't put the magazine down!

—KATIE AMAN '19,
DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

Grateful for Print

It is so nice to have the print version back! The artwork was lovely, and I always read more of the magazine when it is in print than online—some of that is my age (82!), but some of it is just that it feels better holding paper than a phone. And it is easier to read. Thank you for not giving up on print!

—ANNE BEISER ALLEN '63,
MADISON, WISCONSIN

More Kudos

So happy to see the magazine in print again! It's beautifully printed and has such a great mix of stories. After reading it, I feel both well informed and upbeat. I even keep old issues because I enjoy reading them so much.

—BARRY SMITH '89,
FRYEBURG, MAINE

Running Out of Headlines for the Happiness!

Weeks ago, I was overjoyed to receive the spring 2023 print edition of *Midd Magazine*. It's especially nice to read words in print and step away from the computer screen to read the latest news from Midd and its alumni. Bravo on the rebirth of this most excellent magazine.

—RACHEL SHAPIRO '96,
NARBERTH, PENNSYLVANIA

More Print—And Digital!

Yay! I'm glad you're back in print. Do a digital version as well, if you will, but keep inking the presses too. Thanks.

—SUZANNE WEBEL '71,
LONGMONT, COLORADO

Three Cheers for Class Acts

When I first opened up the new *Midd Magazine*, I was very happy to see the increased physical presence of the Class Acts section. Just the increase in type size would have been enough to brighten my day! I love the color and the little snippet articles included. For years we've repeated the thought that the class notes section is the first one most alums read. Now, they are truly welcomed into the content of the rest of the magazine!

—FRANCINE PAGE '66,
ESSEX JUNCTION, VERMONT

Restore Mead

After enduring the national coverage of Middlebury students trampling on the First Amendment rights of invited speaker Charles Murray, I am now chagrined to see the entire College descend into the vortex of cancel culture and historical "presentism"; i.e., judging the past by current standards. We Middlebury history majors were long ago taught to avoid the perils of "presentism." I speak here of the College's decision to remove John Mead's name from the institution's chapel, more than 100 years after he made a gift for the building's construction, due to his support for the theory of eugenics.

When Mead, Middlebury Class of 1864, was governor of Vermont in the early 20th century, the theory of eugenics was widely accepted. Middlebury College, the state of Vermont, indeed, the whole nation embraced it during the latter decades of the 19th century and the early 20th century. Here in California, we have endured the same "renaming" battles.

I advise Middlebury's trustees to listen to the informed arguments of former governor and current professor Jim Douglas '72 and reinstate the name "Mead" to our chapel. I also suggest that Middlebury adopt the University of Chicago's statement on the principles of free speech and free expression . . . if it hasn't yet done so.

—MICHELINE FEDYCK HORSTMEYER '71, *PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA*

Restore Mead Part II

The removal of the Mead name from our College chapel has disturbed many alumni, and the reason offered by the administration that Governor Mead promoted eugenics is a thin pretext for besmirching the reputation of an honorable man. The hypocrisy of the name removal has recently been underscored by revelations that the College itself espoused eugenics through required course offerings in the early 20th century. Now that both sides of the story have been brought to light, I have written the attached letter to the Board of Governors asking that they reconsider their action and that the Mead name be restored to the chapel.

—JOHN LORD '67,
PETERBOROUGH, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Love the Story, Not the Type Treatment

I am delighted to get the print edition of *Midd Magazine* once again. I particularly enjoyed reading the spring cover story, "Combatting Extremism," though I found the black background and the small font size of the type made the story challenging to read. This is just one person's reaction to the experiment of the black background for the words; I am overjoyed to receive the publication again.

—ANNE HARTMANN '59,
HANOVER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Opting for Digital

Thanks for all of your work keeping us alumni informed about what's going on in the greater Midd community. The magazine is regularly a source of interesting, thoughtful pieces. It reminds me of the many reasons I'm glad that Middlebury was my home for four years.

That said, I'd be happy to save a few trees (branches?) and stick to the online version. While print is a lovely way to read, it's sad when I just add the pages to the recycle bin when I'm done.

If you could pass the word along that I'd like to be removed from the print distribution list, I'd appreciate it.

—LINDA PRESTON '88,
LONGMEADOW, MASSACHUSETTS

Whose Journey?

We were excited to see the sidebar "The Rugby Journey at Middlebury" in the recent issue of *Midd Magazine* but were disappointed to find that the article highlighted the accomplishments of only the men's team. There is much more to the "Rugby Journey" at Middlebury.

The women's rugby club was founded in 1980, soon after the men's team. Under the leadership of Coach Greg Lyons, it grew to as many as 80 players by the early '90s. Throughout its existence, the women's club has won conference, Division II, and Division III championship games, and its players have been selected to the Vermont select-side and National U19 All-Star teams. Current coach K. O. Onufry has not only shaped generations of players since her tenure began in 2001 but is a monumental figure in the greater rugby community and was recently presented with the U.S. Women's Rugby Foundation's Kathy Flores Lifetime Achievement Award. Off the pitch, the women's club has shaped the identities of countless people who have been a part of its community.

While we understand that this sidebar was written in response to photos shared from the men's 50th anniversary, the article failed to acknowledge that this was just one team's experience of rugby at Middlebury. Presenting the

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OWN A PIECE OF PANTHER HISTORY!

Like the famous sculpture on the Middlebury College campus, this miniature bronze was created by the late Patrick Farrow, noted sculptor. The campus version is six feet high; this miniature is 13 inches tall on a 4-inch cube of Vermont green marble. According to local lore, Middlebury students invented frisbee in 1939 when tossing aluminum pie plates of the Frisbie Pie Co. Own a piece of Panther history!

Serious inquiries only please to edosborn51@gmail.com.

history of the men's team as the singular history of rugby at Middlebury minimizes the valuable experiences that so many of us gained as part of the women's rugby club. Moving forward, more attention must be paid to the wording of articles so that men's sports teams are not positioned as the assumed teams of consideration.

Language matters.

The above letter was cosigned by Alice Ford '10, Katie Linder '15, Carlisle Overbey '11, Brittany McAdams '09, Liza Townsend Mone '08, Avery Rain Cook '11, Marissa Shaw '14, Antoinette Rangel '09, Sarah Pfander '13, Brita Fisher '15, Sarah Minahan '14, Meghan Mendoza '12, Molly Benedetto '14, Emily Duh '14, Heather Tourgee '17, Laura Castrigano Hofmann '15, Emily Hewitt '16, Dana Isaac '08, Marea Colombo '13, Ruby Bolster '09, Amelia Magistrali '09, Luke Lennon '11, Kristina Brown Patterson '10, Rita Tarnate '07, Ann McGrane '09, Kayla Bien '13, Sophia D'Ignazio '12, H. Kaye Merriman Howard '10, Priscilla Sinclair '07, Sarah Buck '10, Bianca Franqui '10, Colleen Sullivan '07, Jess Berry '13, Emma Burke '12, Grace Taylor '10, Julianna Gardner '13, Ryan Kronen '12, Molly Kaminsky '15, Nicole MacMillan '09, Sarah Fortin '07, Julia Gulka '13, Rachel Korschun '09, Logan Gallogly '12, Katy Svec '15, Ashley Clark '07, Jessica Weiss '08, Amanda Apple Tompkins '04.

Disgusted

No institution that prides itself on scholarship and moderation should stand behind an article like "Combatting Extremism." The photos and the copy paint a picture of extremism in America as solely the product of white, right-wing politics. Focusing on the events of January 6, the writer ignored the violence of 2020. In that year Antifa and Black Lives Matter sponsored and orchestrated the most violent and destructive civil disobedience in American history, and the destruction of billions of dollars of private property. Yet this story focuses on January 6, an ill-judged but largely ineffective demonstration that got out of control. The events of 2020, however, saw unchecked violence orchestrated by figures on the far left; violence that frequently targeted white bystanders. There is no balance in the article; no attempt to say, "We must reject extremism of any stripe." This magazine article is crass and hugely biased, and ought to have been rejected for its lack of objectivity. It is disturbing for what it says about what Middlebury has become—an institution caught up in blindly biased far-left politics—unaware that it cannot assault extremism without displaying its own extremist roots.

—BILL WOODWARD '64,
BUFFALO, WYOMING

More Kudos for Print

I received my copy of *Midd Magazine* over the summer, and I am pleased to say that I read it cover to cover! I had not been keeping up with the magazine when it was published online only, as I simply could not make my tired, pandemic-weary, screen-stressed eyes look at one more Internet-based text. However, with the resumption of paper copies, I will once again be enjoying the unexpectedly delightful perk of an outstanding alumni magazine—one I was first pleasantly surprised to receive when I earned my master's degree from the Betty Ashbury Jones MA '86 School of French in 2007.

My thanks to the editor and to the whole team for persevering through many obstacles to return the magazine to its rightful format. One word to the letter writer concerned about paper waste: most communities, including my own, have robust paper recycling programs. As long as we continue to demand recycled paper content and responsible forestry management, I am sure that paper magazine circulation will not be an insurmountable problem.

—DENISE MAHNS, MA FRENCH '07,
DML FRENCH AND SPANISH '16,
MANLIUS, NEW YORK

Love It, with Some Constructive Criticism

The redesigned and renewed print magazine has some wonderful and engaging design features. Typography and photo/illustration highlight the content effectively. I love the innovation. Thank you! As a director of online learning and former book designer, I have a couple of thoughts: First, the captions (p. 81) are too small to be readable. Alumni will always read the captions to see if a photo includes someone they know. I admit, even with my reading glasses, I could not read them. Second, drop-out type on black is very hard to read because of the extreme contrast. I didn't read the article because I knew it would be too painful.

—DEBORAH COSTELLO '75,
BURLINGTON, VERMONT

Brought to Tears

During the past few years, I haven't been receiving your e-newsletters—perhaps you don't have my e-contact—so I was unaware of the reasons behind the pause in publishing a print edition, nor was I aware of your digital publishing. I did continue to receive the printed Middlebury calendars during the past two to three years; the beautiful pages became my only connection with my alma mater, Middlebury College.

In those isolated, lonely times, I completed my study at Northwestern University and started receiving Northwestern's print magazine for alums. That made me wonder if I would ever receive a Middlebury magazine again. I reckoned that the magazine must have experienced a difficult time as many publishers did. Then, on one mild mid-June evening, the print edition of *Middlebury Magazine* crouched in my small mailbox disgruntledly, waiting for me to pick it up. Later that night, when I started reading it, not sure why a bit of tears came to my eyes. I felt I was in a lost-and-found department, and I was the one being found.

Thank you, Editor, for reaching out to me through the magazine. Thank you, Middlebury College, for finding me again! I love the feeling of touching the print when turning those pages. The scent of paper is tangible, and this feeling is irreplaceable.

—YANDONG LIU '05,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Love It, Redux, but Also Some More Constructive Criticism

I'd like to offer hearty and hasty congratulations on the magazine's new look. As a former *Campus* editor (1957–58) and retired newspaper editor/guidebook author-publisher, I have been increasingly impressed with the magazine for the past few decades. I especially like the new look of the Class Acts department, the first thing I read every quarter. The content is now much more readable with the changes in type and style. I wish I could say the same for the photo captions, which are too damn small for aging eyes—probably the plurality of your readers. Ditto for the back-of-the-book pix. The faces in most of the wedding and similar photos are so tiny as to be unrecognizable and thus worthless (though I know the people involved are pleased to be included). These are a couple of small but bothersome nitpicks for an otherwise fine college magazine of which we all can be proud. Keep up the good work.

—DICK WOODWORTH '58,
BLOOMFIELD, CONNECTICUT

More Love for Print

I was delighted to get the new *Midd Magazine* (hard copy) in the mail. I read through it with interest and admired the handsome format. It reminded me how much I had missed leaving the magazine on the couch open to the article that I wanted to finish. I'm happier having the hard copy, and I found that I read more of the magazine because it was there on the couch inviting me to return. Thanks for all your good work.

—KATHY AMBRETTE '68,
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT

As Good as *NY Times Mag*

Kudos on the redesigned magazine! From content to layout, it's terrific, in the vein of the *New York Times Magazine*. My only fine point, a direct result of advancing geezerdom, is that small fonts on dark backgrounds are harder to swallow than a skier's winter statistics class the day after a primo snowfall.

—TOM WHALEN '75,
MCKINNEY, TEXAS

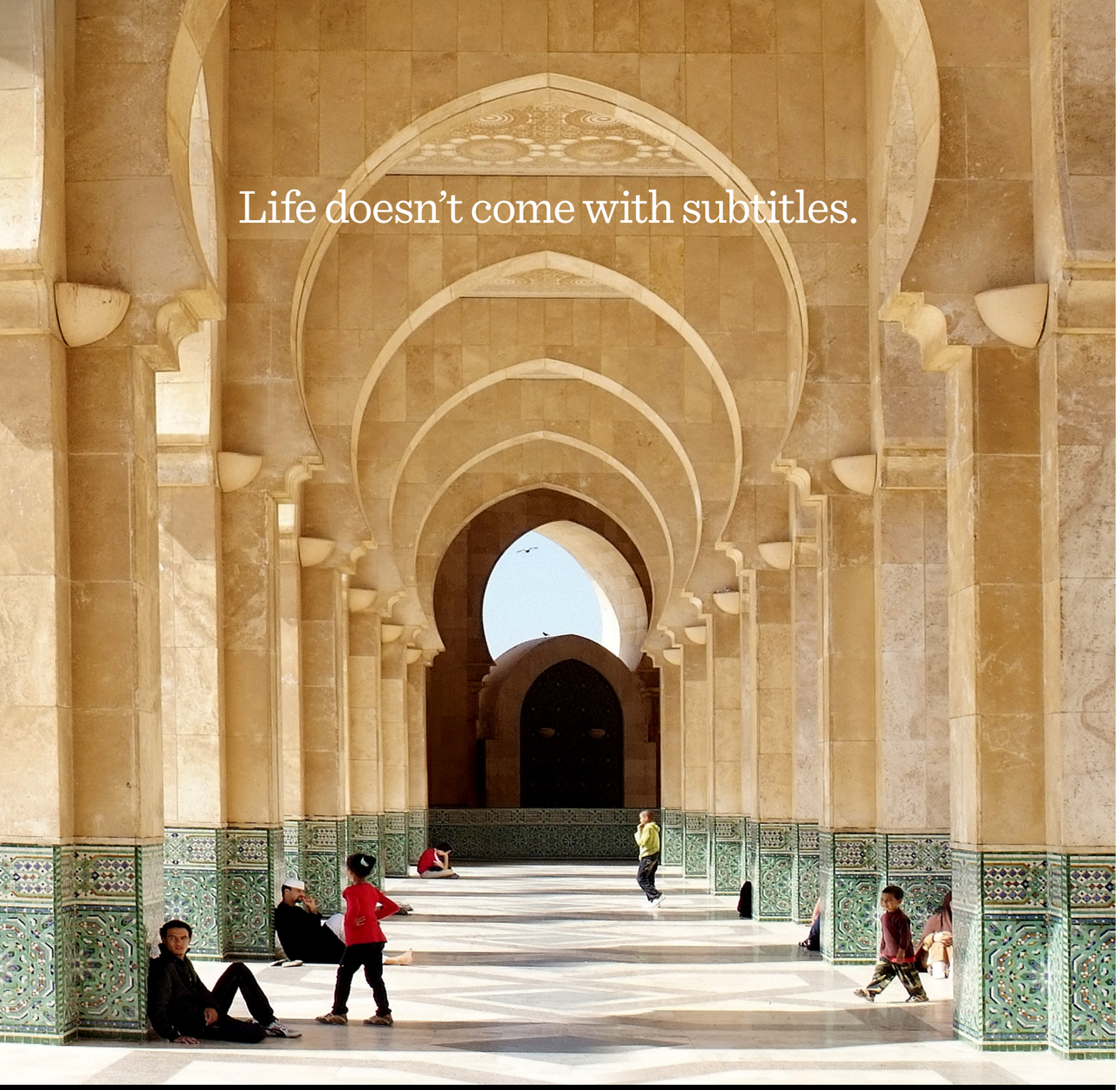
Middlebury Alumni Association (MAA) **2024 Nominations**

Alumni Trustee
Robert V. Sideli '77

MAA Board
The nomination slate for the term of office beginning July 1, 2024, will be available for viewing on March 1, 2024, and voting on April 1, 2024. The deadline for voting is April 30, 2024. Please vote at go.middlebury.edu/maa.

If you have any questions, call 802-443-5183; email us at alumni@middlebury.edu; or contact us at Alumni Office, 700 Exchange Street, Middlebury College, Middlebury, VT 05753.

SAVE THE DATE
Reunion 2024 will be June 7–9!



MIDDLEBURY LANGUAGE SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLS ABROAD

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LANGUAGE SCHOOLS: 18–80+ years old

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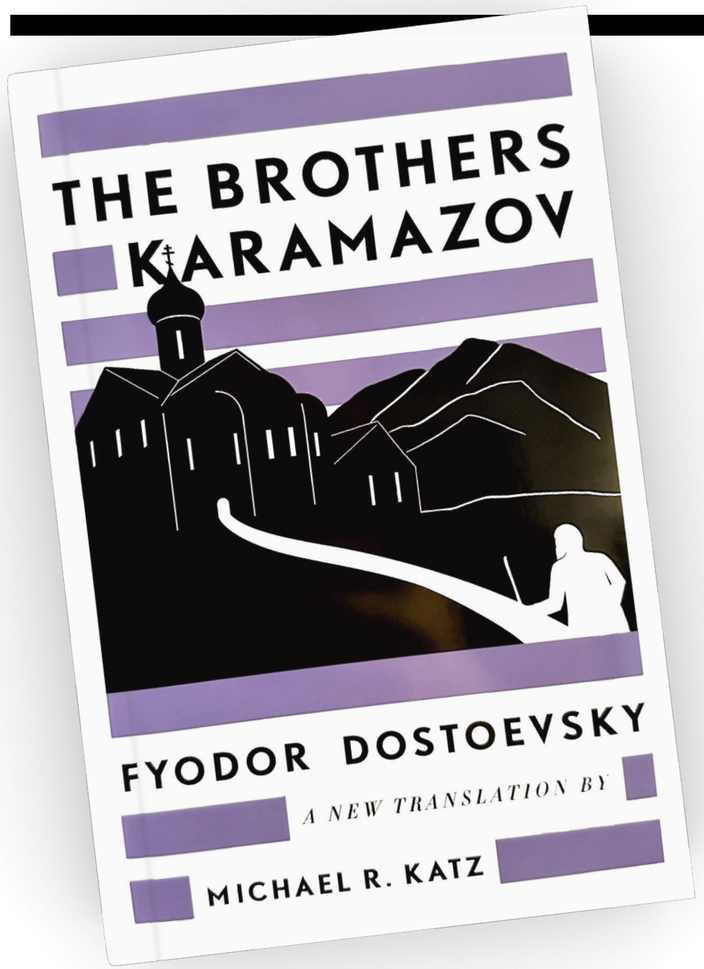
UP FRONT

A TOUR AROUND THE MIDDLEBURY CONSTELLATION



37 Minutes with Michael Katz

Having translated nearly two dozen Russian works into English, the C.V. Starr Professor Emeritus of Russian and East European Studies at Middlebury tackles perhaps his most ambitious translation yet: Dostoevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov.*

Michael Katz is the C.V. Starr Professor Emeritus of Russian and East European Studies at Middlebury. He has translated nearly two dozen Russian novels and other prose into English, the latest being a new translation of Fyodor Dostoevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov*. Published by W.W. Norton last summer, the work has already been celebrated for capturing for the first time in English the expansive, frenetic play of Dostoevsky's great novel of ideas. Nicholas Bujalski '11, a visiting professor of Russian and East European studies at Oberlin, recently spoke with his former professor about his journey with *The Brothers Karamazov*, the labors of the translator, and the place of Russian literature in our world today.

MIDD MAGAZINE: When did you decide to tackle *The Brothers Karamazov*? Had this been a long-term goal of yours as a translator?

MICHAEL KATZ: I had already translated *Notes from Underground*, *Devils*, and *Crime and Punishment*, so that left *Karamazov*, this incredible peak in Dostoevsky's writing, his last and greatest book. Then COVID came along. We were all housebound, and I was looking for things to do, and there was this mountain. And, as the mountain climbers say: "Why did I climb it? Because it was there." Of course, it wasn't that simple. I took it as my next translation project not just because "it was there," but also because it was the greatest in terms of the personal questions it raised: those questions that had attracted me when I first read it when I was 15 years old, and which I still wrestle with today. Questions of good and evil, the existence of God, the devil, and how to live one's life. These are the main questions of Dostoevsky's novel—and all his fiction, in fact.

MM: How would you say your new edition differs from past versions?

KATZ: There are only two big previous attempts. The first is by Constance Garnett in 1912. She was responsible for introducing Russian literature to

an English-speaking audience, translating over 70 books by Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Chekhov, and more. However, her English is now dated and somewhat archaic. She tends toward British rather than American English. It was time to look at her critically. Pevear and Volokhonsky did a new version of their own in 1990. I feel that their translation is too literal. It preserves the syntax of Dostoevsky and doesn't make concessions for an English-speaking audience. I hoped that I would do better in making the text more accessible without sacrificing accuracy to the original. Thus, I gave it a go. I had help from two people: Alya Baker, MA German '68 who reads all my drafts, compares them with the Russian, and makes numerous suggestions and corrections; as well as Stephen Donadio, a good friend and professor of literature here at Middlebury. He edited important chunks of the novel: the beginning chapters, "The Grand Inquisitor," and the final chapter with Alyosha and the schoolboys.

JOE VILLION/THE NEW YORKER

MM: When we talk about the 19th-century Russian novel, the first thing that often comes to mind is a certain *grimness*. And indeed, if you thumb through a book by Dostoevsky, you'll find axe murderers and suicide-mystics, family tragedies and crises of faith. However, your "Note on the Translation" for *Karamazov* highlights "Dostoevsky's dark and subtle sense of humor." Could you tell us a bit about the comedic in this work?

KATZ: Well, *grimness* is not precisely the word that I would select for describing the atmosphere of *Karamazov*. There's no doubt that it's a tragedy, but it's a tragedy which, like Shakespeare's tragedies, has comic relief: characters and scenes that are intended to provide some respite for the audience amidst the bleakness. Fyodor Karamazov, the father, is without doubt a buffoon. He succeeds in making every scene that he's in funny, usually by creating a huge scandal. Characters try to take him seriously, but he just mouths off, shouts, goes hysterical, and storms out, leaving everybody else in the lurch. Besides him, there are other comic touches. The conversation between Ivan and the devil is very funny: the devil appears as a sort of rundown gentleman and engages in intellectual disputes with Ivan. The scenes between Alyosha and the boys also involve a certain amount of comedy. Liza Khokhlakova's mother taking her side in everything she does is also amusing. Many of these little touches come in—it's bleak humor, very dark—and then the novel returns to being very serious and, of course, tragic. There's nothing funny about Dimitri standing outside of Fyodor's window, trying to decide whether he's going to bash his father's head in.

MM: What was the most challenging word—or phrase, or passage—you faced as a translator of *The Brothers Karamazov*?

KATZ: That's easy. The word is *nadryv*, which Constance Garnett translated as "laceration," and Pevear and Volokhonsky, if I remember correctly, use the word "strain." The other possible translations are "break," "rupture," or "tear," as *nadryv* comes from the verb *ryvat'*, which means "to rip or to tear something." It's also used to mean an emotional breakdown. So *nadryv* is an important word: three chapters in *Karamazov* are called "*Nadryv* in [a certain place]," a laceration in each of three different places. And I really had to struggle with that word. I looked it up in thesauruses and my dictionaries; I asked my wife; I asked my friends; I asked Donadio…And the consensus was that Constance Garnett's "lacerations" was really the best you can do in English. A "strain" or "rupture" sounds like something which requires medical attention. A "break" sounds like a nervous breakdown, but that didn't feel right either. So, I went with "lacerations." And I've had several people write to me since the book was published to thank me for keeping this word.

MM: The February 2022 invasion of Ukraine occurred while you were working on your translation. This tragic war has evoked a great deal of soul-searching regarding how we should view "the Russian canon"—and Dostoevsky's own troubling political views (including a defense of Romanov imperialism) further complicate these conversations. Yet, at the same time, the art of Dostoevsky has long possessed the surprising ability to speak to diverse historical moments and positionalities. My question is thus twofold: what does it mean to read *The Brothers Karamazov* today, and how do you feel about the relationship between art and politics in his novels?

KATZ: I have given this some thought and believe that Dostoevsky's messianic Russian nationalism can be really dangerous if it's misapplied. Putin is relying on a form of ideology that places Russia at the center of the world, imposing its will on all "brotherly Slavs." I lament the fact that Putin is backing up his claims with the likes of Dostoevsky, or that figures such as Aleksandr Dugin use these novels to provide Putin with the "intellectual" underpinnings of this dangerous nonsense. I don't know what Dostoevsky would make of it. I wouldn't want to ask which side he would be on. I think he might have sided with Putin. That's troubling for our personal relationship, and if I get to the pearly gates and find that he is an inhabitant of that blessed space, I will put the question to him. On the other hand, *The Brothers Karamazov* is a masterpiece of world literature. Does all this mean I shouldn't read it or take it seriously? I do think that art is separate from politics. Although all art exists in a political context, we can consider a work of art beyond the worst aspects of its politicized scene.

MM: Our age of digital technique is changing how the younger generation relates to writing and composition. In particular, the proliferation of AI software seems ready to threaten both the art of translation as well as the profession of the translator. Rendering a text in another language is increasingly assumed to be as smooth, clean, and impersonal as "two plus two equals four." I'd like to talk about the labor that goes into a masterful translation such as your *Karamazov*. Could you let us into your workshop for a second—what is the daily rhythm like in the life of a professional translator?

KATZ: I've never used ChatGPT or Google Translate. I don't believe that, in the work of the translator, two plus two has got to equal four. As Dostoevsky says in *Notes from Underground*, two plus two can sometimes equal five—and that's a wonderful thing. What's my daily rhythm? I have on my shelves every Russian-English dictionary, English-Russian dictionary, synonym dictionary, thesaurus, the *Bol'shoy anglo-russkii slovar'* in three volumes, and more. I get up early, around 4:30 or 5:00. By 5:30, I'm at my desk with my cup of coffee, and I start on my daily task. I do about one page a day. Rarely do I translate more; I want to be fresh each day. After I do a draft, I go upstairs and have breakfast and read what I've done to my wife. She's my first critic: she makes suggestions, corrections, or she laughs if I've done something foolish. And that's very helpful, to read it out loud. I then edit it and take it to Alya Baker, who, as I said before, compares it with the original and makes various suggestions and corrections. After I get those pages back from her, I go through it again and decide which of her suggestions I'm going to accept, make changes, print it all out again, and then I read the whole thing through and submit it to the press. They send it to a copy editor. The copy editor goes through the book and makes many suggestions and changes, I edit the whole text again, and then it goes back to the copy editor. Then, when it's finally approved, it goes into production. Sometimes there are still changes to be made with the galley proofs; then it finally goes to press.

MM: And for a last question—now that your *Brothers Karamazov* has come out (to great acclaim), do you have another translation project planned?

KATZ: I have an idea (that is actually Stephen Donadio's suggestion): translating Tolstoy's late stories that he wrote for children. Tolstoy was interested in children's literacy and wrote these stories to teach children how to read, but they also have typically moral, Tolstoyan endings. They're kind of "Tolstoy writ small" for kids. I've been reading them, and they are tempting to work on because they're good stories, and many have never been translated. I think this might make an interesting and relaxing project. Also, they're short. Some of them are just a couple of paragraphs long. After *Karamazov*—wow! I might have a publisher already, which would be great. M

Taking Flight

How a **craft brewer** seeks to upend a gender imbalance in a male-dominated field

BY ALEXANDRA JHAMB BURNS '21.5

Olivia Sommers '22 sleeps in a bedroom that might belong to a fairy. Or, more likely, a witch. Her bed is covered with a blanket that displays several different mushroom varieties. Around the room there is an excess of elegant clutter; her film cameras are displayed atop a black trunk, and she keeps dried flowers in old wine bottles and mason jars. Her floor is littered with baskets of yarn, felt, and stacks of books with titles like *The Herbal Alchemist's Handbook*, *The Wildcrafting Brewer*, and *The Witch's Yearbook*. These are just a few of the dozens of titles piled atop each other that she reads to inspire her practice.

And she sort of looks like a witch, too. When Olivia speaks, her voice is soft but commands attention. She has strawlike red hair and a subtle glint in her eye—like she knows something we don't. That's because she does. While we are preoccupied with the mundane, ordinary busyness of work and life, she is concerned with gathering, fermenting, and making magic and beer.

Olivia is the only full-time female brewer at Foam Brewers in Burlington, Vermont. She started at Foam as an intern the summer after her junior year at Middlebury, feeling a pull to learn more about fermentation after getting a home brewing kit during the lockdown era of the pandemic. She was curious about what brewing looked like in a larger-scale environment and reached out to a few breweries in the Burlington area. Foam was the one that agreed to take her on, and after she graduated, the company offered her a full-time position as a brewer.

"I think when I was first emailing about internships, I was really just following a passion and didn't know much about the industry at all," she explains.

Today, that's hardly the truth. Between her vast collection of books and the experience she's gaining every day on the job, she knows a whole lot about fermenting. She gives me a tour around her kitchen, where she has several pet projects. Next to the compost bin is a container she tells me holds a bunch of fruit scraps she is turning into vinegar. Another large jar contains a SCOBY (short for "symbiotic culture of bacteria and yeast"), with which she is brewing kombucha, a fermented drink made with tea. The final home project in her kitchen is a meadlike beverage made with yeast she sourced from apple trees in her parents' backyard.

Last winter, Olivia was having a conversation with some of her coworkers about the male-dominated nature of the beer industry. From that conversation, Valkyries, a collective that until recently was known as "Women of Foam," was formed. Presently, only four percent of craft beer breweries employ female brewmasters. In an effort to avoid explicitly gendered language, the group chose the name Valkyries after a long brain-

FLIGHT OF THE VALKYRIES Last year, Olivia Sommers '22 helped launch a collective of women brewers, adopting the name Valkyries (strong women warriors), from Norse mythology.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HEIDI'S BRIDGE

THE PERFECT
FOOD+DRINK
PAIRINGS
ACCORDING TO
Olivia Sommers

Baked Harbison cheese from Jasper Hill and Koan sour cider from Fable Farm Fermentory

Pitchfork Pickles and Alexandr Pilsner from Schilling

Strafford Creamery ginger ice cream with mead from Golden Rule

storming process, as a reference to the band of strong women warriors who fought for the god Odin in Norse mythology. Presumably, they see some of themselves in those women.

Though Olivia is one of few women at Foam who work on the production team, many women are employed there as bartenders and in other customer-facing roles. For several years, some of the women employed at Foam had expressed a desire to create a space for women to learn, brew beer, and create community together, and with Olivia as a newly minted brewer at Foam, it made sense for her to spearhead this effort.

On a hot Friday in early June, Olivia arrives at Foam Brewers' Lake Street location just before nine in the morning and enters through the back door. She is clad in denim overalls that seem more a practical choice than a fashion statement and changes out of her Blundstones into short rubber boots; the brewing process is a wet one. A far cry from the scene later that evening, the parking lot, which has a beautiful view of Lake Champlain, is nearly empty, and the taproom is closed.

The rest of the Valkyries group is slated to arrive 30 minutes later for the group brew they are doing for a summer solstice event. Their plan is to brew a dandelion nettle saison—a dry traditional ale typically featuring low alcohol, a light body, and high carbonation—with dandelions they foraged the previous week and nettles from a local farm. Before they arrive, Olivia shows me around the space and identifies the various instruments and machinery that will be used in the brew. She then drags over several heavy sacks of pilsner malt, and some of the first members of the group filter in, one of them carrying a bucket of dried dandelions.

Once most of the group arrives, Olivia requests that everyone gather around the mash tun, a brewing vessel, so she can explain "mashing in," the first step of the brewing process. I ask around, and for a few people (including me), it's their first time actually brewing beer. The majority of the group has brewed a few times with Olivia's guidance. Many of the members of the Valkyries are staff of some form at Foam, and a few of them work at other breweries in the greater Burlington area.

The brew day itself will be close to a full eight-hour workday, followed by several weeks of fermenting, but not all parts of the process require active participation. In between the moments of action, the Valkyries have come equipped with markers, poster board, and notebooks to plan the summer solstice event and choose a name for this saison.

This is their third brew as a group, and in each iteration, they are expanding what a brew looks like. In their March brew, they accompanied the lager called "Riot Grrrl" with their first zine, a small-circulation niche publication, which paid homage to the riot grrrl movement, a '90s subculture combining feminism, punk music, and politics. The zine explained what a "riot grrrl" was, detailed the significance of the ingredients chosen in their lager recipe, and explored the history of women in brewing. The message of their beer is driven home through the zine using funky fonts, drawings, and collaged images that say things like "Women are inseparable from the history of fermented beverages."

Olivia sees brewing beer, especially with Valkyries, as an opportunity to have a platform and send a greater message about why having a women's brew is important. The making of the zine was a chance for all of the members of the group to contribute creatively and to use all of their strengths. And of course, it's also about the craft.

"When you think of craft beer in general, I think there's this artistry associated with it. And even I still pick my beer based on the beautiful labels. So I think it's fun to just lean into that creative side of what craft beer is too."

By five o'clock, most of the Valkyries are heading home for the day. The brew will now ferment for a few weeks before their solstice event. They aptly choose the name "The Longest Day" for it.

Olivia takes every opportunity to educate others on the history of women in brewing. Last Halloween, she wore a witch hat to Foam and talked to her coworkers about the history of women, witches, and brewing. Much of this history has been erased and written over by the bro-y hipster bearded man stereotypes we associate particularly with craft beer now.

Olivia sees brewing beer, especially with Valkyries, as an opportunity to have a platform and send a greater message about why having a women's brew is important.

For much of history, brewing was considered a domestic craft, and fermenting was part of a woman's household tasks. Some women turned this craft into profit and would sell their beer at local marketplaces, donning tall, pointy hats so customers could locate them in the crowded markets. Then came the serious accusations of witchcraft from men who swiftly pushed women out of the brewing industry by claiming that they were brewing potions rather than beer. At the time, these allegations could be ruinous for the women accused, resulting in prosecution and penalties as severe as death.

Now, women like Olivia are reclaiming the witchy iconography and taking back the brewing industry by storm. And the rich history of brewing is integral to her connection to it. Spending time with Olivia when she is in the zone, whether that is while she is brewing or just when she's ideating beer recipes, you feel like you are around magic, and she knows it. She tells me that sometimes at work she sings to the fermenters. Her awe is delightful.

"Taking grain and getting sugar out of it, that's magic. Science in general is magic," she says, laughing. "I think appreciating the mystical element of brewing makes my life as a brewer so much more fun. And to think of what I'm doing every day as magical? That's so awesome." M

PHOTOGRAPH BY TODD BALFOUR

When Golf Meets Social Justice

Reproductive justice is serious. Miniature golf is fun. Carly Thomsen, assistant professor of gender, sexuality, and feminist studies and creator of the Games Project, a pedagogical tool, had an idea to put the two together. The result, made possible through a wide-ranging collaboration between students, educators, colleges, and organizations, is what Thomsen believes to be the first-ever Reproductive Justice Mini Golf Course. The pop-up course on campus entertained and educated visitors for three months last spring and summer.

Each hole of the course represented a different aspect of reproductive justice, from sex education and incarceration to legislation, adoption, abortion access, and more. At a glance, the course looked like a typical, quirky miniature golf course, each hole built like its own stage set. A closer look, however, revealed designs, artwork, and multimedia installations reflective of a much deeper theme.

Some holes merged content and gameplay. On a hole dedicated to foster care, for instance, the player's ball fell through a Plinko-like set of pegs. The ball's outcome, like a child's foster care experience, relied largely on chance.

Other holes moved beyond thought-provoking to heart-wrenching, such as the hole that examined the effect of incarceration on families, where players putted through an enclosed 6-by-9-foot space—the size of an actual solitary confinement cell. They could then pick up a telephone handset outside the cell to hear preserved recordings of conversations between a current Middlebury student, who was 10 years old at the time, and her then incarcerated mother.

For nearly a decade, now, Thomsen has incorporated project-based learning into her teaching. The Games Project challenges students to demonstrate their understanding of the studies by creating educational, playable games for their classmates. The mini golf course grew out of her desire to build on that model, but "to improve, or scale up, or try it in a new way." She landed on the idea of miniature golf as a way to turn a single game into a group project that could extend the learning—and the fun—to the whole community.

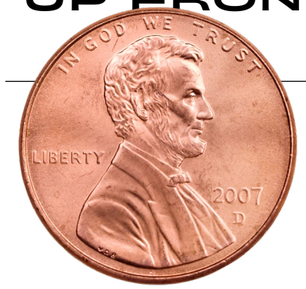
After securing modest grant funding from a variety of sources, Thomsen and her collaborators began pulling the project together. Students in the studio art class Feminist Building, which Thomsen cotaught with studio art technician Colin Boyd, built most of the holes. Students in her Politics of Reproduction class created the text of the QR codes and the placards. Students in David Miranda Hardy's introductory film class made short films to be played around the course.

Student-made art appeared around the golf course. Some was created as part of a Public Feminism Fellowship supported by the Department of Gender, Sexuality, and Feminist Studies last summer. Some was made at a Feminist Earth Day event in spring 2023, through which students created art that represented overlaps in environmental and reproductive justice. The Earth Day event was organized by Thomsen's research assistants Isa Perez-Martin '25, Lu Mila '24, Arthur Martins '23, and Liza Obel-Omia '23.

A focus of the project was "social location," a term that speaks to the disparity of reproductive justice depending on one's place, in both a geographical and socioeconomic sense. Not just abortion access but things like the availability of prenatal care, childcare, and a safe environment in which to raise children varies widely, between states, between rural and urban areas, between people of different financial means. Even one's proximity to places prone to natural disasters—an increasingly common issue related to climate change—can affect one's access to reproductive justice.

Thomsen was asked if she worried that anyone might be offended by the themes raised by this project. While she acknowledged that there are people who might not agree politically with the message of the mini golf course, she welcomed them. "If they're here, then they must be open to some degree to conversations that maybe they're not used to having. Or that's my hope." She went on: "What I hope, really, is that [the course] inspires people to think in more complicated ways about what reproductive justice means, what feminist studies' and queer studies' approach to reproductive justice gives us, and then ultimately to do something with that information and knowledge."

A longer version of this story appears as a dispatch at middleburymagazine.com.



GO FIGURE

For Every Future: The Campaign for Middlebury celebrated its public launch last October (see page 5), with a kickoff event in Middlebury followed by regional events in Burlington and Boston, with celebrations in San Francisco and New York. (Keep an eye out for future events near you.) Here are some early milestones in Middlebury's ambitious fundraising effort.

$600M
Total goal of the campaign

$429.3M
Total raised as of January 8

$10M
Recent gift from the Endeavor Foundation to fund renovation of the Charles A. Johnson Memorial Building

$2M
Recent anonymous gift to expand the Middlebury Institute's Center on Terrorism, Extremism, and Counterterrorism, as well as support financial aid for master's degree students in the Nonproliferation and Terrorism Studies Program

$5M
Recent gift from the Kelson Foundation to support Middlebury's Innovation Hub and to honor Elizabeth Hackett Robinson '84, for whom the Innovation Hub is now named

Twilight Hours

Just a shade over 200 years ago, in the spring of 1823, Alexander Twilight graduated from Middlebury. The name should be familiar: It adorns the College's stately Twilight Hall; it is affixed to an artist-in-residence endowment; and it is now the name of a Middlebury project that develops research that chronicles histories of change and critically examines the treatment of marginalized communities at the College.

Twilight is recognized as the first person of African descent to earn a college degree in the United States. That he was not understood by the culture to be Black until the mid-20th century is part of the story. (See "Who Was Alexander Twilight, Really?" on pages 32–33.)

"Twilight at 200: Race and the Academy" was the subject of last fall's Clifford Symposium, as an impressive roster of scholars, legislators, students, and the community addressed the broader histories of exclusion and marginalization; performances of race and racial ambiguity; race, slavery, colonization, and abolition and the academy; and race and the arts.

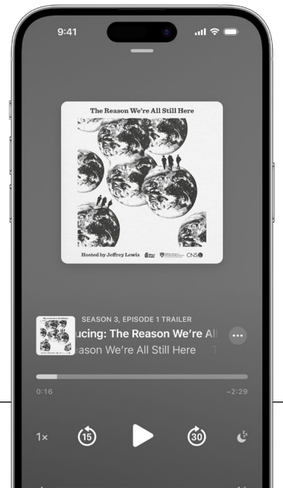
As part of a panel discussion, William Hart, a professor emeritus of history, said: "Alexander Twilight was a much beloved and charismatic member of the many communities he served. He was also enigmatic, stubborn, and sometimes arrogant, which challenged people as did his identity."

Middlebury President Laurie Patton spoke of Twilight and his legacy this way: "We're not only celebrating Alexander Twilight's life achievements and legacy, but also the ways in which our own perceptions classify people in tragic ways, in ways that reveal our blindness in the end, and critiquing and interrogating and problematizing themes that Alexander Twilight's life and times raised for Middlebury, for us in American education, and for American society today," Patton said. "These need to be parts of our habits of mind as we go through every day here at Middlebury."

Daniel Silva—an associate professor of Luso-Hispanic studies; director of the Twilight Project; and lead organizer of the symposium—took Patton's cue and explained why the topic is critical to Middlebury's educational mission.

"This symposium isn't just about Alexander Twilight and a distant past. It is about all of us: The institutions, the social forces that impact all of our lives, the ways in which we come to know the world and how we relate to the space we occupy," he said. "Many of us here bring forth these critiques and questions as people who have been made outsiders of academia, even as we live and work within these spaces. Others may feel a certain ownership over these spaces. I hope you can interrogate that sense of ownership in relationship to the systems of power in which we are embedded."

"Not everyone comes into these spaces, the academy, with the same historical sense of being, belonging, and equity."



QUOTE/UNQUOTE

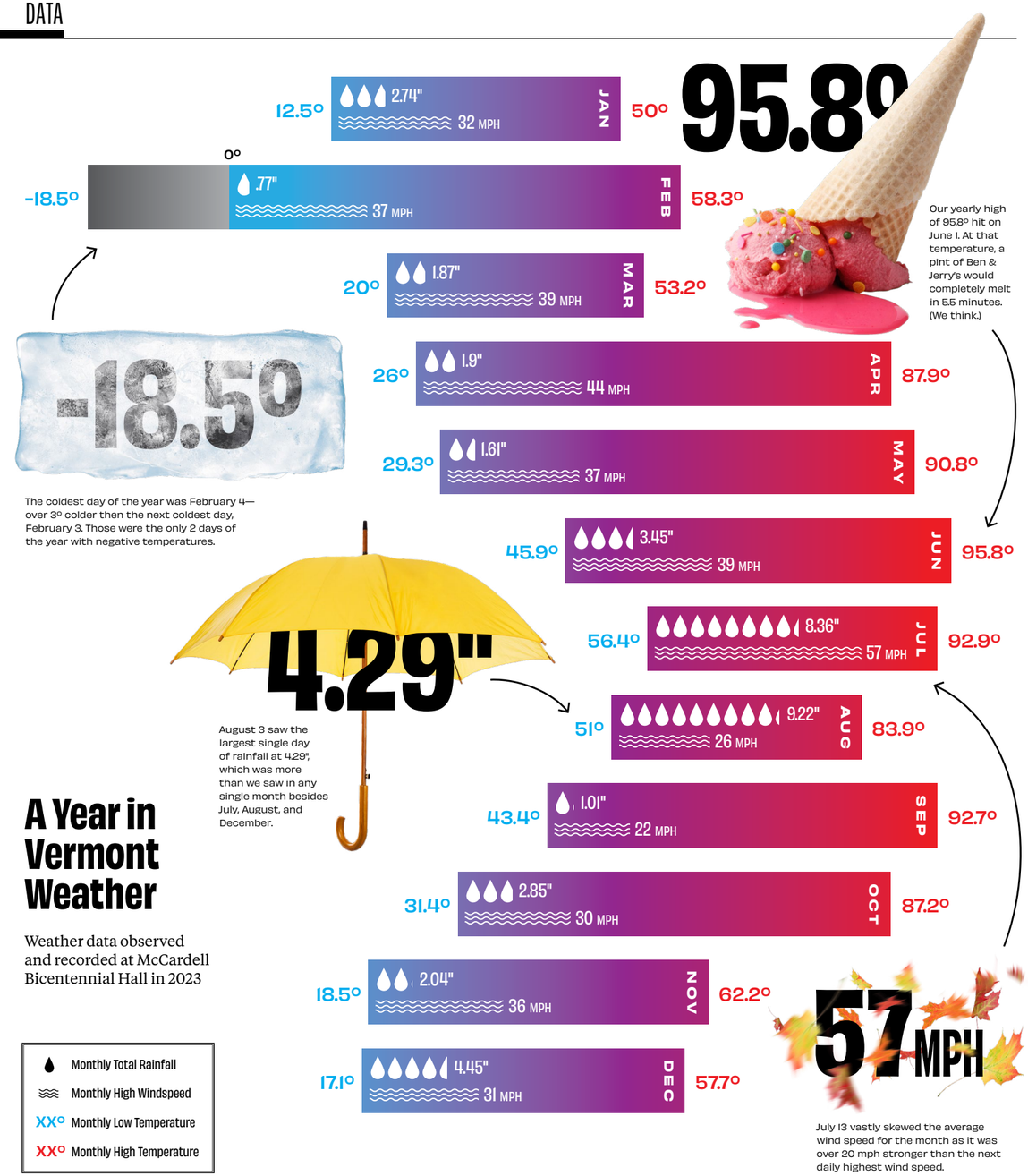
"In the 1980s, the idea of a nuclear war had become so ever-present in our culture. When I was eight, I asked my dad if the Russians nuked the factory he worked at, would we all die? He told me no, and that was the first time I realized he was capable of lying to me.

—**JEFFREY LEWIS,** SCHOLAR AND PROFESSOR OF NONPROLIFERATION AND TERRORISM STUDIES AT THE MIDDLEBURY INSTITUTE, AS HEARD ON HIS PODCAST *THE REASON WE'RE ALL STILL HERE*.

DATA

A Year in Vermont Weather

Weather data observed and recorded at McCardell Bicentennial Hall in 2023


12.5° 2.74" 32 MPH JAN 50° 95.8°
0°
-18.5° .77" 37 MPH FEB 58.3°
20° 1.87" 39 MPH MAR 53.2°
-18.5°
The coldest day of the year was February 4—over 3° colder then the next coldest day, February 3. Those were the only 2 days of the year with negative temperatures.
26° 1.9" 44 MPH APR 87.9°
29.3° 1.61" 37 MPH MAY 90.8°
45.9° 3.45" 39 MPH JUN 95.8°
4.29"
August 3 saw the largest single day of rainfall at 4.29", which was more than we saw in any single month besides July, August, and December.
56.4° 8.36" 57 MPH JUL 92.9°
51° 9.22" 26 MPH AUG 83.9°
43.4° 1.01" 22 MPH SEP 92.7°
31.4° 2.85" 30 MPH OCT 87.2°
18.5° 2.04" 36 MPH NOV 62.2°
17.1° 4.45" 31 MPH DEC 57.7°
Monthly Total Rainfall
Monthly High Windspeed
XX° Monthly Low Temperature
XX° Monthly High Temperature
Our yearly high of 95.8° hit on June 1. At that temperature, a pint of Ben & Jerry's would completely melt in 5.5 minutes. (We think.)
57 MPH
July 13 vastly skewed the average wind speed for the month as it was over 20 mph stronger than the next daily highest wind speed.

FOR **EVERY FUTURE**

THE CAMPAIGN FOR MIDDLEBURY

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THE MIDDLE

ARTS, LITERATURE, CULTURE AND EVERYTHING IN BE

Tossed and Found

A different perspective on art and how it's seen

BY JESSIE RAYMOND '90

Blood Red Coral by Mark Dion

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF MIDDLEBURY MUSEUM OF ART

On the first floor of the Middlebury College Museum of Art, in the alcove formed by the curved staircase that leads to the upstairs gallery, the charred, twisted remains of a tree root, or maybe trunk, rose five or six feet skyward. A dozen low blackened stumps surrounded it like supplicants praying to their idol. This was the 1988 "*Imagem da minha revolta*," or "Image of My Revolt," by the late Polish-born Brazilian artist Frans Krajcberg, and it offered the first glimpse of the museum's fall exhibit, *Tossed: Art from Discarded, Found, and Repurposed Materials*.

In this sculpture, Krajcberg had used burnt wood salvaged from the Amazon to express his outrage at the destruction of the rainforest. As I was about to find out, many of the materials used in this exhibit carried meaning that belied their lack of intrinsic value. Museum Designer Ken Pohlman '78 said, "Most of the artists in this show do not shy away from having some sort of political comment to make."

Pohlman walked me up the stairs to the exhibit, which he called his "swan song"; after 37 years at the museum, he would be retiring in December. As his final project, this one was different, in that he both designed and curated it. "Usually, I'm the person who creates the physical space, the graphics, the wall color. This was my last go: I got to have my idea and my design." The exhibit featured 19 sculptures: a half dozen from the museum's collection, a half dozen purchased, and the rest on loan from other institutions. Pohlman said the focus was on contemporary artists, many of them women, from around the globe.

Entering the gallery, we turned left along the convex side of a high, curved wall that divided the room. The featured works were spaced well apart, each accompanied by a large wall-mounted quote from the artist. An oversized owl sculpted of twigs by Vermont artist Eben Markowski led to a potted fabric cactus by Texan artist Margarita Cabrera. Its flat green segments were sewn from salvaged Border Patrol uniforms, on which immigrants to the U.S. had embroidered images and words—such as "DACA"—representing things for which they were grateful.

The materials in this exhibit included rusty scraps of metal, thrift-store baubles, chunks of wood, and more. While such found items might once have been limited to natural objects, Pohlman said, "in today's throwaway society, there's a lot more material to work with." And the exhibit demonstrated this in pieces such as Khalil Chishtee's nearly life-sized human sculptures made of used plastic grocery bags, and Duke Riley's plastic jug—which he found washed up on the New York shoreline—faux-finished and inscribed to look like 18th-century scrimshaw.

Pohlman showed me one of the pieces that inspired the theme of the exhibit: a stylized African mask made from the upper part of a plastic gas can, whose handle jutted from the wall. Next to it was a statement by Beninois artist Romuald Hazoumè: "The Europeans have taken away all of our masks and still they want more masks. In return, they have left us all their waste. So…I recycle the rubbish which they send us every day, as masks for which they have such a hunger, and send it back, so that our old masks may stay with us."

When we rounded the end of the curved dividing wall, the space opened up to reveal a massive piece by the Nigeria-based Ghanaian artist El Anatsui—the "rock star" of the exhibit, according to Pohlman. Affixed at various points to a dark lavender-gray wall, the undulating, quiltlike sculpture was by far the largest and most imposing work in the exhibit. Closer inspection revealed it to be made of hundreds—thousands—of flattened metal liquor bottle seals in reds, beiges, and grays, linked together with copper wire into a blanket of long color-blocked stripes.

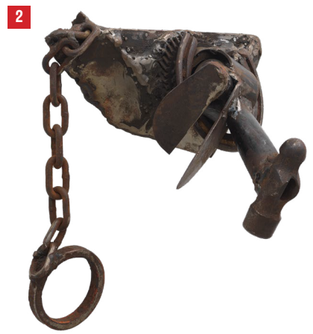
Pohlman explained that the piece, on loan from the Hood Museum, measured 18 by 20 feet when laid out flat, and that the expansive area in front of it not only offered viewers room to appreciate its magnitude but also was necessary; the laborious and delicate process of attaching it to the wall required a lot of floor space, as well as the full 18 feet of the gallery's ceiling height.

The resulting swags and undulations of the piece reflected Pohlman's unique interpretation, which was encouraged by the artist. "He welcomes this to be different every time it's installed," Pohlman said.

He said the story goes that El Anatsui initially picked up a large bag of these discarded bottle seals on the side of the road but did nothing with them for several months. Eventually, he came up with the idea of assembling them in strips, in designs reminiscent of traditional Ghanaian kente cloth. Now his studio assistants collect the tags and wire them together into sections, which he arranges into vast sheets. And, of course, the medium holds meaning: "Liquor and rum played a role in the slave trade; that's not lost on him," Pohlman said.

After we had seen the last few pieces in the exhibit, I realized that my expectation going in—something along the lines of "One man's trash is another man's treasure"—had been naïve. I had not anticipated how the artists would use such seemingly worthless materials to convey the weight of such big topics: racism, immigration, the crimes of colonialism, overconsumption, environmental devastation.

I was a little embarrassed at having come in with such a simplistic perspective. But maybe my reaction after having seen the exhibit was exactly what Pohlman was hoping for when he designed and curated it. When I asked him what he wanted visitors to take away from these works, he said, "Only that there's no limit to creativity. I want people to see the power of material and how expressive it can be."



1 *Ciudad de palos (Precarios) [City of Sticks]* by Cecilia Vicuña

2 *Numunake Inike OK* by Melvin Edwards

3 *Monister* by Richard Stankiewicz

4 *Vanity* by Betye Saar

5 *No Man's Land* by Romuald Hazoumè

(1) IMAGE COURTESY OF MIDDLEBURY MUSEUM OF ART; (2) IMAGE COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND ALEXANDER GRAY ASSOCIATES, NEW YORK; (3) IMAGE COURTESY OF MIDDLEBURY MUSEUM OF ART; (4) PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT WEDEMEYER; (5) IMAGE COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND OCTOBER GALLERY, LONDON

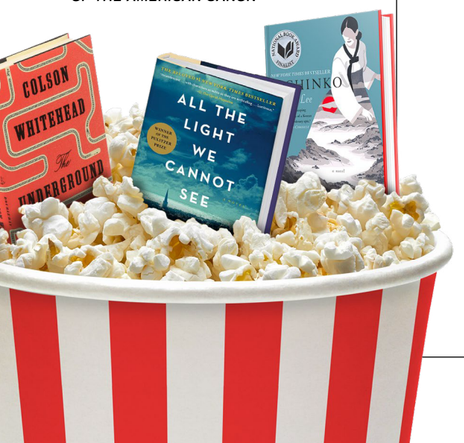
OVERHEARD

Eyes on the Prize

Alexander Manshel '09, MA English '14 speaking to the podcast *On the Media* in an episode titled "Who Cares about Literary Prizes?"

"In the last few years alone, we've seen a number of prize-winning novels, or even novels that have just been shortlisted for a major literary award, being adapted to Prestige TV and to film. I'm thinking here of books like *The Underground Railroad,* which won both the National Book Award and the Pulitzer, by Colson Whitehead, Min Jin Lee's *Pachinko,* which was a finalist for the National Book Award, and more recently, Anthony Doerr's *All the Light We Cannot See,* which won the Pulitzer.

MANSHEL IS THE AUTHOR OF THE RECENTLY PUBLISHED *WRITING BACKWARDS: HISTORICAL FICTION AND THE RESHAPING OF THE AMERICAN CANON*



ON AIR

Short-Order Song

One ridiculous prompt, an hour to write, and a couple of minutes to perform—all under the bright lights of the Tonight Show.

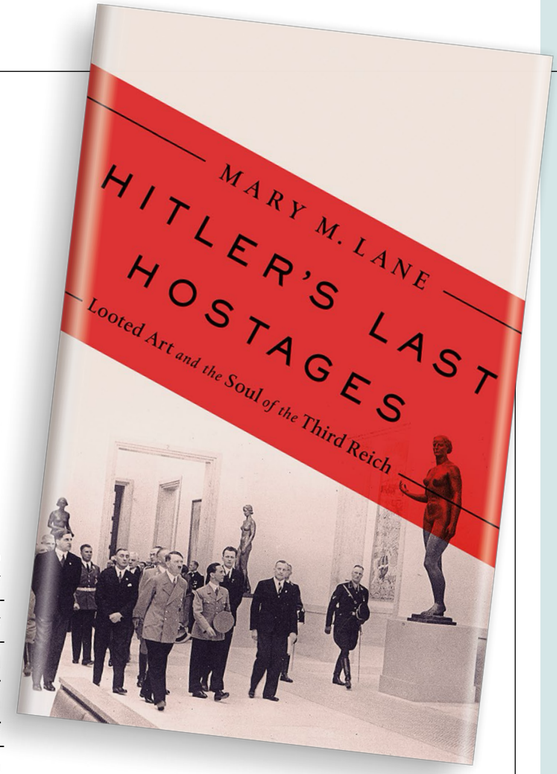
It's one of Jimmy Fallon's more endearing segments on the *Tonight Show*: Battle of the Instant Songwriters. The concept is simple. The late-night host selects a couple of members from the studio audience and tasks them each with writing and performing an original song, giving them just 60 minutes to pen the music and lyrics. (The Fallonesque twist is that he provides a ridiculous song title to prompt the songwriters.)

In December, Laura Heaberlin '12.5 was chosen to write and perform "Texting with My Mittens On." The result was sweet and catchy and earned appropriate enthusiasm from Fallon. ("That was incredible! Oh my goodness.") Heaberlin resides in Burlington and is a member of the folk due Cricket Blue, performing alongside fellow Midd alum Taylor Smith '12.

REVIEW

LOOTED

An arts journalist investigates an extensive Nazi plot to upend the arts world in war-torn Europe.



In November 2013, Mary Lane '10 was awakened in her New York City hotel room by a phone call from a Europe-based editor for the *Wall Street Journal*. As the chief European art reporter for the *Journal*, Lane was based in Berlin but was in New York to cover the annual Impressionist and Modern Art Auction at Christie's. The editor on the phone told her to return to Berlin immediately. What had just been reported there was big news, and the *Journal* wanted her to investigate it and write a Page One article within 72 hours.

What had been revealed by German magazine *Focus* was that an octogenarian recluse named Cornelius Gurlitt had for years been hiding approximately 1,200 works of art in his small apartment in Munich, pieces by masters such as Renoir, Picasso, Matisse, and countless other notable artists. Focus reported that Cornelius had inherited the works from his father, Hildebrand, an art dealer who had collected artworks for Adolf Hitler in the 1930s and 1940s. Moreover, German officials had discovered and confiscated the collection from Cornelius in early 2012 as part of a tax-evasion investigation—and had kept the existence of the artworks secret for almost two years before *Focus* broke the story.

Lane wrote her Page One article but what she found out during her research into the Gurlitts and the unearthing of the art trove, and how the German government handled the situation, was mind-boggling and disturbing and made her realize she needed to dig deeper. The result of her investigative work over the next five years was *Hitler's Last Hostages: Looted Art and the Soul of the Third Reich*, a highly researched, comprehensive look at Hitler's obsession with art and the irrevocable impact he had on the Western art world—an impact that still resonates today.

As has been well-documented, Hitler's tyrannical rise to power was predicated on producing a purified German state, devoid of "degenerate" components. One of the elements he sought to control was artistic expression and, indeed, Lane argues that his fixation on art was a core part of his fascist ideology. He claimed there was true "Aryan art" and then what he designated "degenerate art," and it was his role to elevate the first and denigrate the second. He implemented his agenda as soon as he obtained his chancellorship in 1933, and Lane writes, "Hitler saw the promotion of 'Great German Art' as a top priority." Ably assisted by his propaganda minister, Joseph Goebbels, Hitler set out to replace the cultural influences of individual artists with government-controlled authority.

An extended review of *Hitler's Last Hostages* can be found on middleburymagazine.com.

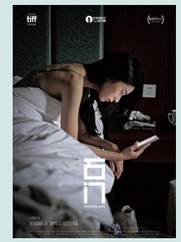
SCREENING

Dana Auditorium is once again the site of weekly independent foreign and independent film screens with the return of the Hirschfield International Film Series.

Among the titles playing during the winter months:

ANATOMY OF A FALL
Directed by Justine Triet
France

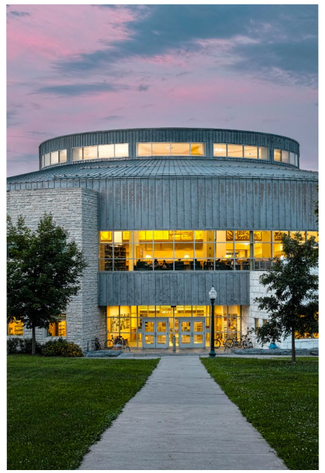
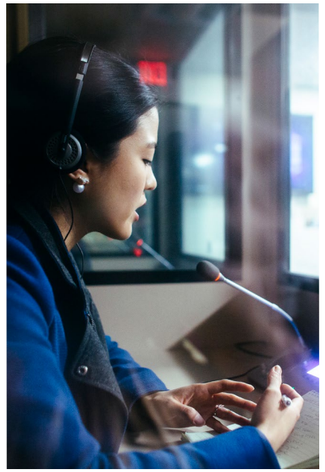
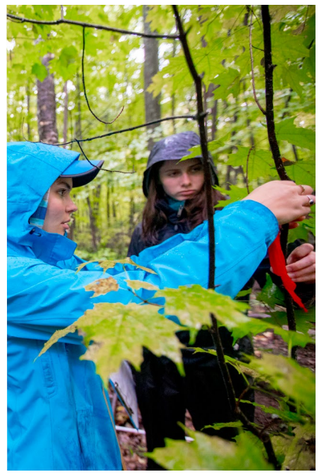
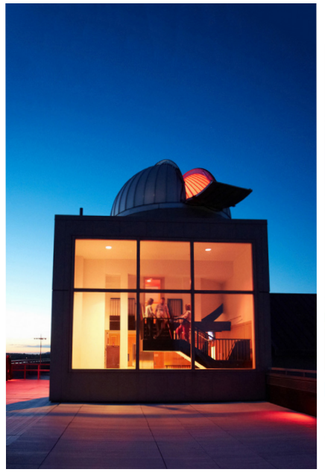
LIKE A FISH ON THE MOON
Directed by Dornaz Hajiha
Iran



STONEWALLING
Directed by Huang Ji and Ryuji Otsuka
China, Japan

FOR EVERY STUDENT

CONNECTING THEIR ACADEMICS WITH THE CHALLENGES OF CHANGING TIMES.

priority," says Tejal Kani
large economy, India ha
that it has to contribute
the global mitigation effo
of contribution to histo
India sees up its remi
budget, this would push
past its collective climate
sort of entitled to it, but
for the sake of the Earth
— Scientific American

FOR **EVERY FUTURE**

THE CAMPAIGN FOR MIDDLEBURY

middlebury.edu/campaign

Who was Alexander Twilight, really?

A Middlebury alumnus, he is celebrated as the first man of African descent to have earned a degree from an American college or university. Yet the story is a bit more complicated than that. By William Hart. Illustration by Dave McClinton.

ON SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1986, Middlebury College President Olin Robison and Professor Emeritus Stephen Freeman, the president of the Addison County Grammar School Corporation, welcomed the public to its newly renovated classroom building renamed Twilight Hall. Two years earlier, the College had bought the imposing three-story Italianate brick building on the edge of campus from the town of Middlebury. Built in 1867 on the site of the College's original wooden structure known as the Academy Building, the building had been used as part of the town's public school system until 1984. Now, the site would once again serve the educational mission of the College, not just as a classroom building, but also as a symbolic recognition of the first man of African descent, Alexander Lucius Twilight, to receive a degree from an American college—Middlebury in 1823.

Yet, when he graduated—and in the years and decades that followed—Twilight presented as White. Except during the first two decades of his life, Twilight neither identified—nor was identified by others—as Black. His early 1850s daguerreotype reveals a well-dressed, learned man with straight hair, thin lips, a slightly broad nose, and—the beginning of a mischievous smile, or a smug smirk?

He also appears as racially indecipherable, enigmatic, ambiguous. Is this man White, or Black, or of some ethnicity?

Early 19th-century White Vermonters seemed unconcerned about who he was racially, for they regarded him as "one of us." They valued what he did, not who he was. In short, Twilight, a racially ambiguous learned man of exalted professional standing, enjoyed his successes because he effectively "performed Whiteness." Those who knew him read his race as White through his civic acts, his associations, his White spouse, his self-presentation, his conduct, and his enigmatic appearance as "White." However, 21st-century Vermonters are deeply invested in Twilight's Blackness. The question is, "What explains the shift in Twilight's racially assigned identity?"

THE OFFICIAL SHIFT IN TWILIGHT'S RACIAL identity occurred in 1974, when Gregor Hileman, the editor of this magazine (then called the *Middlebury Alumni Newsletter*) published a story titled "The Iron-Willed Black Schoolmaster and his Granite Academy." In the article, Hileman cites the 1800 census for Corinth, Vermont, where the Twilights lived, which counts the six members of the Twilight family in the "All other free persons, except Indians not taxed" category. Thus, Hileman reasoned that the Twilights were neither White nor Native American, but rather a free Black family. Furthermore, he surmised that Alexander's last name—Twilight—symbolized the liminal space between light and dark, further suggesting that Twilight was a person of color, and thus "Black."

Historian John Lovejoy found further evidence to support Hileman's conclusion: Revolutionary War documents describe Ichabod, Alexander's father, as "mulatto," "colored," and as having a "yellow" complexion, indicating that he was biracial. Lovejoy also found that in 1810, Alexander resided with the Bowens, a White farm family that lived next door to the Twilights, where he served as an apprentice. Ichabod had left the family—or had died—sometime between 1808 and 1810, leaving Mary, his wife—Alexander's mother—without a means of support. Unable to care for the four Twilight children, Mary or Ichabod had arranged for Alexander to live and work with the Bowens. Thus, when Beriah Loomis of Thetford, Vermont, the census taker in 1810, visited the Bowen household, he found Alexander there and counted him in the "All other free persons..." category. Meanwhile, Loomis identified Alexander's mother, Mary, sister Polly, and brothers Aaron, William, and Asa as "White." Ironically, in all subsequent census data in which the Twilights appear, all siblings—including Alexander—and their spouses and children are "White." This inconsistency in counting the Twilights indicates not only the unreliability of the census but also suggests how White Vermonters interpreted race.

> *In short, Twilight, a racially ambiguous learned man of exalted professional standing, enjoyed his success because he effectively "performed Whiteness."*

For almost 120 years following his death, no one proclaimed definitively Twilight's racial identity. Two decades after Twilight's passing in 1857, Reverend Clark E. Ferrin, a former student of Twilight's and pastor at the Barton, Vermont, Congregational Church published a short biography of Alexander in the *Vermont Historical Gazetteer*. Not once does Ferrin mention Twilight's race or ancestry. Thirty years after Twilight's death, some of his former students gathered to share fond memories of their "excellent teacher" and "impressive preacher." A couple commented on his appearance as "bronzed" and as "rather swarthy." Another student called him "Uncle Twilight," a familial term often used by Whites to refer to enslaved Black men. It is tempting to regard these three comments as evidence of Twilight's Blackness. However, "swarthy" and "bronzed" are descriptors that could have described just as easily White men who labored in Vermont's summer sun. And the student who referred to Twilight as "uncle" may have used the expression as a term of endearment. Additionally, in 1948, E. J. Wiley, then the director of admissions at Middlebury, sought to confirm the rumor that Twilight was Black. Wiley tracked down rumors from a local Newport, Vermont, resident and from former Middlebury College students and faculty who were certain that Twilight was Black. However, Wiley could neither confirm nor deny Twilight's racial identity. Most mid-20th century Vermonters conceived of Alexander Twilight as the Vermont Life Insurance Company depicted him in its advertisement in the March 29, 1952, issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*: a White, rugged, brunette, Vermont frontiersman.

WERE EARLY 19TH-CENTURY WHITE Vermonters simply more open-minded and accepting of people of color than other White Americans? Perhaps. After all, Vermont was the first state to outlaw adult slavery in its founding constitutions of 1777 and 1793.Reverend Lemuel Haynes, a biracial minister who identified as Black, preached at the White West Rutland Congregational Church for 30 years between 1788 and 1818. Middlebury College even awarded him an honorary degree in 1804, the first Black man in the country to receive such a degree. Middlebury also enrolled his son, William, in 1827, although he did not finish college. Vermonters vehemently opposed slavery; Judge Theophilus Harrington told a New York enslaver in 1804 that he required "a bill of sale from the Almighty!" to declare the enslaver the rightful owner of another human being. And the Vermont legislature passed laws preventing the return of fugitive slaves.

On the other hand, in 1819, Vermont was the first state in the Union to form a state auxiliary Colonization Society, whose goal was to ship free Blacks to Liberia. Moreover, several Vermonters kept adults enslaved in the late 18th and early 19th centuries contrary to the state's constitutional ban on the practice. The 1793 Militia Act barred Black citizens from participating in their towns' militias. And many 19th-century Blacks in Vermont wrote of ill treatment at the hands of White Vermonters, as did Frederick Douglass in recounting his visit to Middlebury in 1843. Historian Randolph Roth has shown that most White Vermonters during the first half of the 19th century regarded free Blacks as inferior—as members of "a servant caste"—thus "most opportunities were closed to them."

In the eyes of White society, "successful" individuals were White, for no Black person would be accorded the opportunities, the consideration, and the love and respect that White Americans expected. Yet, despite some unfriendly White attitudes toward Black Americans, Twilight was successful *because* he was educated, professional, charismatic, ambitious, and most importantly, racially ambiguous. These qualities gave him access to opportunities in a predominantly White world that most phenotypically identifiable Black men could only hope to have at this time.

In performing whiteness, as he did, though, one shouldn't infer that Twilight necessarily "passed" for White. "Passing" constitutes an intentional act of rejecting one's roots, identity, and family. No evidence exists to suggest that Twilight did so. Rather, Twilight "was passed" by others. One's racial identity is established dialogically, along a two-way street: how one sees oneself racially conforms with the perceptions of others.

Twilight's passing by others is rooted in a specific time in U.S. history. According to historian Allyson Hobbs, before the 1850s, most White Americans who did not know the ancestry of a racially ambiguous person looked for other clues to make a racial assignment: the individual's sartorial appearance, their social circle of friends, their church, their profession, their learnedness. The "one-drop rule" that determined one's race did not gain measurable currency until after Reconstruction with the rise of White supremacy as a response to the post-Civil War free Black population. Nevertheless, before the Civil War, some biracial individuals suffered persecution because some White Americans linked their racial identity to their ancestry—the formula for the "one-drop rule."

Twilight did not experience the negative consequences of America's caste system, not only because of his physical appearance, but also because of when and where he lived. In 1850, Vermont had a very small Black population of only 718 individuals out of the total of 314,120, or .23 percent of the population. (Compare that to New York State's Black population at this time: 49,069, or 1.58 percent of New York's total population of 3,097,394.) Consequently, most White Vermonters felt unthreatened by the few Black Americans living in the state.

> *One's racial identity is established dialogically, along a two-way street: how one sees oneself racially conforms with the perceptions of others.*

Arguably, however, had Twilight lived after the Civil War, he may have become a victim of the "one-drop rule," which gained legal currency throughout the United States from the 1880s to the present day. White individuals and institutions used this formulation, couched in the concept of "hypodescent"—one's racial identity equals that part of one's non-White ancestry, no matter how small—to protect White privilege by excluding non-Whites from economic, social, and political opportunities. Concomitantly, most Black Americans, regardless of racial mixture, internalized this formula, for since the end of the 19th century, all persons of some African ancestry shared a common history of oppression, discrimination, and marginalization. However, for Twilight and most other racially ambiguous individuals who lived *before* 1860, racial designations were often mutable, flexible, and unstable.

Today, we marvel at Twilight's "Black excellence": the first man of African descent to earn a college degree from an American college, to be elected to a state legislature—Vermont's in 1836—and surely the first person of African ancestry to manage a grammar school in Vermont. And yet the fact that Twilight, a "Black man," could have been so accomplished in the state of Vermont in the first half of the 19th century seems not to have been as remarkable to his students, parishioners, and neighbors as it is to us today.

ALEXANDER LUCIUS TWILIGHT WAS born September 23, 1795, in Bradford, Vermont, and raised in Corinth, both in Orange County nestled against the New Hampshire border. Some who have studied Twilight's life surmise that Ichabod's adoptive White parents gave him his surname "Twilight" because his complexion stood between light and dark. As previously noted, the family's racial designation shifted from "free persons of color" to "White" in the early censuses of the 19th century.

Twilight's story as a charismatic leader really begins with his six years of study at the Orange County Grammar School in Randolph, Vermont, a community almost 20 miles southwest of Corinth. In 1815, at the conclusion of his indentureship to Bowen, 20-year-old Twilight enrolled in the coeducational grammar school, chartered in 1806 to prepare male students for college. According to the terms of most apprenticeships in New England at this time, Bowen would have been obliged to see to Alexander's education. While studying at Randolph, Twilight grew active in the fledgling Congregational Church of Corinth. In January 1821, Twilight's pastor, Charles Chace, was ordained into the Corinth Congregational Church, of which Twilight was a founding member. One of the invited guests to the ordination was Reverend Joshua Bates, the third president of Middlebury College, who offered encouraging words and a prayer. Bates surely met Twilight at Chace's ordination, and presumably, impressed by the young man, offered him enrollment—pending passing the admissions exams, which tested one's knowledge of Latin and Greek languages and literature, geography, and arithmetic. Twilight passed with excellence.

Twilight entered Middlebury in August 1821 with Junior standing. He undertook the Classical curriculum of the day: Greek literature, Trigonometry, Natural Philosophy (physics), Surveying and Navigation, Astronomy, Composition and Rhetoric, and Natural Theology. Natural Theology, the doctrine that believes that God's truths are revealed through the balance of nature with the human anatomy—that is, understanding the happiness of humankind within nature reveals God's divine plan—captivated Twilight. He checked out William Paley's book, *Natural Theology: Or, Evidences of the Existence and Attributes of the Deity, Collected from the Appearances of Nature* (1803), from the College library 10 times during his two years. When Twilight embarked on his pastoral career, he liberally weaved Paley's ideas into his sermons.

WE DO NOT KNOW HOW THE MIDDLEBURY students and faculty regarded or treated Twilight, or even if they knew he was a man of African ancestry. During his two years at Middlebury, he resided off campus with other Middlebury men in the home of Mrs. Deming, a Methodist, and on campus in Room 37 in Painter Hall, the first building built for College use exclusively.

The College had no policy on admitting Black students in 1821. Despite enrolling William Haynes, who was one-quarter Black, in 1827, Middlebury College, along with Union College in Schenectady, New York, rejected in 1834 the application of Andrew Harris, a young Black man born in 1814 in Virginia but raised by an adoptive White couple in Cayuga, New York. Both schools used the rioting in New York City in July 1834, during which White mobs attacked White and Black abolitionists for 10 days and demanded that free Blacks be deported, as the reason why they could not admit Harris. However, the University of Vermont did not hesitate to admit Harris, who became that university's first Black graduate in 1838.

When Twilight graduated in 1823, he received $30 (almost $850 in 2023) from the College's Charitable Society fund to give him a head start in life. He also became—unbeknownst to the world—the first person of African ancestry to receive a college degree from an American college, an achievement that was neither celebrated nor recognized at the time. M

WILLIAM HART IS A PROFESSOR EMERITUS OF HISTORY AT MIDDLEBURY, WHERE HE TAUGHT FOR MORE THAN 30 YEARS. THIS ESSAY IS ADAPTED FROM A LONGER WORK TITLED "THE CHARISMATIC, ENIGMATIC MR. TWILIGHT: A PERFORMANCE OF RACE IN EARLY NINETEENTH-CENTURY UNITED STATES." HART SPOKE ON THE TOPIC "WHO WAS ALEXANDER TWILIGHT?" AT THE 2023 CLIFFORD SYMPOSIUM. FOR MORE ON THE SYMPOSIUM, SEE PAGE 22.

of CONSEQUENCE

Stories (long and short), essays, conversations, and quick hits that offer insight on the meaning of consequence.

What does it mean to live a consequential life? And who gets to decide whose life is consequential and, well, whose isn't?

We're not tackling that last one, not really. Because, frankly, the editors of this magazine believe that everyone lives a life of some consequence—and that everything we publish, in this issue and in every issue that came before (and that will come after), illustrates this conceit, whether we're talking about a two-sentence class note or a 2,000-word feature story.

But lately we've been thinking about the meaning of consequence and how that meaning can be applied to challenges we face, questions we ask (or are asked), even the mundane. So here, we consider, among other things, the consequence of a liberal education and of challenging norms, of reading and eating, of finding inspiration, of being resilient, of claiming your story, of a changing climate, and more. We hope that you too will join us in sharing your thoughts on the meaning of consequence.

ILLUSTRATION BY
OWEN GENT

COURAGE

ON DEVELOPING TRANSFORMATIVE SKILLS IN AN INCREASINGLY

under

FIRE

COMPLEX WORLD. WRITTEN BY LAURIE PATTON ILLUSTRATION BY BRIAN STAUFFER

ON AUGUST 12, 2021, THE TALIBAN WAS SWEEPING through Afghanistan faster and more efficiently than anyone in the U.S. government had anticipated. In institutions of higher learning throughout the United States, the events unfolding thousands of miles away were on the minds and in the hearts of many, but the realities of opening for classes at a residential college during the second year of a global pandemic presented more immediate, anxiety-ridden challenges. In the President's Office here at Middlebury, that day began with several routine appointments. A curriculum committee meeting; a staff member complaining about a new COVID-related IT policy; a midday review of emails. One of those emails, from a faculty member, caught my eye: "I need your help with an alum who could be in danger in Kabul."

I learned that since he had graduated in 2010, Bilal Sarwary had become one of the most promising young reporters in Afghanistan—pro democracy, deeply committed to the freedom of the press, and, it seemed, on everyone's interview list. He had grown from being a young Afghan refugee in Pakistan, dreaming about college, to a writer and thinker to whom all the major networks turned when they wanted the real story. Bilal was, in a way, a walking public sphere—a living example of the civic engagement that we all talk about but are frequently at a loss to embody ourselves. Bilal attributes this capacity to bridge divides to his college education. This simple statement has important, and often unacknowledged, implications for our common life.

Higher education is at the crossroads and in the crosshairs of American public life. Even though the earning power of a college graduate still far outstrips that of a high school graduate, many are convinced that the return on investment in higher education is dwindling. Those on the right, and some at the center, worry about ideological bias of the professoriate substituting for creativity and genuine exploration. Those on the left, and some at the center, worry about the weaponization of free speech arguments in the service of bigotry.

Lost in these arguments, perceptions, and misperceptions are the experiences of actual students like Bilal. How do students tell the stories of their own educations, and what happens to minds and hearts after they are bestowed with a degree? Those stories tell us something as powerful as any statistics might. Student transformations continue to happen all over the world—in large and small institutions, in rural and urban places, in public and private colleges and universities. Yet these narratives are less frequently told—if told at all.

A little more than two years on from the events surrounding the tumultuous and tragic withdrawal from Afghanistan, stories like Bilal's compel us to think differently about the aims of higher education altogether. We live in a moment when our national, political, and cultural borders are being redrawn in ever starker outlines; and yet some of our best examples of the power of liberal learning arrive from that war zone, 6,500 miles away. Two young lives in particular—those of Bilal Sarwary and another Middlebury graduate, Shabana Basij-Rasikh '11—are compelling cases for the 21st century.

That August day in 2021, I learned that very little could help Bilal in his current situation. As a freelance journalist, he was on no one's employee roster—not BBC's, not CNN's, not ABC's, not NPR's. Even though everyone knew Bilal, he had no multinational media company to protect him. Even though he was a young leader in democratic Afghanistan, the nation he had tried to build was falling to pieces around him. So, Bilal had no country, either. All he had were his own networks. And those whom he had known in college.

As the next few days unfolded, Bilal's college networks were able to help a little—providing backup and moral support. But his own resources and savvy were the more key factors in getting out of Kabul safely. "How far are you from the airport?" I asked. "About five minutes," he responded. "I just cannot get there. I am too well-known, and they will recognize me or my name." I later learned that Bilal had just been warned that he was on Al-Qaeda's assassination list. He did not want to mention it too often or too loudly, because his wife, two-month-old baby, and parents (his father with Parkinson's disease) were often in the room with him. Over the next three days, ABC correspondent Ian Pannell and Bilal used their contacts with the Qatari government to get Bilal and others on the manifest of a convoy of vans and trucks driving to the airport from the Serena Hotel, a place of relative refuge where Bilal had managed to bring his family.

After some nail-biting stops and starts, on August 21 Bilal and his family finally boarded a van in a convoy led by the Qatari ambassador and escorted by the Taliban. The irony was not lost on him that his protection came from the moderate wing of the very group whose ideologies and forms of governance he was escaping. During that half-hour journey, texts between College staff and Bilal were constant.

"I'm boarding now."

"Traveling down the first street."

"Heading on the airport road."

"At the gate."

Later, from a colleague: "The guards waved them through with no problem."

Several hours later: "With Americans now."

Finally: "Boarding the plane to Doha."

After two weeks in Doha, Bilal and his family landed in Toronto, Canada, with refugee status.

While Bilal was sitting in his Kabul home, wondering how to traverse the tiny distance to the airport that was simultaneously farther away than it had ever been, another alum was nearby, in the Kabul airport itself, making her own escape with hundreds of women accompanying her. Shabana Basij-Rasikh graduated in 2011, just one year behind Bilal. Shabana started SOLA (School of Leadership, Afghanistan), the first girls' boarding school in Afghanistan, while she was still a student in college. In the first years after the beginning of the war, she worked with Oregon businessman Ted Achilles as a cofounder in this endeavor, and then took it over herself after she graduated.

In 2019, Shabana was in the middle of a phase of expansion for SOLA when she learned of the potential United States pullout.

Even though no one knew when it would happen, Shabana began to prepare. She built an exit plan, down to the last excruciating detail. She knew she had to construct a flawless phone tree for those who needed to flee the country. She knew she had to prevent the Taliban from discovering the home addresses of the students so that their families would be safe. She knew she had to use acid, and not fire, to destroy the records of the school and avoid any visibility that the smoke might cause.

On August 15, Shabana, too, received a phone call where she had to make a decision. Her colleague on the line told her that the Taliban were not days, or even hours, away. They were down the street. She had one afternoon to activate the phone tree and get more than 240 women and girls—SOLA faculty, staff, and students—to the airport.

Like Bilal, Shabana and the women and girls of the SOLA community made it out on Qatari and American military planes to Doha. After a short stay of a few days there, they then went on to Kigali, Rwanda, where Shabana had already negotiated with the Rwandan government for SOLA to continue with a semester of study abroad. Unlike Bilal, Shabana's texts to me were short and revealed nothing:

"Very difficult times. Had to get our girls evacuated safely yesterday. I cannot share more yet."

"I am working through the second group quietly—very quietly."

"All of us are safe. I will share more soon."

The images that have stayed with me from those weeks in August are from the airport. One was of Bilal, about to board a plane and giving one final interview to a BBC reporter. Bilal had, in fact, been tweeting, blogging, and giving interviews throughout his entire escape. In a way, his total openness, his international reporting as a refugee in real time, was its own kind of protection. No one would be able to kill him in secret. "For years I have been reporting on Afghan refugees," he tweeted. "Now I am one of them."

The other image was a photo sent by Shabana to her friends who were in contact with her. It was of hundreds of people in a cargo plane, most of them women in conservative dress. Among those passengers were the SOLA women, whose safety came from covering themselves. While the man was protected by total openness, the woman was kept safe by cover as a means of escape.

As powerful as those images of escape are, our text exchanges have stayed with me even more. During our correspondence in those harrowing weeks in August 2021, both Shabana and Bilal told me that their liberal education gave them the courage to do what they did—build a school for girls, report on democracy in the rural provinces, even plan for their escape from the Taliban and continue their work in exile. Bilal told me that he learned to write and to think in college, and that capacity changed the public landscape of his country. In Shabana's words, in college she gained "a sense of purpose, the ability to do one thing that mattered."

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In some ways, Bilal and Shabana's words are no different than those of many young people who become reflective about their college experience. But these comments were different. One was the statement of a man sitting with his family, trapped, minutes from the airport with his life and theirs hanging in the balance. The other was the response of a woman in charge of hundreds of lives, all of whom had become vulnerable by virtue of their choice to pursue an education.

In the world of public opinion, there are many essays on the aims of liberal learning—what it is not, what it should be—from the *New Criterion* on the right to the *Nation* on the left. One that has resonated over the years for me in its clarity and simplicity is a 2011 essay for the *New Yorker* by cultural critic and university professor Louis Menand. Menand describes three historical aims of a college education: 1) a sorting mechanism for talent, and at times, prestige; 2) a place to explore ideas and purpose; and 3) a place to earn credentials to get a job. Menand makes elegant arguments about the history of all three, even while making it clear that the second was what he values most as an educator. But what of Bilal's and Shabana's experiences? Do these arguments about the aims of education make sense of their years after college, first building democracy in Afghanistan and then watching its failure?

'A WORLDLY GUY, NOT JUST SOME GUY'

Their journeys to a college education started in Kabul. In 1992, during the civil war in Afghanistan, Bilal was in second grade. After he lost his mother and sister in the shelling of the city, he and the rest of his family fled to the Nasir Bagh refugee camp in Peshawar, Pakistan. As he put it, "I had a warm breakfast and a home one day, and the next day there was nothing. One day I could watch cartoons in Kabul and go to school. And the next I was selling water in Peshawar and living in a refugee tent." His schooling in the refugee camp was completely dependent upon the presence and willingness of NGOs and marked by the politics of the time: "If you have five bullets and ten Russian soldiers, how many soldiers can you kill?" was one math

question he remembers particularly vividly. Politicians visited the famous camp—the largest in Pakistan—often. The dreariness was lifted by the visits of luminaries like Princess Diana and Benazir Bhutto, but afterwards life returned to its monotony. In those years, Bilal turned to the radio, learning both English and current affairs through the BBC and Voice of America.

When Bilal moved with his family to another refugee camp, he was able to enroll in English language courses and make his education more formal. He painted houses to earn a living and visited the American Center and British Council between jobs. By the seventh grade, he was admitted to a school funded by Swiss nationals, jumping two classes. By 1999, his English had improved to the point where he could speak it and understand it. As Bilal approached high school age, he found a job with a transport company smuggling carpets and dried fruits into Pakistan. It was dangerous work, and when he tired of being the target of Pakistani border control guns, he took a job as a watch salesman in a five-star hotel in Peshawar. There he came into direct contact with embassy personnel, directors of NGOs, and others with whom he could practice his English and converse about foreign affairs.

The turning point moment for Bilal was September 11, 2001. In the 24 hours after the destruction of the twin towers, Bilal told me, the hotel where he worked became full of foreign reporters. Someone offered him a job with Abu Dhabi TV, and he took it immediately. He traveled back to Afghanistan as a translator without telling his family. In the ensuing years, Bilal worked for a variety of news agencies, including the BBC and ABC News with Peter Jennings, even though, he confessed, he had no idea who Jennings was. Working alternatively as a fixer, translator, and reporter, Bilal eventually became a research assistant to author Gretchen Peters, who was then working on the book *Seeds of Terror,* about the drug trade, warfare, and the criminalization of national and international economies.

Through all this exposure to American people and media, Bilal got the idea to go to an American college. In 2005, he applied to every single college he could think of, and hardly anyone accepted him. When to his surprise Middlebury offered him full financial aid, he had no idea what or where it was.

Bilal's arrival at a liberal arts and sciences college in New England had many of the hallmarks of the experience of a student unfamiliar with New England, whether from Texas, Ghana, or Afghanistan. He was surprised to see so much snow. But Bilal had other adjustments to make that were unique to him. By then in his early 20s, he was, as he put it, "the oldest kid on campus," and everyone kept asking him to buy them beer. Even though he was a seasoned reporter, he still needed help on his papers. Bilal described to me the moment he learned about the honor code: "I found out that Americans were trusting people. People trusted me to write my own papers, and students helped me but told me in the beginning they were not going to draft my papers for me. So, I consulted with them on every apostrophe, every comma."

For the first two years of college, Bilal struggled. He had PTSD-related issues and missed Afghanistan. Even though he had overcome hardships worth several lifetimes, he was discouraged that he could not be like the American kids who "took five classes and played four sports." His professors insisted that, for their classes at least, he stop writing like a journalist and write more like a scholar. And he was flummoxed by the practice of studying in groups and the requirement to take part in discussions and make comments. This participatory ethos was one of the greatest shocks. Most of the time he did not know what to say or how to respond. Intellectual orientations were also difficult. A class on Islam was taught in a historical way that was impossible for him to accept, initially, and he could not reconcile his own point of view with that of the professor's. A class on Japanese history assumed cultural knowledge that he had none of.

As Bilal put it to me, humorously, "I could not be disciplined. It was hard for me to understand that I was no longer in an educational system where there was not just a 50-minute exam at the end to prove myself. Rather, I had to prove myself in every minute, every interaction." What is more, Bilal insisted on continuing to work for the BBC during his years in college, so proving himself was not always easy when he was working on a story.

Bilal took two years to develop the discipline that critical thinking demanded of him. He got used to the classes. He went to every single guest speaker whom the College sponsored and watched how people interacted. Over time, Bilal was able to combine the savvy research of a reporter with the critical methods of a scholar. He remembered a class on the laws of war as a powerful example. Early

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on in his career, Bilal had done a story on war crimes for Australian television, and he wanted to dive into the legal aspects in a more considered way. He ended up writing an essay on drone warfare, using research from all his best journalistic sources in Pakistan and Afghanistan, but making arguments that journalists never had the time or airspace to make. Bilal also carried this interest into a geography class, where he learned how the terrain of Afghanistan helped the Taliban create warfare techniques. "Helmand Province is a desert, and the Taliban could plant roadside bombs in a matter of minutes, covering it with sand. But in Nuristan and Kunar, drone technology does not work because of the densely forested valleys and hamlets, where the atmosphere keeps on changing. In this environment, drones cannot see things, especially in the rain and clouds."

Bilal also learned how to think comparatively. His senior thesis, written on his lifelong interest in the connections between drugs, warfare, and terrorism, compared the Taliban in Afghanistan and FARC in Colombia (*Fuerzas Armadas Revolucionarias de Colombia*, or Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia). From that project, he was able later in his career to draw on his knowledge and experience to investigate Lebanon and Turkey. He taught himself about Hezbollah and hashish, and about the PKK (Kurdistan Workers' Party), Turkey, Iran, and Kurdistan.

Over the course of his college career, Bilal grew from a savvy writer to a cosmopolitan thinker. He describes how he felt upon graduation: "Now I was a worldly guy, not just some guy. I had friends all over the world." He had overcome his anti-Semitism. "In 1999 Peshawar, I hated all Jews. Now I had, and actively cultivated, Jewish connections all over the world." He overcame his antipathy to the Pakistani

elite: "I used to argue with my Pakistani friends in class all the time. They were from the upper echelons. But we became true friends as a result."

When he returned to Afghanistan, Bilal continued to work for news outlets, including the growing Al-Jazeera news outlets as well as the traditional shops of the BBC. Independence mattered to him. But Bilal's purpose never wavered, even though it became more refined and effective. In the 2010s, he wrote about Al-Qaeda. He interviewed members of the Taliban in the extremist provinces as well as the moderate ones. He made friends and contacts in the government as well as the Taliban. He knew people and engaged them from all sides of the debate. He even ran (unsuccessfully) for a Democratic seat in an Al-Qaeda-dominated province.

When I asked Bilal what motivates him to tell stories today about Afghanistan, he replied, "It is a country with real people and real stories like the rest of the world. We have had such a painful past with Americans and with the West—and even before that, when the Russians walked away. But there is an Afghanistan you never see—the natural beauty of the country, the dry fruits, or the hippie trail, and it is a relatively functioning country." Bilal still writes and tweets about Afghanistan under Taliban rule as he is making a home with his family in Canada. He considers it all: changes in provincial governments, the execution of leaders he knew and worked with, signs of hope that Taliban rule may not last. "I've worked with one goal and one passion to make sure the '90s are not repeated in Afghanistan." As part of the Afghan diaspora, he feels he has a responsibility to make this time of Taliban rule turn out differently. He knows that work may last beyond his lifetime.

'IF WOMEN COULD FEEL SAFE TOGETHER'

While Shabana's childhood in Afghanistan was less dramatic than Bilal's, it was equally shaped by the Taliban regime of the 1990s. She grew up in the educated classes of Kabul, with a father in the military and a mother who pursued an undergraduate education while she worked as a schoolteacher. Her mother went on to work at various schools in Kabul as head of a language department, head teacher, dean of faculty, and principal. In some ways, Shabana was the archetypal middle child. With three sisters and two brothers, she was always listening to knowledge passed down from her older siblings, and then passing it on again to her younger ones. In her family, she told me, "Everyone was everyone else's tutor, in English and calligraphy, or math and science."

Shabana's family environment also shaped her ambition. She told me, "When I was a kid under the Taliban regime, I wanted to be a general like my father. I was told that women cannot be generals, and I would not have those opportunities under the Taliban regime. The most ambitious thing you could be was a doctor—you are the top student, and you are going to have that future." During her high school years, Shabana held that ambition close, given that it was "the highest thing that a woman could do." Her choice to go to school in America was fueled by that dream. She did everything she could to receive top marks. In her and her family's view, an American college would help her achieve the

highest profession for a woman in Afghanistan.

When Shabana finally arrived at college in America, she was told to explore. "I was amazed that your major was not chosen for you. It was the first time I had an invitation to look at something beyond becoming a doctor." She also realized there were significant gaps in her broader education and knowledge. "Even though I was considered one of the top students," she told me, "I couldn't understand most of the references other students made in class."

Like Bilal, Shabana took classes that changed her worldview. She became especially fascinated by a class on the sociology of gender. "I just wanted to be sitting in that class that whole semester," she told me. She was particularly fixated on how and whether the issues of gender were different between the United States and Afghanistan. She made friends in town—American women in their 60s and 70s—and pursued long conversations with them because of their experiences in working for women's rights. "Because of the parallels between America and Afghanistan, I was keen on drawing lessons. Where is the key here that can unlock a much faster acceleration of success for women in Afghanistan? I was totally focused on that."

Later, Shabana developed a more nuanced appreciation for historical context, and realized that what she could do in Afghanistan was vastly different than what her older women friends did in the United States. But the conversations made an impression on her. "It is no surprise with SOLA that I have had an emphasis on building a network of sisterhood across grades and across as many different backgrounds across Afghanistan. If women could feel safe together . . ."

Shabana's fascination with the sociology of gender both inside and outside the classroom made her realize that she no longer wanted to pursue medicine. It meant telling her parents, who had put all their hopes and dreams into her American education. She told me, "When I made the call, I was so nervous. Growing up in Kabul there was no question whatsoever that excellence was what we were all striving for. My parents had made it abundantly clear that they loved the child who was academically driven. The love was always there, but it was always military style, so I expected them to think that I was not ambitious enough because I was not becoming a doctor."

To Shabana's relief, in that first and subsequent conversations, her parents still supported her as a learner and told her that she needed to listen to the advice of her professors. They wanted her to be successful. "My father saw me as capable of helping other people, and that was another reason they did not question my judgment and came to understand me as a person who saw the bigger picture. They saw that I was still ambitious—just for other things. They had the long-term view."

Like Bilal, Shabana's own memories of her college years were often ones of feeling overwhelmed and in need of a lot of help to stay ahead in classes and keep up with her classmates. What both Shabana and her friends admit she did have, however, was a singularity of vision about the need for women's education in Afghanistan. That singularity of vision only emerged after she let go of her own and her family's plans for her to become a doctor. This was a hard-won change of direction that took more courage than many of the other things she did.

After she graduated from Middlebury, Shabana, too, returned to Afghanistan, dismissing many well-meaning suggestions that she stay in the United States and use her education to pursue a career path that would be more lucrative and less dangerous. She had the energy to continue to build SOLA with her partner, Ted Achilles, and did not feel she had even begun to realize its vision.

Even today, Shabana does not think she was doing anything special in starting SOLA. In the mid-2000s, there were no boarding schools like it in Afghanistan, not even in the sophisticated capital of Kabul. Her goal was simple: to recruit girls from across Afghanistan and give them an education that would prepare them to study at university and go on to live creative and productive lives in a democracy. As she began her recruitment for SOLA, Shabana did not encounter the reticence

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that some might stereotypically believe one would find in rural Afghan provinces. She found a passion and willingness in all parts of Afghanistan to educate girls in as rigorous a way as possible.

SOLA's medium of instruction was English, but classes were also held in a variety of languages spoken throughout the country, including Pashto and Dari, the two official languages of Afghanistan. The curriculum she built was in part inspired by her own education: focused on the development of basic skills needed for university, such as critical thinking, knowledge of history, quantitative skills, and social studies and cultural expertise. She and her staff also emphasized personal capacity building, empowering girls to make decisions, deepen their own agency, and thrive even in adverse circumstances.

Key to the curriculum at SOLA was the practice of self-reflection. The breaks between semesters were often filled with workshops and training in life skills, whether that be time management, commercial training, or other forms of pre-professional work—even in high school. The idea of women's empowerment was always discussed with a specifically Afghan perspective. Student government was patterned after the *jirga*, a deliberative council unique to Afghanistan and used at all levels, from the village to the national government. The study of Islam was incorporated into the curriculum, but in such a way that it connected to and integrated with other subjects that the students were studying. The history of Afghanistan and women's contributions to it were a central focus of many humanities and social science courses.

SOLA's campus was small, as were enrollments in the early years—starting with four students and a rented house. But SOLA soon needed to leave its smaller quarters for much larger ones as its reputation and success grew along with its size. Before the summer of 2021 it housed nearly 100 students from almost every province in the country. As Shabana described it to me, "In SOLA, we had built the strongest and most comprehensive network of sisterhood across Afghanistan."

Even now, in exile, Shabana is determined to keep that sense of connection between Afghan women alive. From the U.S. and Rwanda, she recruits Afghan girls from refugee camps to attend SOLA on their campus in Rwanda. She and the SOLA staff have made sure that the girls and women who escaped with her all have placements in high schools around the world.

Bilal's and Shabana's decisions to return to Afghanistan in the early 2010s were the first among many crucial decisions that deepened their sense of purpose and meaning. That sense of resolve was not naïve, however, but complex enough to last through hardship and challenge. Primarily, they possessed a hard-won sense of self that could not be shaken by how others perceived them or their work.

As Bilal put it, "When I returned to Afghanistan, I was jealously guarding my independence. I had a relationship with the West, and it was a relationship on my own terms. That is what college gave me. Afghanistan is a country of labeling. Before college, from morning to evening I would be five to six different people. And after college, I was just myself."

Equally important, neither Bilal nor Shabana returned to their country with the ideal of imposing American models of government or education. They were keenly aware of the deep challenges and contradictions of the American occupation. Rather, both were motivated to build upon the fundamental strengths of Afghanistan's traditions—the strength of its teachers, its villages, its diversity, its women, its forms of debate, and local governance.

That sense of purpose was also built by the communities Bilal and Shabana created around them. They collaborated with people across the gamut of Afghan politics, society, and religion. They knew elites and villagers. They knew religious Muslims and secular leaders. They knew Americans and Europeans. Bilal told me, "We were the moderates; at village district level we spoke and became a bridge. I knew Hamid Karzai and the people in his government; I knew the people in the Taliban. I feel in hindsight that in Afghanistan I paid back what I owed to my own education. I always wanted to be the voice of the people, to be the voice of Afghanistan to the rest of the world. That required connections across Afghanistan and across the world." Even in their 2021 escapes, both Bilal and Shabana were well served by their own far-reaching connections.

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Persistence and creativity still drive Bilal's and Shabana's lives as they work outside of Afghanistan. In exile, they are pursuing similar goals, whether that is girls' and women's education or investigative reporting and freedom of expression. It is unclear whether either of them will ever be able to go back to Afghanistan at all, much less return to the kind of Afghan society they were trying to build. But they have the imagination and the historical view to continue to build it outside the country.

As I thought about it, Bilal's and Shabana's discoveries of purpose, and their capacity to pursue it even in exile, maps well onto Louis Menand's second aim of an education: exposing students to material that enlightens and informs them as future citizens living meaningful lives. And in the bargain, both Bilal and Shabana are employed (in fact, successfully self-employed)—Menand's third aim of an education. Even more powerfully, Bilal and Shabana developed these values and achieved these aims of education in the sometimes exhilarating, sometimes dangerous, and eventually impossible, situation of building an Afghan democracy in the face of overwhelming odds.

I still ponder this question of what Bilal's and Shabana's educations had given them and what we could learn from them. I looked at Bilal's and Shabana's transcripts—imperfect records of an undergraduate career. In fact, they had a lot in common. Bilal had done an independent major, focused on the relationship between the drug trade, terrorism, and war in South Asia, with a minor in Arabic. Shabana had pursued a double major in international studies and anthropology/sociology, with a minor in women and gender studies. Both had studied Arabic intensively; Shabana had also gone abroad to Egypt to continue that work. Both had focused sharply on the issues of their region: international politics, the study of Islam, women in South Asia, global politics, and weapons of mass destruction, to name just a few. They were in some of the same courses, and part of a closely knit community of Afghan students for whom college was a home. The two speak fondly of each other to this day, albeit a little like siblings who know each other's foibles and love each other anyway.

But the distinguishing characteristics of Bilal's and Shabana's college careers are not captured by the above description. Other things stood out instead—in their own accounts of their college years they shared with me, as well as the spaces in between the lines of their official records. In college Shabana and Bilal had created multiple relationships of deep significance. They remembered all of them—students, professors, staff members, townspeople. As Shabana put it, those relationships "created meaningful conversations that were always going on in my head." Those conversations would help them to imagine the work they would eventually do in their home country.

Both Bilal and Shabana had authored honors theses. Often colleges and universities offer this opportunity to write a piece of sustained, long-form independent work done under the supervision of a single advisor and usually defended in front of a committee. For Bilal, it was on the relationship between drugs and weapons—something he became obsessed with before coming to college while working as a research assistant for an American journalist writing on corruption in Pakistan. For Shabana, it was on women's shelters in Afghanistan—a topic she became interested in when she realized early on in her studies that she did not want to be a doctor but an educator engaged with women's issues in her country. The process of writing a thesis is rigorous and intense. As Bilal put it, "I had connections with great sources in Pakistan before, but the critical thinking in relationship part, both inside and outside the classroom, made a difference in how I connected with those sources. In Afghanistan, the system is

built to fail you, but in the U.S., it is built to teach you through these relationships. They tear your thinking down and then build it, and you, up again."

In addition to their native Pashto and their second language of English, both Bilal and Shabana learned Arabic throughout all four years at Middlebury. Learning a language to communicate across national boundaries is a hard, painstaking embrace of everyday failure. Journalists and educators must do this kind of communication every day. And, like the questions they took with them throughout all their courses, whether they achieved a high grade or not, the work of language learning remained meaningful. "The moment when I could finally talk to Saudis in broken Arabic was a revelation to me," Bilal told me.

As I talked with Shabana and Bilal about the birth of their life's dreams in college and the violent loss of those same dreams only 10 years later, I realized that *at its best, liberal learning produces courage*. In those August weeks two years ago, I came to know two young leaders *in extremis*—both possessed of a liberal education, and both crediting that education with giving them the fortitude to build something new in their country. Their journalistic and educational work was destroyed in less than a week as the Taliban took control. But both had the personal, intellectual, and moral resources to try, and to persevere, in extraordinary circumstances.

Yet neither Bilal nor Shabana understand themselves as courageous. "I did feel scared when assassinations were individualized," Shabana told me. "Do you stop the things that you are doing when those very things put you in the category to be assassinated? For me, giving up would have felt worse than death. Giving up would have meant another kind of death—an undignified death where I still had to keep on living."

Bilal's and Shabana's stories add something powerful to the chaotic debate about higher education, and the dangerous withdrawal of our commitment to liberal learning. The worth of a college education is spectacularly evident in these two extraordinary young lives, but that value can also be applied more widely, in less dramatic circumstances. Whenever Shabana and Bilal speak to young people, the room is silent. People are listening intently—not because people think they can become them, but because it is abundantly clear that their lives of international purpose were built from ordinary conversations, experiences, and decisions driven by a simple eagerness to know. What is more, someone (indeed, several someones) responded to that inquisitiveness. The simple wish to know, and the ability of a community to respond to that wish—is the stuff of which lives of meaning are built. This exchange of minds still happens all the time, in classrooms everywhere—at state universities, community colleges, and everywhere in between.

These are the accounts of college that need to be told and told widely. They tell of the global impact and scale that a liberal education can make, and of institutions and rigors that, for all their flaws, still foundationally change the human experience. The lives of Shabana and Bilal are just two stories of two people. Yet they reveal a courage of imagination born of a 21st-century liberal education's power to build a new version of a democratic and free world.

LAURIE L. PATTON IS THE PRESIDENT OF MIDDLEBURY AND A PROFESSOR OF RELIGION. A VERSION OF THIS STORY ORIGINALLY APPEARED IN *LIBERAL EDUCATION*, A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES.

WATER *ways*

An Adirondack adventure began as a personal challenge—and became so much more

BY MEGAN MAYHEW BERGMAN
ILLUSTRATION BY SUNNU REBECCA CHOI

SIX YEARS AGO, WHILE ON ASSIGNMENT IN THE ADIRONDACKS—a New York state park with over 2 million acres of protected land—an overconfident outdoorsman attempted to dazzle me with his recent adventures. He mentioned that he'd just finished the Seven Carries, a historic canoe route through the Saint Regis Canoe Area.

I was annoyed by the conversation—the notes of toxic masculinity, the sense that he was waiting for me to fawn—but I was intrigued by the route, and decided I would one day complete the Seven Carries myself.

The route was first established in the late 1800s as a way between two Adirondack resorts—the Saranac Inn and Paul Smith's Hotel, now a college. It requires paddling nearly nine miles of lakes and wild ponds and completing six portages (where the paddler must carry a canoe across land until reaching the next shoreline). The longest of the carries is 0.6 miles long; most are shorter.

Several things stood between me and this goal. For one, I'm not a confident navigator. If I couldn't reliably turn the right way out of a hotel elevator towards my room, could I really be trusted to navigate the Adirondack wilderness? Plus, I didn't have a lightweight canoe, just a heavy kayak I couldn't lift onto the roof of my car myself.

After some research, I fell in love with Hornbeck Canoes, a brand of boats known for being both lightweight and built in the Adirondacks. Finally, after five years of boat lust, I decided to spring for one and drove into Olmstedville, New York, for a demonstration. I turned off of a dirt road into the lovely enclave of evergreens where the Hornbeck family has been building boats for 40 years.

I could hear saws and smell varnish as I stepped onto Hornbeck's grounds. Rescue dogs napped in the shade. Mustard yellow and army green canoes were stacked and racked everywhere. I followed a path through several outbuildings until I found a small, shallow pond, where I tried different canoes.

The boats are built with Kevlar and topped with a rot-resistant cherry wood strip. I chose a model that weighed a surprising 15 pounds—I could carry it on one arm, but it was still strong enough to support me and camping equipment on a backcountry trip.

Although I've spent over 20 weeks of my life camping in the Adirondacks, I've never been the kind of woman to confidently lasso a canoe to the roof of a car alone. But I have been steadily upskilling. There is power in risk-taking and mobility, and these days I crave more of it.

NOW, SEVERAL YEARS AFTER DECIDING I WOULD COMPLETE the Seven Carries, I had the boat, but not the navigation skills. I mentioned the trip to a close friend, Els Van Woert '05, a capable outdoorswoman. She reads maps with ease and grew up exploring the Adirondacks, and she agreed to the adventure. We planned our trip organically, sending long texts about logistics when we could, both of us juggling parenting and writing deadlines.

We decided to drive into the Adirondack Park the day before our adventure, spending the night near Lake Placid to allow us an early start. Els's husband strapped two wooden boards to her existing roof rack to make room for our canoes. We took turns sawing the planks down and tying unwieldy straps, then hit the road with a lot of coffee and conversation.

The morning of the trip, we woke at 4:45 a.m. A half-hour later, Els dropped me off with our canoes at Little Clear Pond. She drove to the end of the route at Paul Smith's, where she left the car and used an electric bike to return to our departure point.

My early morning alone on the pond's edge was an unexpected gift. The sun rose from behind a silhouette of evergreens. Thrushes called from the woods, flute-like. A family of loons swam across on the flat water. I had a chance to inhale the landscape and let it settle me.

Els biked in a half-hour later. We organized our gear, consulted the map, picked our direction, and found our rhythm on the water. It was so quiet that it felt wrong to shout to one another across the pond.

We knew the first portage was the longest and hardest, which was why we decided on a south-to-north route. Our shoulders would be fresh and loose, and we'd still have our senses of humor intact. We pulled our boats from the water, Els hoisting hers fully overhead onto her shoulders in a traditional carry, and me slinging mine over one arm.

My first portage wasn't great, which wasn't a surprise—I am a capable but chaotic adventurer. My dry bag clunked against the boat, and I couldn't find the best place to hold my paddle. After a half-mile of hiking with a boat on my arm, I was grateful for its light body.

Both of us suffered a little as we carried the boats down slim, well-worn wooden planks until we were standing in the most beautiful marsh area I've ever seen. We eased the canoes off our shoulders and onto the water of the Saint Regis Pond.

I stepped into the shallow water—expecting some squish—but the muck swallowed my entire right leg up to my hip. The scent of rich mud enveloped me and my heart was pounding as I gripped the dock and pulled myself out. We laughed, and I slid more strategically into the canoe.

The Saint Regis Pond—remote and only reachable by canoe carry—felt enchanted. Purple pickerelweed surrounded the shoreline; hundreds of damp spider webs glistened in the sun as we navigated to the next portage and Green Pond. Soon, the sun began to burn hotter; the bugs were thicker. I found a leech in my canoe, probably from the moment when my leg plunged into the bog.

I felt content out on the water in the wilderness with a friend, as if I were entirely present for the first time in months. Most of my preoccupations (invisible heartbreaks, work emails, and parenting tasks) were drowned out by physicality, exertion, and beauty.

AT MIDDLEBURY, I TEACH A CLASS ABOUT depictions of women in outdoor literature. We talk about why we adventure—what do we hope to achieve. Adirondack adventurer Anne LaBastille wrote about the "fierce delight" she felt when sling-

ing her backpack into a canoe. I've come to cherish that feeling, to look for it in the world. I don't need to feel like I'm dominating or conquering something in an adventure. I want to feel reverent, or at peace.

While I first latched onto completing the Seven Carries six years ago with what some might call "proving energy," I now felt settled into something more calm, a flow state, a quieting of the mind, a touch of transcendence. Finishing the route was ideal, but now it was suddenly enough just to be there.

We moved quickly through Little Long Pond and Bear Pond, then to Bog Pond, where the bugs were more ferocious. We navigated cuts and twists, our boats scraping over submerged branches. The water was a shade of melancholy blue. Carnivorous pitcher plants thrived here, rising up from the shallow soil.

Suddenly, we heard the hum of human noise. We spied a blue pickup through the trees, driving down a dirt road. We'd come to our last portage onto the Upper Saint Regis, a place of the old Great Camps of the industrialists like the Rockefellers, Vanderbilts, and Marjorie Merriweather Post. We stopped to eat lunch on a stone wall and made small talk with two other boaters headed in the reverse direction.

I used to love the architecture of Great Camps, but right now, as we began our final paddle through the Upper Saint Regis, Spitfire, and Lower Saint Regis, seeing the physical manifestation of great wealth of industrialists felt unnerving. In the face of staggering wealth, it still feels wise to consider the privilege of adventuring at all—owning a boat, taking time off, feeling relatively safe in the wilderness.

As we passed the Great Camps and their ornate boat houses, our conversation turned to income inequality. We were so deeply involved that we missed the turn towards our final destination. We wound back through another channel and decided—as the sun was bearing down—that it was finally time for a swim. We eased our boats into the shallows, stripped down to our bathing suits and dove down into the cool water. When we both came up for air, a bald eagle circled overhead.

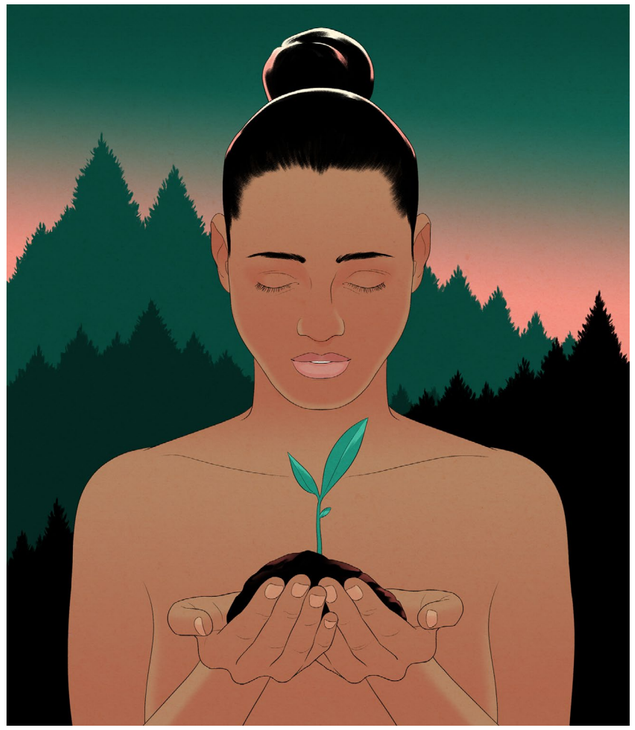
The instructions told us that this last leg was longer than it looked, especially when you're tired—and it was. We finished the route in the early afternoon and both agreed that it felt like we had more in the tank, that the canoe route hadn't taxed us too badly.

On shore, we dumped the water from our boats and hoisted them onto the roof of Els's car. We drank a beer outside in a light rainstorm and decided that next time we would go farther.

As someone who imagined the trip five years ago with a chip on her shoulder, this was almost hilarious—a reminder that reactionary thinking creates its own obstacles and rigidity. Perhaps I've changed since I first decided on the trip.

Perhaps I have less to prove.

MEGAN MAYHEW BERGMAN IS AN ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH AT MIDDLEBURY AND THE DIRECTOR OF THE BREAD LOAF ENVIRONMENTAL WRITERS' CONFERENCE. A VERSION OF THIS STORY FIRST APPEARED IN THE *GUARDIAN*.



who owns the American ENVIRONMENTAL *narrative?*

ILLUSTRATION BY ANUJ SHRESHTA

In a two-part episode of this magazine's podcast, Midd Moment, *Middlebury president and host of the podcast Laurie Patton spoke with Caroyln Finney, who is an author, cultural geographer, self-described accidental environmentalist, and an artist in residence in environmental affairs at the College. The following is an excerpt from their conversation.*

Laurie Patton: If we think about your groundbreaking book, *Black Faces, White Spaces: Reimagining the Relationship of African Americans to the Great Outdoors,* and the way you think about the underrepresentation of Black people in nature, in parks, in environmentalism, one of the things you say is that we need to look beyond environmental justice—include it, but also move beyond it—to think about that expanded story. You tell those stories in *Black Faces, White Spaces*, and I would love to hear you say more about that work, beginning from the premise of environmental justice, and then moving into other ways of talking.

Carolyn Finney: I'm all about justice as a broad and deep concept. I have a quote somewhere, I think on one of my emails at the end in the signature, from Cornel West: "Love is justice made public." And when I heard him say that there was something so broad and deep about that; there's a quote by Henry David Thoreau that sometimes, I don't have it in front of me, but sometimes there's nothing to do but to love more. Like, the use of love as something that's not light and just pink hearts, you know. That, actually, it's an obligation, it's a responsibility, it's an accountability, it's a caring, it's a generosity, it's a possibility, it's potential.

So, when I write about that in my book, I was thinking that I was frustrated by—within an academic context—that there seems to be a separation; so, if there are struggles and there's tension and there's all this stuff, we're going to place that over here in this category that we're going to call environmental justice. And everything else—conservation, preservation, you know, all the other names we put to—it's over here. But I believe that in all of this, there is tension. And that has to be okay, right?

Kaylynn Sullivan TwoTrees, who's an artist and thinker and writer, told me a long time ago, "It's interesting how we take tension and think of it as something negative and hard we should avoid. And tension is only energy."

And I'll never forget the example she used: A caterpillar cannot break out of a cocoon without that tension and become a butterfly. And it has stayed with me for years. And I was like, that is wonderful, it's simple, but there's something really powerful about that.

And so, the idea that we would try to avoid thinking about the tensions inherent in environmental justice and the relationship between different experiences with our land—it's about who we are and how we are. It's about people and place. We don't exist separately. I don't care who we are. I don't care where we live. There is no separation from standing on this Earth, from needing that water, from the food we ingest, all the things, right? There's no separation. We create things, you know, but there's no separation.

So, for me, how do we lean into that more fully? I don't think we've lost this shared American narrative. Actually, I think we're just reclaiming it, remaking it.

Laurie: And telling it in new ways . . .
Carolyn: Yes. Because narratives and stories are not static entities. Nothing in nature is static. Even the rock is not static and unchanging. So, why do we think we need to stick to a story that is barely two-dimensional? We are way more interesting than that. We're way more interesting than that.

THE *MIDD MOMENT* PODCAST FEATURING "OLD STORIES BEING TOLD DIFFERENTLY, PARTS 1 AND 2, FEATURING CAROLYN FINNEY" CAN BE FOUND AT MIDDLEBURYMAGAZINE.COM OR WHEREVER YOU LISTEN TO YOUR PODCASTS. WE HOPE YOU WILL SUBSCRIBE.

an EDUCATION

In his memoir, *The Upstairs Delicatessen: On Eating, Reading, Reading about Eating, and Eating while Reading*, a writer and noted book critic relates his collegiate introduction to literary journalism—and continued exposure to the world of food.

BY DWIGHT GARNER '88
ILLUSTRATION BY SUNNU REBECCA CHOI

AT MIDDLEBURY, I EDITED THE NEWSPAPER. I'VE HEARD THERE'S a sign above the entrance to the University of Texas at Austin's newspaper office that reads, "This is where grade point averages come to die." There should have been one of those at Middlebury. By junior year I was stringing for the *Boston Globe* and the *New York Times*. By senior year I was writing theater reviews for the alternative weekly in Burlington and book reviews for the *Village Voice*. I didn't attend a lot of classes. Nor did I eat well. I'd befriended the College's Special Collections librarian, Bob Buckeye, who had a piratical grin and turned me on to the novels of Eva Figes and the music of the Mekons. We played a lot of racquetball. One day he brought me, as a gift, a Styrofoam cup filled to the brim with frozen homemade pesto. I didn't know what pesto was, but for some reason I pretended I did. Later I tried to scrape some up with a spoon, as if it were sherbet. Yuck. The pesto rotted away in the back of the dorm refrigerator. It would be a while before I was ready for pesto.

I owe at least 60 percent of my education to the periodicals room at Middlebury's library. I worked the lonely-guy shifts at the counter (Saturday night, Sunday morning) that others didn't want. The warmly lit, high-ceilinged, shabby-genteel space in Starr Library was mostly empty then, and I had a lot of time on my hands. I'd slide through the long rows of periodicals and grab a copy of everything, returning each time with an autodidact's Dagwood-size pile. It was a golden age, maybe the last one for American magazines. The *New Republic*! I'd never seen a magazine where the next article just began, not waiting for a new page and a fresh layout. Michael Kinsley was the editor, and every page shone under his nearly Martian intelligence. *National Review* had Florence King's bossy columns. I scanned for James Wolcott's work in *Vanity Fair* with such enthusiasm—here was a writer who cooks on all four burners—that I made a beeline for the microfilm room, where I unearthed his earlier work in *Harper's Magazine* and the *Village Voice*. *Time* had the bullish art critic Robert Hughes; *Newsweek* had David Gates, not yet a novelist and newly divorced from Ann Beattie, throwing acerbic curveballs as a book critic. *Spy* was new and felt like it had arrived from a planet where irony was ozone. Even *Vogue* and *Elle* and *Harper's Bazaar* were packed with well-flossed commentary.

Pauline Kael was already a confirmed hero, and her movie reviews in the *New Yorker* would run to five thousand yea-saying words. My passion for pro sports was waning, but *Sports Illustrated* had Roy Blount Jr., Dan Jenkins, and Frank Deford, and was thus unskippable. *Esquire* was the stomping ground of lightly grizzled outsider-insiders like Joy Williams and Richard Ford and Tom McGuane, each anointed by the waters of some Montana trout stream of the soul. The articles in *New York Magazine* were all glitter and squalor, and a mordant introduction to a city I hoped to know. I waded through every issue of *Mother Jones* and *In These Times* and *Utne Reader*, liking the muddy-shoed politics but mostly finding them too earnest. I read the *Atlantic*; *Texas Monthly*; *Interview*; the *New York Review of Books*; the *TLS*; *London Review of Books*; *Hungry Mind Review*, where I would have a column in the '90s; the *Economist*; the *Chronicle of Higher Education*; the

Boston Phoenix, where I'd become a contributing editor; and *New England Monthly*, for which I started freelancing, writing about the onanistic artist Vito Acconci, who'd just put up a much-loathed boxlike installation on Middlebury's campus that freaked out the squirrels.

No food was allowed at the library desk in Starr. If it had been, they might have had to wheel me out, like a refrigerator, on a hand truck. Holly Golightly, in Truman Capote's *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, reads magazines in this kind of quantity and with this type of ferocity when she's stuck in a hick town with Doc Golightly, scanning the gossip columns and trying to forget that her real name is Lulamae Barnes. (Later, Holly owns the entire Modern Library.) One summer I stayed on campus, and the mail room, unwilling to forward students' magazines, instead put them out on long tables every morning. It was an entire newsstand, free for the taking. Snapping them up, I was like one of those dogs in Instagram videos who have a hundred tennis balls dropped on them. Reading them all, with the proper supplies, I gained eight pounds in three months.

College cafeterias terrified me. I had a fear of filling my tray and turning around and finding stone faces. It's the panic of the kid on the playground beside the whirling roundabout, unable to climb on and fearful of being smacked by something in the process. I retain a phobia of entering populated rooms alone. I took a lot of my meals out at Rosie's, the restaurant south of Middlebury on Route 7, where I ordered split-pea soup and well-griddled ham-and-cheese sandwiches. I could afford these meals because I worked all those shifts at the library and because the College paid a stipend to the newspaper's editor. At Rosie's, the big-boned waitresses allowed me to hunker down. Possessed of a stack of books and magazines, I'd stay for two or three hours—until my booth was needed, or until the lights began to flicker on and off.

DWIGHT GARNER '88 IS A BOOK CRITIC FOR THE *NEW YORK TIMES*. HIS CRITICISMS, STORIES, AND ESSAYS HAVE APPEARED IN THE *NEW REPUBLIC*, *HARPER'S*, *SLATE*, AND THIS PERIODICAL.

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on THIN ICE

A research trip to the Nordic Sea reveals insight into a changing climate

BY ALLISON JACOBEL **ILLUSTRATION BY** OWEN GENT

IT'S EARLY AUGUST, AND FOR DAYS NOW WE HAVE BEEN DODGING floating icebergs. They've blocked us from reaching our last few sampling stations and we've been forced to pull up equipment early for fear of being locked in the ice. This morning, as the sun rose and burned off the fog, the light glinted off more than a dozen icebergs, and this afternoon we've repeatedly swerved and altered our route to avoid collisions.

Even though they are impacting our schedule, I'm thrilled by the sight of these gleaming sculptures of ice. Not only do they make for spectacular viewing, they're also the modern analogue of one of the phenomena we're studying aboard the RV Celtic Explorer.

I'm joined on this excursion to the Nordic Sea by Ashley Rodriguez '25, an undergraduate in my research lab at Middlebury; Apollonia Arellano, a new graduate student at Columbia University's Lamont-Doherty Earth Observatory (where I earned my PhD); and other scientists, as we study the record of Earth's past climate preserved in marine sediments. These layers of sediment and the microfossils they preserve, can tell us about the ocean's past temperature, salinity, productivity, and how it moved heat around the planet.

One of the key things about the sediments below our ship is that they are full of rocks. These rocks didn't float out to sea on their own, but were instead picked up by ice streams and glaciers on land and then, as they calved into the ocean, carried out to sea on icebergs. The "ice rafted debris" we find in our sediment cores indicate the silent passage of icebergs decades to thousands of years ago.

Twenty-one thousand years ago Long Island sat at the foot of an enormous glacier fed by an ice sheet that covered the greater part of North America. This was the Last Glacial Maximum (LGM), the most recent ice age. Our transition from the LGM, when Middlebury was covered by almost a mile of ice, to the warm climate of the present was not a smooth one.

Research has shown that the deglacial transition was punctuated by armadas of icebergs that flowed into the ocean and disrupted deep water circulation with implications for the climate of our entire planet. Studying the history of iceberg delivery in the Arctic is an important way to help us understand abrupt changes in climate and to shed light on the sensitivity of the climate system to additions of fresh water.

Today the Arctic is experiencing a rate of warming faster than almost any other place on Earth. Dramatic ice loss is occurring from the Greenland Ice Sheet and this year, the Arctic seas have experienced record-breaking sea surface temperatures.

Although our work is focused on past changes, our results are also important for modern climate prediction efforts. Observational data are currently equivocal about how the Atlantic Meridional Overturning Circulation is changing, but new results suggest it may cross a tipping point as soon as mid-century. Understanding how past inputs of meltwater affected circulation is critical to improving these models and climate forecasts.

I believe there is immense value in showing people the beauty of our planet, teaching about the marvelous improbability of our existence, the fascinating intricacies of Earth systems, the fragility of the ecosystems we depend on. It is inarguable that we are on the wrong path, that we are doing catastrophic damage to our planet, and that we are changing our behavior too slowly. My hope is that the photographs, stories, and data I share will help motivate people to demand action on climate change, especially Middlebury students whose career choices will help determine the kind of impact they will have on our planet and our future.

ALLISON JACOBEL IS AN ASSISTANT PROFESSOR IN THE DEPARTMENT OF EARTH AND CLIMATE SCIENCES AT MIDDLEBURY.

ASKED *and* ANSWERED

Short questions, big consequences

ILLUSTRATION BY ANUJ SHRESHTA

What keeps you up at night?
My nightmare? Three months after his re-election as president of the United States, Donald Trump declares that NATO has become obsolete, and that the U.S. will withdraw from the alliance. The U.S. Department of Defense and the Supreme Allied Commander Europe confirm that all U.S. forces—personnel and equipment—including nuclear and missile defense assets, will be withdrawn from Europe as early as feasible. At a time when Ukraine has also failed to seize the initiative for another counteroffensive against Russian occupation, Russian President Vladimir Putin now proposes taking advantage of this "window of opportunity" to establish a new framework implementing earlier Russian proposals for "equal and indivisible security on the continent."
HANNA NOTTE, ***DIRECTOR OF THE EURASIA NONPROLIFERATION PROGRAM AT THE MIDDLEBURY INSTITUTE'S JAMES MARTIN CENTER FOR NONPROLIFERATION STUDIES***

What three albums are you bringing to a deserted island?
My selections would include *Man of Galilee* (2019) by Nigerian gospel artist Judikay, an album which I would play during my devotional time. I would also carry *Toto Bona Lokua* (2004), featuring French artist Gérald Toto, Cameroonian jazz musician Richard Bona, and Congolese artist Lokua Kanza; this record captures a variety of idioms and soundscapes that would "transport" me to different parts of Africa. Lastly, I would take *At Home (Live in Marciac)* (2015) by Malian artist Fatoumata Diawara and Cuban jazz pianist Roberto Fonseca, to remind me of the exchanges and feedback loops between Africa and its diaspora. Collectively, the three albums would keep me in touch with my Creator, my native continent, and the rest of the world, despite my circumstantial isolation.
DAMASCUS KAFUMBE, ***KNOX PROFESSOR OF INTERNATIONAL STUDIES, PROFESSOR OF MUSIC, AND DIRECTOR OF MIDDLEBURY AFRICAN MUSIC AND DANCE ENSEMBLE***

What Middlebury course will you never forget?
Easy! It was Paul Nelson's political philosophy class—second semester freshman year, 1985. We read Aristotle, Plato, Burke, de Tocqueville and others, and it was so hard—and also amazing. I remember thinking to myself, "This is college!"
ANYA PURI BRUNNICK '88, ***INDEPENDENT COLLEGE ADMISSIONS COUNSELOR***

Nonfiction writing with David Bain. I'll never forget crying on the grass outside Atwater when writers' block immediately hit. I turned in an abstract, nonsensical mess about an unfulfilled crush. My peers were confused, but David gently nudged me, next time, to write what feels true. With time, it worked.
LEAH FESSLER '15, ***THIRD-YEAR LAW STUDENT AT YALE***

I took a winter term class with Howard Munford, and I remember that we spent hours immersed in the poetry of Robert Frost. Munford recited "The Death of the Hired Man," plainly and without fanfare, from memory. I will always know that "Home is the place where, when you have to go there/ They have to take you in."
CATHERINE O'NEILL GRACE '72, ***SENIOR ASSOCIATE EDITOR,*** **WELLESLEY MAGAZINE**

What is the acting role of a lifetime?
It is one that pushes me to fully use my capacities. A few years ago, I performed the role of Mary O'Malley in *Learn to Be Latina* by Enrique Urrueta. Mary was a hilariously ambitious music industry executive who hid a dark secret. The role required multiple dialects, dance, fights, and puppeteering; it was delightful.
OLGA SANCHEZ SALTVIET, ***ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF THEATRE AT MIDDLEBURY AND CO-ARTISTIC DIRECTOR OF THE DOGTEAM THEATRE PROJECT***

The most memorable role I have played is no doubt the emcee in the musical *Cabaret*. The role asks you to be absolutely-no-holds-barred comfortable with your gender and sexual identity. I knew that I would not be able to hide behind a mask, and I made the commitment to rise to the occasion. We played in a very small venue, which meant that I was incredibly close to the audience. I was wearing a sexy corset and heavy makeup. I could feel the audience's energy. Their joy was palpable; I could see it in their eyes. It was an experience of total freedom on stage, the likes of which I had never had before. And I learned that the more you reveal yourself, the more you vanish.
CLAUDIO MEDEIROS, ***PROFESSOR OF THEATRE AT MIDDLEBURY***

On Language Learning

Thor Sawin, Associate Dean for Curriculum at the Middlebury Language Schools

Why is it so important for one to be fluent in different languages and cultures?
Proficiency changes who you are in the world in several different ways. Language skills are a double gift that you can give a listener. You can listen to other people's stories and experiences in words which are their own, which give them the best chance of making their case. You can also share your own stories and experiences in words which other people are familiar with, so they can focus on more deeply understanding the content of what you are sharing, rather than on working to understand the medium. Even if an interaction ends up being partly in English, beginning in the other language is a sign that you respect that person enough to have taken the time and work to learn even some of their language and culture. Being willing to be the one who takes on more of the communicative work radically changes how you come across in an interaction and the outcomes of those interactions.

You have spoken of the cognitive growth that happens in a language classroom. How has learning changed over the couple of decades that you've taught? And what has remained constant?
One aspect that has changed is the slow shift of roles from language teacher to a language coach. Twenty years ago, learners were largely dependent on the teacher as a source of language in the classroom. The teacher was the model speaker and language user. Increasingly, what learners need is coaching and support in how to make use of the bewildering variety of language inputs, language tools, and language opportunities that are out there. The language teacher is less authoritative voice, and more curator of a much more diverse range of voices in the classroom accessible through social media. The language teacher's job is as much teaching learners how to make smart language learning decisions as it is teaching the patterns of the language itself. The language classroom can be a sandbox in which learners can try out or ask questions of intriguing language patterns that they discover through their devices, and the teacher helps guide learners as they decide what they want to actively learn to use, what they want to passively learn to understand, and what they want to ignore for now.

What hasn't changed is how humans learn language best: in conversation with other humans. Research in language acquisition reveals that a learner interacts with a more expert user in a space of mutual attention (focusing on each other) and mutual intention (a common purpose both care about). Technology tools can facilitate these interactions but they cannot replace these interactions. Something else that is a feature, not a bug, of the language learning process is that it can be a struggle. It isn't easy to go from effortlessly sounding intelligent and humorous in a native language to having to work to get the message across, often without nuance or subtlety. While there are huge benefits of this struggle—empathy for newcomers and migrants, resilience, creativity in communication—the unavoidable struggles of learning require teachers to be encouragers. Language teaching is ultimately a caring profession, helping learners get unstuck and build the confidence needed to outlast the bouts of frustration and insecurity.

be INSPIRED

We don't have to be more "creative." We just need to be as human as humanly possible.

BY JAY HEINRICHS '77
ILLUSTRATION BY OWEN GENT

ONCE A UPON A BIBLICAL TIME—NINE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING, according to scripture—Jesus' disciples were sitting around enjoying a tot of wine. Suddenly they heard a whooshing sound, and tongues of flame shot into some of them. The stricken disciples began speaking languages from around the known world.

While that may sound like le Château at Middlebury only with breakfast wine, the fiery breath of God pushing into the disciples' lungs—a sort of creative CPR—could not have been pleasant. Clearly, those of us seeking inspiration should be careful of what we wish for. Still, it's useful to know the ways we might get inspired, if only to help us resist our future AI overlords.

Let's start with the *initium novum* of all worthwhile concepts, the Oxford English Dictionary (OED). The OED reports that medieval Christian intellectuals, passionate taxonomists, delineated five classes of inspiration:

Verbal inspiration comes straight from God in a kind of dictation, as with those enflamed disciples. I personally find ghostwriting to be a more pleasant form of verbal inspiration. Having ghostwritten books for a rocket scientist, a leading member of Congress, and a 12-year-old cancer survivor, I love tapping into the spirits of clients. Like Prospero, I endow their purposes with words that make them known. Before you write your own memoirs, you might find verbal inspiration from writing someone else's.

Then there's plenary inspiration, in which God's spirit makes every word infallible. Some say the U.S. Constitution qualifies. Ditto the Oxford English Dictionary.

Moral inspiration moves a person to greater virtue. My wife's best ideas happen to be morally inspired by her love of people. After her father died, Dorothy turned an old flannel sheet into an Advent calendar. She sewed 25 pockets, filled each one with a tiny scroll bearing a happy Christmas memory, and gave this inspired gift to her grieving mother.

Mechanical inspiration sparks an action. Think of a gym bro playing heavy metal during a workout.

Finally, there's dynamical inspiration, which literally takes over the recipient's body. Tech gurus say that general artificial intelligence will arrive within a couple of decades—the singularity—at which point super brains will write their own software and dynamically inspire our robot overlords.

When we human types think of inspiration, we're usually just trying to come up with an idea. So we should look into the concept of ideas. The OED explains that an idea is a conception, as if your mind bears a promising little cognitive offspring. In the same sense that a conception of the sperm-and-egg variety gets enhanced by the right mood—soft lighting, Marvin Gaye—our best ideas often get aroused by a desire, a need, or in my case a deadline.

But whom should we woo here? The Muses? Maybe not. Even Homer in beginning the *Odyssey* chose not to invoke the goddesses of the arts. Instead he called upon their mother: Mnemosyne, the Titan goddess of memory. If he lived today, he doubtless would have invoked Chat GPT; like Mnemosyne, large language models access vast amounts of stored information, the collective memory of our civilization. You might say Homer had sent a prompt to a titanic language model.

We may similarly coax inspiration by attempting certain invocations, or prompts, on our own. In thinking about my own creative process (if you call procrastinating and Nerf basketball "creative"), ideas seem to come from the following prompts.

To form an idea through compounding, take two or more existing concepts and combine them into a sort of thought molecule. History's greatest inventions come from this kind of prompt. Take the iPhone, a complex molecule of existing inventions—GPS, microchips, the Internet, streaming services, and so on.

Writers of fiction, on the other hand, think like computers, drafting stories with the use of mental algorithms. They create a kind of model, just as a computer uses a model to predict the future. A novelist will conceive a character and then place it in a particular situation—"training" the story, in AI parlance.

To understand inspiration through refinement, in the sense of distilling a concept to its essential idea, we need to ask the OED for etymology on the word "idea." The term originally appears in Plato's dialogues. His idea was an ideal form, the essence of a thing, "an eternally existing pattern or prototype," something pure and unique. We may discover our greatest ideas by refining the shapeless lumps of thought that tumble in our heads. My son, George, rewrote his admission essay for Middlebury 32 times, a torturous act of refinement that resulted in the essay's being read at Convocation, and yes I'm very proud.

None of these prompts works unless you first prompt yourself to be open to them. The fiery tongue of inspiration can be scary. We have to be open to our own bizarre ideas, and willing to welcome the strange emanations from alien or divine sources. Michel de Montaigne, the most human of humanists, called this attitude liberality.

Which, obviously, is what the humanities are for. We should find it disturbing when parents push their children away from the humanities toward "useful" studies. While second-tier colleges drop their liberal arts programs for want of demand, students are getting trained in skills—accounting, computer coding, financial analysis—that AI will cheerfully take on in the near future.

Well, aren't you and I lucky. Our Middlebury education proffers the gift of liberality. I think back to the spring of my senior year, when all the courses I had taken—Herr Huber's German 101, Pack's American poetry, Illick's geography, Nelson's political philosophy—all seemed to speak to one another in their varied tongues. The voices connected human space and time, and I half-consciously acquired the habit of welcoming ideas out of the blue. The wilder ones led to wasted time and bad investments, but they enriched my life in strange and wonderful ways.

For instance, some years ago I wrote a novel whose main character was a crank who seemed a lot like me, in a setting much like my own New Hampshire town (pop. 287). My agent sent the manuscript to publishers, who wrote very nice things about the writing. But they found the protagonist, the one based on me, to be extremely unlikeable. So I abandoned the novel.

A couple years later, I heard a girl's voice in the middle of the night; at least that's how I remember it. The voice said: "I'm a girl, stupid." Realizing that my character was not some middle-aged man but a young girl, I crawled out of bed and began rewriting the novel. A liberal habit of mind somehow allowed one part of my brain—weirdly in the voice of a little girl—to speak to another part. And, with some trepidation, I let the girl in. The book has sold tens and tens of copies; still, writing it gave me the greatest pleasure.

Which brings us back to the disciples. Note that only some of them received the gift of tongues. Presumably they were the ones most open to that gift. Like them, we are most likely to receive inspiration when we've made ourselves the most human, the least robotic; the most liberal. Those few linguistically endowed disciples would have done Middlebury proud.

JAY HEINRICHS '77 HAS PUBLISHED SEVEN BOOKS, INCLUDING THE *NEW YORK TIMES* BESTSELLING *THANK YOU FOR ARGUING* AND AN UNSUCCESSFUL NOVEL, *THE PROPHET JOAN*.

the GENERAL

The evolution of a song

BY RYAN D'AGOSTINO '97
ILLUSTRATION BY ANUJ SHRESHTA

CHADWICK STOKES '98 HAD A NEW SONG TO PLAY FOR US.

I always loved this, existing as I did on the outskirts of his prodigious talent, looking in. The fire was dying, and there were just a couple of lamps on in the room. It was late. He picked up his sister's Phantom acoustic guitar, the one with the wood worn away around the sound hole from years of hard strumming. He stuck a pick in his teeth while he tuned. He flipped a page of his spiral notebook, looking for the beginning of the notes he'd been working on that day. His bandmates—Pete Francis '98 and Brad Corrigan '96, all of us friends—and I sat and waited.

"Let's seeeee, how's it go," he said. "Okay."

Then he played. His fingers moved fast, and I smiled right away because it still looked like magic to me, all those notes tumbling out so quickly. He and Pete and Brad had been trying to teach me to play on the new Yamaha I'd recently bought at Sam Ash for $149. (I used to scratch at the body with a pick, around the sound hole, trying to make it look old and worn from years of playing, like Chadwick's. So embarrassing.)

Then he sang: "There was a decorated general with a heart of gold…" The lyrics were a little different then, still inchoate, but the story was fully formed: an Army general who sees in a dream that the war he's fighting is pointless, and instructs his men to leave the battlefield, go home, and live their lives. (At the end, there was a verse in which the general walked onto the battlefield alone and gets gunned down by the enemy; his men, still lingering in the area, recover his body and bury it—a verse that didn't make it into the final song. Some trivia.)

The lyrics spilled out of him in a fury. It was like Chadwick was trying to keep up with his own song. I can still see him, sitting on his parents' couch in the lamplight, singing as fast as he could—"he-grew-a-beard-as-soon-as-he-could-to-cover-the-scars-on-his-face…"

I got chills.

The band, of course, was Dispatch, and I was their manager. I wasn't the world's greatest manager, at least in the traditional sense. I admit that. I collected the money at the end of the night after gigs, and drove the long shifts in the van, but I like to think the value I added was intangible, more emotional and psychological than, you know, managerial. Also, I was always on time.

Chadwick finished playing the song. I said what I always said, because it was always true: It was amazing, it was beautiful, I loved it. But here's the thing: Of all the first times I've heard Chadwick play a new song over the years—except one a few weeks ago when he broke a string on my guitar—I don't remember any other first time in the same detail as I remember the first time he played "The General."

On-Campus House, Vermont, 1997 Six of us lived in the house, behind Proctor Dining Hall. There was a small living room, with a working fireplace and a taxidermy goat's head over the mantle. One of my housemates, a brother to this day, had his girlfriend visiting from another college that weekend. Pete, Brad, and Chadwick were playing in our living room, for about a dozen of us, sitting on the floor and draped over the questionable couch someone had bought from the guys who lived there the year before.

The guys had plugged in some small amps and sang us song after song. Around midnight, the guy with the girlfriend came shuffling out of his room and said, sheepishly, that his girlfriend was really tired, and could we please shut the music down. Chadwick, as is his way, smiled and shrugged, and told my housemate they were sorry to keep his girlfriend awake.

Dispatch was right in the middle of "The General." To this day, my friend is the Guy Who Pulled the Plug on Dispatch.

The Hatch Shell, Boston, July 31, 2004 This was it—their last concert. Dispatch was breaking up. They had T-shirts printed up: "The Last Dispatch." As the crowd started to gather at the outdoor Hatch Shell pavilion in Boston on a sunny morning, we heard something that made us just kind of stare at each other, eyes wide: The police were estimating that the crowd could total 7,000 people.

Whaaaaa? We freaked out. Seven. Thousand. People!

They played. Played their hearts out. Fans kept streaming onto the grounds throughout the day. It started to look like a lot more than 7,000 people. At some point, it was announced that the Boston Police Department had to shut down Storrow Drive, a main artery through the city, which ran next to the venue. Storrow Drive! Shut down because of Pete, Brad, and Chad! Things started to feel weird, but good-weird. We heard during the show that the Red Sox had traded Nomar Garciaparra, our beloved shortstop—but somehow, strangely, that felt like good news. Like something was happening.

After 26 songs, they came back out for an encore. Everyone knew what it would be, of course. "The General." I, along with a couple of other friends of the band, skulked up the steps leading to the stage, and watched them play it from behind them, an extraordinary sight. We were the buddies, the hangers-on, the vicarious ones—Sal shambling along after Dean in *On the Road*, exploding across the stars like fabulous yellow roman candles. The crowd bobbed up and down in unison splashed with sweat and beer, singing Chadwick's lyrics, boats out on the Charles River listening in, police lights in the distance, everybody bouncing, bouncing, bouncing.

The next morning, the Boston Police Department released an official estimate of the crowd: 110,000 people had heard Chad sing "The General."

Also, the Red Sox won the World Series that year for the first time since 1918.

Also, this was not the last Dispatch concert.

Madison Square Garden, July 14, 2007, Afternoon The place was empty. I was sitting on a folding chair in a sea of empty folding chairs, deep on the floor. My friends Pete, Brad, and Chadwick were on the stage. I was sitting on a folding chair in Madison Square Garden. The world's most famous arena. I'd seen Springsteen there, and Phish, and many Rangers and Knicks games. And now…we used to ride around in the van together, the four of us—me driving, those guys sleeping or playing guitar in the back or half-arguing. Pissing in empty Gatorade bottles.

We were in Colorado once, and they bought me cowboy boots at an outpost that Brad said was the real deal. (Brad's from Colorado.) We were in Illinois once—just me, Pete, and Chadwick, because Brad had broken his tailbone in a snowmobile accident, so we'd had to cancel a gig in Nashville—and I was driving, and the transmission dropped out of the van right there on Highway 70, middle of the night, and the tow-truck driver was smoking butts right in the cab with us, windows up, and we ended up staying in Effingham for three nights while a guy replaced the transmission, in one of those plazas near the highway, eating Steak 'n' Shake, bowling, and going to the movies.

I sat out in the chair watching sound check. Chadwick's brother Ben came over. We just looked at each other and shook our heads and laughed. There they were up there, playing pieces of songs, getting the levels right. "There was a decorated general with a heart of gold, that always likened him to all the stories he told…"

February 2022 My family and I were visiting Chadwick and his family near Boston. There aren't many families we can visit, because my younger son is in a wheelchair and has medical needs, day and night. But Chad and his wife worked many summers at a camp for disabled people, so for them it's no big deal. They can transfer him to and from his bed and his wheelchair. They can feed him. They can push his medications through the tube in his stomach. And most important, they can make him—and us: me, my wife, and our older son—feel like it's no problem. They make us feel normal.

Chad showed me the studio he built above his garage: all reclaimed wood and cool angles and big windows. We both like doing projects like this, and he showed me all the work he did himself, until we needed to head back down the stairs to the street below, where our children were scrambling around playing hockey and riding bikes and chasing each other under the street lamps, in the endless glow of a childhood evening, when all that matters is the sound of laughter and the tears at the corners of your eyes from the wind and the fun that seems like it will never end.

April 25, 2022 Chadwick told me a few weeks ago he was going to try to record "The General" in Russian. I said something like, "Cool," and we didn't talk about it much more.

And then I get this video sent to me by the Dispatch team. It's Chad, in the studio above his garage, singing "The 'freaking' General" in freaking Russian. Like: He learned it in Russian. The idea is pure: Imagine every Russian general dreaming this same dream, and ending the war in Ukraine.

Chadwick, and the band, by now have a long history of helping others. They've played benefits to raise money and awareness around problems including mass incarceration, poverty, and domestic abuse. The Calling All Crows organization, created in 2009 by Chadwick and his wife, Sybil, "connects music fans to feminist movements for justice and equality." This—"The General" in Russian, in support of peace—is not out of character for him.

I thought I got "The General." And on some basic level, I did. We all did, because it's a well-told story. Even the college kids who shouted along at parties and music festivals, on some level, probably got it. But rehearing it now, and seeing Chad's fingers flicker up and down the fretboard 26 years later, and hearing him sing his song in a language that sounds foreign but also as natural as his own, I got chills.

RYAN D'AGOSTINO IS AN EDITORIAL DIRECTOR AT HEARST, WHERE HE PREVIOUSLY SERVED AS EDITOR IN CHIEF OF *POPULAR MECHANICS* AND ARTICLES EDITOR AT *ESQUIRE*. A VERSION OF THIS STORY ORIGINALLY APPEARED IN *ESQUIRE* AND IS REPUBLISHED WITH PERMISSION.

Snow Days

Observing Addison County
during the winter months

Text and photography by Caleb Kenna

"Winter is not a season, it's a celebration."
—Anamika Mishra

There is nothing like the feeling of soaring into a blue sky on a clear winter morning, rising ever higher for a new perspective above Vermont. Although I love the freshness of spring, the viridescence of summer, and the psychedelic colors of fall, winter is my favorite time of year for aerial photography. Winter is cold, austere, and elemental. "I prefer winter and fall, when you feel the bone structure of the landscape. Something waits beneath it; the whole story doesn't show," Andrew Wyeth wrote. With a fresh cover of snow, the land is transformed from the drab browns of stick season into a blank canvas of possibility, each element distilled down to its essential character—trees, solar panels, swimming pools, shadows, patterns. I started my career as a photojournalist 25 years ago at Vermont newspapers, photographing news, sports, and stand-alone features called wild art. When I started using a drone six years ago, I felt a new sense of freedom and creative discovery, launching into the sky to study Vermont's landscape from above. Everyday scenes become abstract through the transformative power of snow, winter light, and a bird's-eye perspective.

Way through the Woods

Fresh snow covers a winter landscape above Seminary Street Extension in Middlebury with Battell Woods on the left and Means Woods on the right. Conserved lands around Addison County's shire town ensure easy access for natural recreation and reflection.

The Bowl

Morning shadows create blue shapes high above Lake Pleiad and the Middlebury College Snowbowl as snowmaking guns add snow to the Allen Trail in Hancock. Philanthropist Joseph Battell donated thousands of acres of land to Middlebury College and the Green Mountain National Forest.

Holiday Scene

Middlebury Falls glow with holiday lights during a winter twilight long exposure over Otter Creek. A drone can take up to eight-second-long exposures.

Not Safe for Diving

On a frigid winter day, late afternoon sun shines on the dormant Middlebury town pool, closed for the season. From above, the colorful pool equipment forms pleasing geometric patterns. With a drone, even mundane objects take on new forms.

Trail Runs

Before the lifts are up and running, a calm blue scene unfolds above the Lang, Cameron, Kelton, Hadley, and Voter ski trails at the Middlebury College Snowbowl in Hancock. On sunny blue-sky days after fresh snowfall, colors appear more blue and yellow, especially around the golden hours of sunrise and sunset.

The Circle

One winter morning after a fresh snow, I got a message from a social media follower who told me that someone had created beautiful spiral patterns in Otter View Park. I headed over and found this wonderful pattern, as if some wayward visitor had come, circled around, and left the scene.

Puck, Dropped

I heard that one of my son's friends had a backyard hockey rink, so one clear winter day, I went out there to photograph a pick-up hockey game. When photographing people from above, the drone shouldn't be directly overhead but should be at a slight angle away from the subjects.

Geometric Shadows

The Middlebury College solar panels along Route 125 on the west side of campus are a regular subject for my drone photography. With a fresh snow and blue skies, the shadow play can be captivating.

WHAT THE

It's a symbol, a letter, a mark in the sand—and the current obsession of a certain tech billionaire. But where did it come from?

A math professor attempts to unravel the mystery of *X*.

BY
PETE
SCHUMER

EVEN THOUGH X

is one of the least-used letters in the English alphabet, it appears throughout American culture—from Stan Lee's X-Men superheroes to *The X-Files* TV series. The letter x often symbolizes something unknown, with an air of mystery that can be appealing—just look at Elon Musk with SpaceX, Tesla's Model X, and now X as a new name for Twitter.

You might be most familiar with *x* from math class. Many algebra problems use *x* as a variable, to stand in for an unknown quantity. But why is *x* the letter chosen for this role? When and where did this convention begin?

There are a few different explanations that math enthusiasts have put forward—some citing translation, others pointing to a more typographic origin. Each theory has some merit, but historians of mathematics, like me, know that it's difficult to say for sure how *x* got its role in modern algebra.

Ancient Unknowns

Algebra today is a branch of math in which abstract symbols are manipulated, using arithmetic, to solve different kinds of equations. But many ancient societies had well-developed mathematical systems and knowledge with no symbolic notation.

All ancient algebra was rhetorical. Mathematical problems and solutions were completely written out in words as part of a little story, much like the word problems you might see in elementary school.

Ancient Egyptian mathematicians, who are perhaps best known for their geometric advances, were skilled in solving simple algebraic problems. In the Rhind papyrus, the scribe Ahmes uses the hieroglyphics referred to as aha to denote the unknown quantity in his algebraic problems. For example, problem 24 asks for the value of aha if aha plus one-seventh of aha equals 19. Aha means something like "mass" or "heap."

The ancient Babylonians of Mesopotamia used many different words for unknowns in their algebraic system—typically words meaning length, width, area, or volume, even if the problem itself was not geometric in nature. One ancient problem involved two unknowns termed the "first silver thing" and the "second silver thing."

Mathematical know-how developed somewhat independently in many lands and in many languages. Limitations in communication prevented any immediate standardization of notation. However, over time some abbreviations crept in.

In a transitional syncopated phase, authors used some symbolic notation, but algebraic ideas were still presented mainly rhetorically. Diophantus of Alexandria used a syncopated algebra in his great work *Arithmetica*. He called the unknown *arithmos* and used an archaic Greek letter similar to *s* for the unknown.

Indian mathematicians made additional algebraic discoveries and developed what are essentially the modern symbols for each of the decimal digits. One especially influential Indian mathematician was Brahmagupta, whose algebraic techniques could handle any quadratic equation. Brahmagupta's name for the unknown variable was *yãvattâvat*. When additional variables were required, he instead used the initial syllable of color names, like *kâ* from *kâlaka* (black), *ya* from *yavat tava* (yellow), *ni* from *nilaka* (blue), and so on.

Islamic scholars translated and preserved a great deal of both Greek and Indian scholarship that has contributed immensely to the world's mathematical, scientific, and technical knowledge. The most famous Islamic mathematician was al-Khwarizmi, whose foundational book *Al-jabr wa'l muqabalah* is at the root of the modern word algebra.

Many algebra problems use *x* as a variable, to stand in for an unknown quantity. But why is *x* the letter chosen for this role? When and where did this convention begin?

So What about *X*?

One theory of the genesis of *x* as the unknown in modern algebra points to these Islamic roots. The theory contends that the Arabic word used for the quantity being sought was *al-shayun*, meaning "something," which was shortened to the symbol for its first *sh* sound. When Spanish scholars translated the Arabic mathematical treatises, they lacked a letter for the *sh* sound and instead chose the *k* sound. They represented this sound by the Greek letter χ, which later became the Latin *x*.

It's not unusual for a mathematical expression to come about through convoluted translations—the trigonometric word sine started as a Hindu word for a half-chord but, through a series of translations, ended up coming from the Latin word *sinus*, meaning "bay." However, there is some evidence that casts doubt upon the theory that using x as an unknown is an artifact of Spanish translation.

The Spanish alphabet includes the letter *x*, and early Castilian Spanish involved several pronunciations of it depending on context, including a pronunciation akin to the modern *sh*. Although the sound changed pronunciation over time, there are still vestiges of the *sh* sound for *x* in Portuguese, as well as in Mexican Spanish and its use in native place names. By this reasoning, Spanish translators conceivably could have used *x* without needing to resort first to the Greek χ and then to the Latin *x*.

Moreover, although the letter *x* may have been used in mathematics during the Middle Ages sporadically, there is no consistent use of it dating back that far. Western mathematical texts over the next several centuries still used a variety of words, abbreviations, and letters to represent the unknown.

For instance, a typical problem in the algebra book *Sumario Compendioso of Juan Diez*, published in Mexico in 1556, uses the word *cosa*—meaning "stuff" or "thing"—to stand in for the unknown.

I think the most plausible explanation is to credit the influential French scholar René Descartes for the modern use of *x*. In an appendix to his major work *Discourse on Method*, Descartes introduced a version of analytic geometry in which algebra is used to solve geometric problems. For unspecified constants he chose the first few letters of the alphabet, and for variables he chose the last letters in reverse order.

Although scholars may never know for sure, some theorize that Descartes may have chosen the letter *x* to appear often since the printer had a large cache of *x*'s because of its scarcity in the French language. Whatever his reasons for choosing *x*, Descartes greatly influenced the development of mathematics, and his mathematical writings were widely circulated.

Extending beyond Algebra

Even if the origins of *x* in algebra are uncertain, there are some instances in which historians do know why *x* is used. The *X* in Xmas as an abbreviation for Christmas definitely does come from the Greek letter χ. The Greek word for Christ is *Christos*, written χριστοσ and meaning "anointed." The χ monogram was used as a shorthand for Christ in both Roman Catholic and Eastern Orthodox writings dating back as far as the 16th century.

There are also some contexts in which *x* was chosen specifically to indicate something unknown or extra, such as when the German physicist Wilhelm Roentgen accidentally discovered X-rays in 1895 while experimenting with cathode rays and glass.

But there are other cases in which scholars can only guess about the origins of *x*'s role, such as the phrase "X marks the spot." And there are other contexts—such as Elon Musk's affinity for the letter—that may just be a matter of personal taste. M

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ESSAYS

REFLECTIONS FROM THE MIDDLEBURY ECOSYSTEM

Who Reads *Ulysses*?

Yes, this weighty tome is notoriously hard to read. But that doesn't mean you shouldn't.

BY PATRICK HASTINGS, MA ENGLISH '12

ILLUSTRATION BY BEN HICKEY

While chatting with a few friends on a Bread Loaf porch during my first summer on the Vermont campus, the topic of James Joyce's *Ulysses* came up in our conversation.

I hustled to grab my copy of the novel from my room and returned to the porch. My friends and I began passing the book around, reading favorite passages aloud, asking questions, laughing, and letting our jaws drop in amazement at the musicality of Joyce's phrasing and the precision of narrative details. At some point, I got called off the porch into a bocce match, and I left my copy of the novel behind. With a flutter of panic, I realized my mistake and darted back to the porch to retrieve my book. "Smart," one of the veteran Loafers said. "This is one of the few places on the planet where a marked-up copy of *Ulysses* might get stolen."

My friend wasn't wrong that Bread Loaf is a particularly literary community, a place where even those who don't like *Ulysses* have something to say about it (or, indeed, something to wear about it: one of my roommates had a T-shirt that read, "*Ulysses* is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake"). But what my friend didn't know was that, at any given time, there are tens of thousands of people scattered across the world reading James Joyce's *Ulysses*, and most are doing so outside of an academic context. I know this because I periodically check the traffic on UlyssesGuide.com, the website I created as a resource to support first-time readers of the novel. Building UlyssesGuide.com was my personal answer to the daunting question facing every Bread Loafer: "What am I going to do with my summers after I graduate?" The site was also a way to share what I most appreciated about Bread Loaf: a blend of intellectual rigor, love of literature, and the spirited determination that learning should be fun. I had a blast designing the website, creating maps of the novel's places in Dublin, posting photos from my visits to Ireland, and writing interpretive summaries for each episode (or chapter) of *Ulysses*.

I was initially surprised to see UlyssesGuide.com appear in Google search results at all, but as the website grew in popularity, I started receiving emails from folks around the world who were reading *Ulysses*. I met a group of four retirees reading together in their North London apartment building, a doctor tapping into his Irish heritage, three guys in their late 20s who maintain their college friendship by reading and discussing books together, and schoolmates from a 1970s AP English class who reconnected at their reunion and decided to read *Ulysses*.

These readers represent the wide variety within the 325,000 unique users who have visited UlyssesGuide.com from all over the world since 2017. Each one reads this novel for unique reasons, yet the email correspondence and social media interactions I've shared with these readers has reinforced what I learned during my Bread Loaf experience: literature brings people together like nothing else.

A FEW YEARS AGO, I WAS PUZZLED BY HOW MANY people regularly visit UlyssesGuide.com for only about a minute at a time. My wife suggested that these folks were hopping on the website just to print their next episode guide. The discovery of this apparent preference for a hard copy spurred me to convert the content of the website into a book, *The Guide to James Joyce's Ulysses*, published in 2022. The website remains freely available, but I understand and appreciate the folks who prefer to read a book. Old school. I dig it.

A monthly chart of the 1.3 million pageviews on UlyssesGuide.com since 2017 tells a few stories about when people decide to read *Ulysses*. There are two notable spikes in user traffic each year. One burst occurs around June 16 for worldwide celebrations of Bloomsday (the day on which *Ulysses* is set), and the second jump occurs between December and January. I deduce that there are people every year who make reading *Ulysses* their New Year's resolution; those same people probably do not resolve to quit drinking. Outside of these two exceptions, the website was plugging along between 2017 and 2019 at a pretty steady clip of 5,000–8,000 pageviews each month. Then COVID hit. People across the world found themselves in lockdown and said, "Well, if I'm ever going to read this big beast of a novel, now's the time." Pageviews roughly tripled in the spring of 2020. However, that peak of 20,000–30,000 monthly pageviews actually proved to be the start of a plateau that lasted through 2021 before spiking yet again, reaching above 50,000 pageviews in February of 2022, when the world celebrated the centenary of the 1922 first edition publication of *Ulysses*. Even that surge of interest in *Ulysses* has more or less sustained itself into the second half of 2023, with pageviews remaining between 30,000 and 40,000, month after month.

According to survey results, over two-thirds of readers are tackling *Ulysses* as an individual project, yet these people are still taking this reading project very seriously, devoting significant time and attention to their study of this novel. Fifty percent of survey respondents indicated that they spent between one and four months reading *Ulysses*, while 36 percent of readers devoted more than five months to this project. Furthermore, nearly 100,000 people have visited UlyssesGuide.com more than nine times since the start of 2022, demonstrating an ongoing commitment to studying *Ulysses*. In that same span of time, more than 33,000 visitors' sessions lasted longer than 10 minutes as they read episode guides and poked around the other resources on the site. Incredibly, nearly 7,000 power users have each visited the website over 100 times in the past 18 months. True dedication. And yet, I'm inspired by what readers convey about their experience with this novel: for all the time and effort required of people who set out to read *Ulysses*, a resounding 98 percent of survey respondents said yes, reading this book was worth the effort. Furthermore, 79 percent of readers expect to reread *Ulysses* later in life.

It is worth noting that my project is not alone in this space; there are numerous other James Joyce readers' guides written by excellent scholars such as Stuart Gilbert, Harry Blamires, Terrence Killeen, William Tindall, Daniel Mulhall, Declan Kiberd, and Anthony Burgess. This means that even the hundreds of thousands of people who have accessed UlyssesGuide.com represent only a slice of the *Ulysses* readership pie. Therefore, it seems safe to say that further hundreds of thousands (if not millions) of readers are undertaking a serious study of *Ulysses* every year.

But now imagine how many other people are challenging and enriching themselves by reading Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, Ellison's *Invisible Man*, a Shakespeare play, Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway*, Melville's *Moby-Dick*, etc. The fact that so many people are choosing to read big, wonderful, challenging books provides evidence to counter the prevailing assumption that humanity is descending into a social media–addled, video game–addicted, AI-reliant, attention span–deficient global nation of Tiktokstagramistan. We can take heart knowing that Bread Loafers and Middlebury College students aren't alone in reading *Ulysses* and other great works of literature; we are joined by adventurous readers chatting on their own porches all over the world. M

Who Are These Readers?

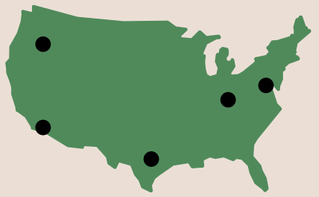
With regard to gender, readers of *Ulysses* are pretty evenly split between males and females. However, when you strip out the 18–24 age group typically associated with college students, males hold a 55 percent majority. We might deduce that more men than women elect to read *Ulysses*.

The geographical distribution of readers, unsurprisingly, is clustered around urban areas, but there are pockets of readers scattered all across the map. When I first started exploring each state's heatmap, I expected to find large numbers of readers in college towns, but that notion wasn't supported by the data. In fact, only 7 percent of readers are studying Joyce in an academic course (according to a survey I conducted via the website).

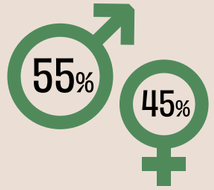
In terms of age, the website's readership skews toward youth, with 46 percent of users falling within the 18–34 age bracket, suggesting that, even as *Ulysses* passes 100 years old, it remains appealing and relevant to a new generation of readers. That said, I know anecdotally that lots of people read *Ulysses* in retirement; I have been delighted to spend time with reading groups in retirement communities (via Zoom as well as in person).

325,000

Over 325,000 unique visitors with 1.3M page views since 2017



The top visitors came from New York, Detroit, Dallas, Seattle, and Los Angeles



If the college-aged group is removed, males compose 55% of visitors

98%

98% of readers say it was worth the effort to finish the book

The site peaked at 50,000 monthly visitors in February 2022, 100 years after the first publication

Spiraling Through Seasons

The Knoll at 20

BY ARIA BOWDEN '23

Middlebury College's student-founded garden, the Knoll, was first plowed on an October day in 2002 after months of planning. The garden began growing produce in the spring of 2003. As we mark the celebration of its 20th anniversary this year, I wonder what the Knoll's 20 years can teach us about learning and academia, food justice, climate resiliency, community building, and radical care. What can it teach us about soil health, flowers and herbs, pollinators and fireflies, and all the love that goes into growing just one ripe tomato? How can we trace the many ways it has enabled hundreds of Middlebury students to take root in Addison County, meet local growers, and learn the makeup of local food systems?

I had the gift of spending my senior year at Middlebury helping to plan the anniversary events of this year, as well as collaborating on editing the 20th anniversary book compilation titled *Growing with the Knoll: Twenty Years in the Garden* and published through New Perennials Publishing. It is a community-sourced book filled with memories, photos, art, and poetry submitted by alumni, students, faculty, staff, and Middlebury community members. It is a tangible record of time spent, vegetables grown and eaten, friendships made, structures built, and the joy of learning through the garden. Walking through the Knoll's 20 years through the book was an unbelievable gift. Now it exists as a living record of student resiliency, determination, and capacity to dream into being a more radical and nourishing future.

ILLUSTRATION BY KATE DEHLER

Through this experience I've uncovered fragments of the Knoll's story, beginning in the winter and spring of 2002 when a group of dedicated students led by Jean Hamilton '04.5 and Bennett Konesni '04.5 wanted to create a community garden on campus. Months of planning ensued, and students selected a location through GIS spatial analysis. In collaboration with the College, and many other generous local helpers and farmers, the garden found its place. A year later it had sprouted, as students cleared the land, planted rows, and built the garden shed. In those first seasons it was kept growing by a labor of love from students and Jay Leshinsky, the first garden educator. In the summer of 2007, the outdoor classroom was built by students. In the summer of 2016, a wood-fired oven was built by students and it has been used to host countless pizza parties for many different organizations since. In 2017, for its 15th anniversary, the Knoll partnered with the Scott Center for Religious Life to create a stone meditation labyrinth and serenity garden. These are just a few of the landmarks in the Knoll's story, but throughout them, hundreds of student interns and volunteers have nourished the garden through the seasons, learning from each other, the land, and Leshinsky as well as subsequent Food and Garden Educator Sophia Esser Calvi '03.5. The Knoll has housed honeybees and chickens, grown countless pounds of produce, flowers, and herbs, nurtured lab experiments and projects, and provided space for both gathering and refuge for so many members of the Middlebury community.

During my time, under the guidance of current Associate Director of the Knoll Megan Brakeley '06, I found the Knoll to act as a vital part of student life, providing space for folks to embody and act on questions of climate justice, resiliency, education, and food access. Particularly after a summer like this past one, where Vermont received its fair share of the impacts of the climate crisis and many farms faced severe consequences for their growing season, there is a pressing need for evolution in regenerative agriculture to create resiliency and adaptability in our food systems, and students crave the space to engage with these questions.

As both classroom and playground, the Knoll provides access to the landscape where students learn to care for a garden, for one another, and for the greater community. We dip our hands into the soil, we learn the names of flowers, insects, and birds, we witness the changing of the seasons and embody cycles of growth; from soil to sprout to bud to fruit and all over again. We find in the Knoll space for different ways of being; a needed respite from the busyness of campus life, a place to converse with teachers outside of the classroom and in the landscape, a spot for sunset picnics with friends or moonlit walks away from the streetlights. In the winters, students plan the following seasons by ordering seeds and organizing garden beds. In the spring, students are the first to awaken the garden from its winter slumber, starting sprouts in the greenhouse during the rainy days, and tending the soil for the coming months when things will be planted. Student interns remain in Middlebury over the summers to care for the garden, to weed, to water the plants, to make bouquets from the overflowing flower beds, and eventually to harvest the bounty that is to come in the late summer and continue to be harvested by interns and volunteers in early fall. Year by year the garden grows, as does the community that is touched by it.

We dip our hands into the soil, we learn the names of flowers, insects, and birds, we witness the changing of the seasons and embody cycles of growth.

I'm barely a few seasons older than the Knoll. So much has happened, but in some ways, it feels as though the garden is just coming into bloom. The Knoll was built by students and is for students, and those in the garden today build from the labor and love of those who came before. What can its story offer each of us, whether we are an intern, volunteer or occasional visitor? I think at the very least, it shows that with love and collaboration, we each can build something that lasts.

It's up to each of us, I think, to remember. To mark the passage of time, to learn from those who have come before, to honor the landscape for all it gives us and to choose what comes next. How can we collectively honor the roots that have grown these 20 years while still looking toward all the flowers that have yet to blossom? M

THE KNOLL'S 20TH ANNIVERSARY ANTHOLOGY, *GROWING WITH THE KNOLL: TWENTY YEARS IN THE GARDEN* CAN BE PURCHASED ONLINE THROUGH THE COLLEGE BOOKSTORE OR A DIGITAL COPY CAN BE OBTAINED AT THE NEW PERENNIALS PUBLISHING WEBSITE.

ILLUSTRATION BY TYLER COMRIE

Consider Your Tests Announced

Recalling the classroom methods of a teaching legend

BY RON REESE '64

A bit more than three-score years ago, I was a first-generation college student at Middlebury. My very first class was physics at 8 a.m. There were about 10 of us first-years present. With the sound of the 8 a.m. class bell, in bounded Professor Ben Wissler. He was about five feet five, balding, and full of energy. After taking the roll (attendance was required in that epoch), he gazed deeply into our eyes individually and began with the following (his exact words elude me, but their gist still is vivid in my memory!): "The College requires that I announce all hourlong exams at least a week in advance..." A long pause ensued. A Cheshire-cat-like grin gradually overwhelmed his face. "Consider your tests announced!" A stunned silence followed. I thought: "This man clearly means business!" Sure enough, no test date for the semester ever was further announced. He had satisfied the "week in advance" required exam notice.

You got behind with Wissler's assignments at your peril. The only immediate indication that a test was imminent was the sight of desks placed slightly farther apart than normal as we entered the classroom at 8 a.m. After class, word of the incipient test spread across campus at warp speed, alerting

other sections to the looming exam.

No nonsense here—categorically! Most students were terrified of him. As for me, I took it as a challenge because of my many years in the Boy Scouts, with their well-known motto: "Be prepared." I considered a college education a privilege and opportunity and, if I could avoid it, did not want to disappoint my parents (footing the bill, about $2,500 per year for tuition, room, and board!) or my professors (earning about the same per year).

Wissler appreciated hard work. Happily, I was able to earn his respect on that basis. A marvelous mentoring relationship ensued with him during my tenure there as a physics major. His grading philosophy was refreshing. Back in the day before electronic pocket calculators (they date from the 1970s), the slide rule (if you are old enough to know of that "slip stick") was the only way to quickly do multiplication and division and evaluate some trigonometric and other special functions. All addition and subtraction had to be done manually. Under exam pressure, such manual calculations occasionally led to careless errors. No matter. What Wissler most cared about was how we approached a problem.

We always had to indicate what we were doing clearly and precisely so someone else could follow the reasoning. So if we made a careless arithmetic error, he would only take off perhaps one or two points. If, however, a student miraculously got the right answer but indicated an incorrect method or no method at all, they could actually flunk the test. If you left off the proper physical units from your answers, you were severely penalized. Which brings to mind NASA's "great embarrassment." The $125 million Mars Climate Orbiter was lost in October 1999 because the engineers at two facilities communicated just numbers for the thrust calculations! One facility used metric units, the other (the one that programmed the spacecraft) assumed they were (much larger) English units. The spacecraft decreased its speed too much and impacted Mars rather than orbited it. Clearly none of the engineers had ever had a Wissler class.

Wissler's methods influenced three major phases of my life: my undergraduate years, the years in graduate school, and my professional life teaching university-level physics and astronomy for 40 years. Regarding my own examination procedures as a professor, I announced them meticulously "at least a week in advance"; indeed, during the first class meeting as did Wissler . . . but on my detailed written syllabus for each term. No surprise exam dates there! Nonetheless, Ben Wissler's shadow, nay, his spirit and enthusiasm, were ever present in my classroom. It goes to show how one professor or mentor can change a life. Take the road "less traveled"—the more difficult one—for that will make "all the difference."

Over the years it gradually dawned on me that Wissler's singular testing method ought to be applied to our spiritual life's tests as well. They also should be "considered to be announced," with no dates specified. What are these tests? My religious heritage tells me they are the Ten Commandments (Exodus 20), the Beatitudes (Matthew 5:3–11), and Christ's two great commandments (Matthew 22:37–40). *Semper paratus* is a good life motto. Spiritual tests occur unexpectedly almost every day. Each day is a gift. God forgives careless errors, as did Wissler. God also forgives major errors when we recognize and renounce them. "Consider your tests announced!"—with no specified dates—is a good philosophy for life itself. M

RON REESE IS AN EMERITUS PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS AT WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY AND THE AUTHOR OF *UNIVERSITY PHYSICS*, A LIVELY, RIGOROUS, CALCULUS-BASED INTRODUCTORY PHYSICS TEXT.

CLASS ACTS

NOTES, HAPPENINGS, AND MISSIVES FROM YOUR FELLOW ALUMNI

A Fruitful Pursuit

The rescue mission that brought a berry back from the brink.

You can give partial credit to a certain Middlebury alumnus—George M. Darrow, Class of 1910—for the existence of the boysenberry. After his graduation from Middlebury, Darrow earned his master's in horticulture at Cornell and went on to work for the USDA for 46 years as a pomologist and small-fruit breeder. Though he was primarily known for his work breeding strawberry cultivars (he developed 28 varieties during his career), he also did research on other small-fruit crops including blackberries, raspberries, and blueberries. After his retirement, he went on to write the noted book *The Strawberry: History, Breeding, and Physiology*, published in 1966.

In the 1920s, Darrow asked California farmer Walter Knott—yes, that Knott, of Knott's Berry Farm—to help him track down a large, reddish-purple berry a man named Rudolph Boysen was said to be breeding on his northern California farm. The farm had been sold—and Boysen's berry experiment abandoned—by the time Darrow and Knott found it, but they discovered a few fragile berry vines in a weed-choked field and brought them back to Knott's farm. It was no fool's errand; the rejuvenated vines produced the first commercially cultivated variety of what we know as "boysenberries."

ILLUSTRATION BY JULIA DUFOSSE

CLASS ACTS

Directors of the Middlebury Alumni Association (MAA)
David Ellis '09, *President* • Hannah Burnett '10, *Vice President* • Janine Hetherington '95, *Past President*
Heidi Howard Allen '99 • Catherine Blizzard '20 • Steve Bouchard '76 • Jasmin Johnson '05
Casey Mahoney 'II, MANPTS '12 • Mohan Renganathan '96 • Nia Robinson '19 • Julisa Salas '10
Sebastian Sanchez '18 • Beth Prasse Seeley '70 • Laura Woodward Tufts '03 • Beth Dorian Wyer '85

Ex Officio: Meg Storey Groves '85, Associate Vice President for Alumni and Parent Programs
Beth Connor, Director of Alumni and Parent Programs

1946

We are thankful the magazine is back in print and thankful to have this winter issue. Hallelujah! We regret to report very belatedly the deaths of our classmates **Barbara Busing Harris** and **Marian Fisher Ales** and we send our condolences to their families.

I am also sorry to report that **Barbara "Flinkie" Flink Ewels** died on July 15. When I last spoke to her, she was happy about her newest great-grandchild, Clara, sister to Jack, who lives in Michigan. Our condolences goes to all her family.

Jean Schwab Schork is still happily ensconced in her own Westfield, N.J., home and although she has given up driving, she can always get a ride. Her family from Tallahassee visited with an active three-and-a-half-year-old great-granddaughter but Jean has only seen pictures of her great-grandson who lives elsewhere in Florida.

Our long-lost classmate **Jennifer Smythe-Nussbaum** has surfaced to say hello to the rest of us as has **Nadine Lightfoot** who said her greatest college achievement was getting varsity letters in rugby and diving. (I am writing this on April Fool's Day and couldn't help adding this. I think you'll remember I have threatened to make up news if my classmates don't send me any!)

—Class Correspondent:
Joan Campbell Shaw
(camshaw46@comcast.net),
49 Cottage St.,
Manchester Center, VT 05255.

1947

Now that we are back in business with some firm dates for the magazine, I got busy with my telephone. To my dismay most of the telephone numbers were no longer in service. I called **Tiffany Clark Nourse** and although her voice was cheerful, her news was not. She had fallen in her own home and suffered a broken wrist and elbow and badly bruised her face, plus other problems. She is recovering but slowly. She reports that she has made a big change in her life: she has given up driving and like the rest of us who have succumbed to that fate, she hates it. Fortunately, she has friends and family members who are willing to drive her places, but she still misses the independence that driving affords one. She does use a transportation service in town and gets six free trips and says it's wonderful.

She continues to visit **Alice Neef Perine** at Alice's assisted living home and they chat and play cribbage. She reports that Alice feels quite well and has a lot of visitors from her large family. Alice was looking forward to the formation of a bridge group, as that is her favorite interest. The place where she lives has wonderful programs.

I had a delightful conversation with **Betsy Hornaday Fry**. She is still comfortable in her CCRC, White Horse Village, in Newtown, Pa. She does have visits from friends but not often as they live so far away. Her son is always willing to drive her places but when she gets at various destinations she cannot get out. Although she generally needs help getting around, she likes to do as much as she can for herself. She is happy that she has children nearby, especially when she needs help. She writes for their community newspaper and has been chosen on two occasions for special events.

I was just about to call **Frances Swain Moretti** for news when I learned she had passed away last October 27. I was glad I had seen her at our 75th Reunion and had met two of her daughters who had come with her. She seemed in great physical health and was able to carry out a pledge we '47ers had made two Reunions before. We'd agreed that we would not wait by the chapel for our sign to come inside but would start at Old Chapel and climb the hill. Fran was able to do that. My niece told me she would push me up in my wheelchair if I wished but we both knew it would take too long. Fran and I had a good time reminiscing about old times, talking about the changes we'd made in life, and I promised to call more often as she loved getting telephone calls. I have trouble hearing these days, so hesitate to call all of you for fear of not hearing what you say. I would appreciate email messages. However, I have just gotten a new hearing aid. I will try it out and hope I can hear and understand if we chat on the phone.

Phil Briggs sent news. He and Jean Sloan Briggs '49 have made the decision to live full time in Shelburne, Vt. For 30 years they have traveled between Vermont and Arizona, spending the summer in Vermont and the winters in Arizona. They have decided that it is time to live in one place and be nearer to family. They put their Arizona home on the market and began the painful process of moving permanently to Vermont. They loved Arizona and have many good friends there whom they miss very much. On the plus side they will see more of their family.

Dorothy Domina Willard's son-in-law, Nathan Burbank, answered my request for news as "Mom doesn't do email any longer." The main reason for that is she doesn't have a computer and doesn't miss it. Dorothy moved from Vermont to Tennessee in March 2019 and moved in with her daughter and son-in-law. Nathan wrote that she is doing well and brings a lot of joy to the family with her quick wit. She celebrated her 97th birthday December 22, 2023. She loves to read and take short walks and unlike in Vermont, she is not likely to encounter any black bears, even dead ones.

—Class Correspondent:
Jeannette Atkins Louth
(wmjalouth@comcast.net),
99 Depot Road West,
West Harwich, MA 02671.

1948

Charlie Butts wrote from OceanView Retirement Community in Falmouth, Maine, where he and **Mim (Wade)** moved to from Lexington, Mass., in 2014. In early February last year, Mim's long-term dementia progressed to the stage where she needed full-time professional care, and she was moved to OceanView's memory care unit. Charlie visited her regularly. It was close to their apartment—about the same distance as Hepburn was from Gifford, where it all began those many years ago. Sadly, however, we learned that Mim passed away this past August 26. Condolences to Charlie and all his family.

Livia Remmler Rosman sent this news: "My husband and I have been able to 'age in place' in our home in Berkeley, Calif., where we have lived for 57 years. We have help from a caregiver and from our daughter who lives in our downstairs apartment with her dog. We also have two cats for company and entertainment. We enjoy going for a latte at the original Peet's Coffee Shop in Berkeley. We take walks (me with a rollator and Dick with a walker). I still participate in three interest groups: a German group, a French language and culture group through Cal Berkeley, and an English language book club. Five years ago I went with my niece, Karen Remmler, to the 70th Reunion, but the long trip from Berkeley was too challenging at this age this past year. I got out my Gamaliel Painter cane and thought fondly of all the Midd graduates and the happy days at the College on the hill."

Susan Rose sent the sad news that her mother, **Iris Forst Brucks**, died on October 1, 2022. Iris was born in Brooklyn, N.Y., and graduated from Erasmus Hall High School. She was a confirmed member of Union Temple of Brooklyn and a member of Brooklyn Girl Scout Troop 51, and she attended summer Camp Ma-Ho-Ge in Swan Lake, N.Y., with fond memories of time spent in "the country." In her junior year at Middlebury, she met Jim Brucks '47 in American history class and after graduating cum laude, Phi Beta Kappa, she married him in the summer of 1948. He survives her along with two daughters, four grandchildren, and seven great-grandchildren. Her eldest grandchild said, "She was a one-of-a-kind fierce woman but also gentle. She showed us the best parts of life."

1949

REUNION CLASS

Please put the dates for our Reunion on your calendar: June 7–9, 2024!

—Class Correspondents: Dixon Hemphill (dixonH999@gmail.com), 10910 Olm Dr., Fairfax Station, VA 22039; Rachel Adkins Platt (rplatt27@gmail.com), 1 Sinclair Dr., Apt. 131, Pittsford, NY 14534.

1950

If you have any news you'd like to share, please send it to Sara Marshall, Alumni Editor, 2 Court Street, Painter House, Middlebury, VT 05753 or to smarshal@middlebury.edu.

1951

I hope all my classmates are well. I have moved into an assisted living residence and my new address is below. It's been an adjustment, but I think it is a good place to be. We are well fed and well cared for! My email address is the same so please send me your news!

—Class Correspondent: Lee Webster McArthur (bobleemca@gmail.com), 240 Springfield Ave., Ste. 1, Westfield, NJ 07090.

1952

John Bowker writes with wonderful news: "Let me start by saying I applaud the return of a printed magazine. The only remaining issue is to figure out just how special my 'new accomplishment' is because I have no idea how it got started and, in fact, I'm not sure that it is at all 'special.' I am referring to my inclusion in *Who's Who in America* based on my work at RCA for several decades starting in 1953 with our introduction of color to TV broadcasting." Well-deserved, John!

Shirley Herrman Andrews checked in during last March with word that she was back at her alternate place in Tucson for the winter months, and from her note, was living a very busy and happy social life. Here is her incoming: "I'm only here for seven weeks and in addition to enjoying the warmer weather (but not hot yet), I seem to have developed a busy social life. Here's a week: March 17, St. Patrick's Day party at the house of a new friend. March 18, birthday party with nine others at El Charro, a very old, very famous Mexican restaurant in Tucson (Pres. Kennedy ate there). March 19, wonderful music for Evensong at a large nearby church with a beautiful children's chorus, and an excellent adult chorus. March 20, an hourlong walk from here up toward the mountains—I try to walk every day and it's so pleasant with few cars and desert scenery (many saguaro cacti). March 21, dinner in Tucson at Govindas, an old Indian restaurant, which has a temple, and good Indian food on Tuesday nights. We eat in a courtyard with a fountain, peacocks, turkeys (they seemed especially happy the Thanksgiving we ate on that terrace), interesting small fish in a pond. March 22, went with a friend, who is from Baltimore, to enjoy a concert by a famous violinist playing with the Tucson Symphony. March 23, a shot in one eye for macular degeneration. This was not a typical week—it looks like life will be a little more quiet for a while."

Joyce Rohr, who is still actively engaged with her guitar, reports that her son, Bradley, a pianist, is the soloist with Colorado University's symphony orchestra. Most recently he performed the full solo portion of *Appalachian Spring.*

Sally Baldwin Utiger informed me that **Lee McGowan Allison** had knee replacement surgery last year. We hope all is well with her. Sally herself also had major medical work: a new heart stent. At last report, she said she was doing fine.

—Class Correspondent:
Barbara Cummiskey Villet
(villetb2@gmail.com),
208 Eagleville Rd., Shushan, NY 12873.

1953

Norman Armour died October 2, 2022, at Casa Dorinda in Montecito, Calif., after a brief illness. Norm and wife Joan (Allen) '51 moved to California in 2009 after many years in Simsbury, Conn., where Norm had a long career in banking, including more than 30 years with Connecticut Bank & Trust and its successors. He retired in 1991 but then cofounded Trust Company of Connecticut and worked there until another retirement in 2005.

Charles Mraz died on September 28, 2022, in Mary Esther, Fla. He was born in Middlebury and while growing up, often worked in the bee yards of his father's business, Champlain Valley Apiaries, which still makes honey. He was one of our rare MIT 3-2 plan participants, which meant he spent three years at Midd and two at MIT, earning a BA from Midd and a BS in mechanical engineering from MIT. Charles had a long career as a rocket scientist and was a project engineer

SPOT ILLUSTRATIONS BY MIGUEL PORLAN

responsible for the design and testing of the Titan I missile engine. He also spent many years in Asia selling military equipment for McDonnell Douglas Corp. He retired to Destin, Fla., in 1993.

—Class Correspondent: Roger May (rogermay931@gmail.com), 3 Chadwell Pl., Morristown, NJ 07960.

1954
REUNION CLASS

Correspondent **Julie Howard Parker** reports: Well, dear classmates, we have lost, again, a few of our wonderful classmates, some related to COVID, some not at all. **Marion Thompson Adams** left us shortly after her 90th birthday last August, which was a wonderful affair, according to Tom, her pediatrician husband. It seemed to be shingles at first, then maybe long COVID, but in the end as she grew weaker it was heart failure, but a fairly advanced lung cancer was found as well. I had a great chat with Tom, who misses her terribly and commented, "She was a force to be recognized," which doesn't surprise us. She had a bookstore in Boston, and then when they moved to River Woods in Exeter, N.H., she gave their little library such a dose of new life that she is memorialized there now.

Marjorie Dawson Storrs, who died in October 2022, was a friend remembered especially fondly by **Lois Wanstall Kaufmann**, who lives in Middlebury at the Residence at Otter Creek. Lois is aware that not many knew Marji well, as she left after two years to marry Barrie Storrs '52. Fortunately for Lois, Marji and Barrie moved to Madison, Conn., about the same time that Lois and Don did in 1957. They had many good times together with their young families before Barrie and Marji moved again to New Jersey in the late '60s or early '70s. The Storrs had four children; the two oldest, Daryl '79 and Dave '81, graduated from Middlebury. Barrie died in 1987. During recent years, Marji lived at Kendal in Hanover, a retirement community near Dartmouth. Daughter Daryl lives in Vermont. I thank Lois for all the above information. P.S. Daryl is a gender-neutral name of Norman French origin, meaning "from Airelle," the town of Airelle, in France, also meaning "darling" or "beloved."

Peter Neisser surprised **Peter** and me at Christmastime by sending us his recently published autobiography, *I Would Rather Be Lucky than Smart: People and Places I Have Known*. Peter's book reads easily, written, one can tell, by a warm, gregarious, and intelligent author, and a section covers his years in Middlebury. We'll all remember with Peter his comments about freshman year: "I learned (the female students) kept a form of scorecard by the phone on the dormitory floors. We were all given a large sheet of pictures and names of the entire class when we arrived, and someone tacked a copy by the women's phones where they could jot down their impressions of the men for their friends. I was early forewarned." Peter follows this tidbit with a description of the November hurricane we all survived that first year. He explains, "Most of the buildings on campus had been built in the early 19th century of local granite, with walls at least two feet thick, (so) the only significant damage on campus was the loss of many trees in the quad. . .winds up to 100 mph." I was surprised to see three great snapshots of the damage done on campus, pictures he apparently took himself and has never misplaced. Peter also refers to the Korean War starting in June of 1950, causing the draft to hang over the males. Anyone entering college was eligible for a deferment, but the bottom performers lost deferment and were draft eligible. "We lost almost a third of the men in our class to either the draft or simply flunking. I was almost among them." Peter talks about intramural sports, and lots about skiing at the Snowbowl, but an interesting event he took part in was totally unknown to me. St. Lawrence University hosted a mock "Model UN Security Council meeting" each year, inviting a team from each of 10 schools to represent one of the UN Council members. Peter was on Midd's team, representing France, prepared to address the agenda developed by St. Lawrence based upon current issues. The team had to study the French positions and present them in meetings. The book is a great read, especially the 15 pages covering Peter's years at Middlebury, during which time he had a full-time summer job at *Newsday* covering sports and especially tennis, which the other reporters avoided. Back at Midd he wrote for the school paper, which I remember as the *Campus* but he refers to as the *Hilltop Beacon*. To finalize the Middlebury years, Peter joined the Coast Guard after graduation and received his draft notice.

Alas, I learned of more dear classmates who are no longer with us, but I particularly remember **Clarence Strowbridge**, who died last August. Clarence became a friend during our senior year because both he and I worked at Dike Blair's Vermont Book Shop. The shop had a great record collection, and with my employee discount I bought many records of my favorite symphonies and composers, the main one being Rachmaninoff's *Second Piano Concerto*. I still have all those records and play them upon rare occasions.

Peter and I are basically well. I am sending out query letters for my completed manuscript, *My Enemy, My Teacher, a Memoir of Love Educated by Mental Illness*. It starts off as I am returning from a junior year in France, aboard the SS *Queen Mary*, symptomatic and scared.

I send all of our dear classmates warm thoughts and greetings from both Peter and me, and I want to hear especially from you whom I have failed to reach out to.

—Class Correspondents: Julie Howard Parker (julieparkerbonjour@gmail.com), 1929 Meadowbrook Rd., Altadena, CA 91001; Tom Ryan (trn@aol.com), 8580 Woodway Dr., Apt. 8-1104, Houston, TX 77063.

1955

First the sad news: two of our classmates have gone to their reward.

Brooks Dodd, a longtime resident of Appleton, Wis., died January 10, 2023, in Golden Valley, Minn. A graduate of the Loomis School in Windsor, Conn., Brooks ran cross-country at Middlebury and graduated with a degree in chemistry. Over the years, he was an active volunteer as a Boy Scout leader, a Sunday school teacher and council member of his church, and a host parent for A Better Chance. Brooks and his first wife, Anna Faye, were married in 1962, and they had three sons, David, Jeffrey, and Paul. Brooks was a serious mountaineer and climbed many ice-covered peaks, including the pre-eruption Mount St. Helens. As empty nesters, he and Anna Faye visited family members in Latin America, Asia, Africa, and Europe. Brooks retired in 2000 to care for Anna Faye, who passed away in 2001. In 2003, Brooks married Betty Leisering, who passed away in 2018. After living alone for a few years, Brooks moved to Minnesota to live with son Paul and his family.

Janet Beem Frost died February 18, 2023, in Macon, Ga., where she lived for 60-plus years. Growing up in Portland, Maine, Jan was a graduate of Deering High School, where she was a National Honor Society scholar. After Middlebury she returned to Portland, where she married her high school love Edwin "Brant" Frost. They were married 57 years until Brant's sudden passing in 2012. They had six children: twin daughters Katherine and Kimberly, who died in infancy, and four sons, Brant IV, Fred, Ben, and Chris. A true daughter of Maine, Jan treasured sailboats, lighthouses, L.L. Bean, and lobster rolls. But she relished telling people about Macon, ever an ambassador for the city she served. She loved her adopted city and being a Southerner. In 1974, Jan became the first executive director of Volunteer Macon, a new nonprofit organization whose mission was for individuals to serve community needs through volunteering. She hosted a radio and television program, "Jan Frost of Volunteer Macon." The Georgia Association of Volunteer Agencies recognized Jan's leadership and contributions, presenting her with the June Sammons Award for the Outstanding Executive Director in the State of Georgia for a Volunteer Agency. Ever the adventurer, even as an octogenarian Jan delighted in going down Colorado's white-water rapids on a river raft with her ever-faithful niece, Shelley Sampson, and summer sailing on Lake Michigan surrounded by sons and grandchildren.

Alan Gould and wife Pat have been living in their Wilton, Conn., house for 48

Front Row Seat

A young girl views **history in the making** up close

Growing up as the daughter of a naval officer, Betsy Nutting Noyes '55 often found herself on the front lines of history—even if she was too young to appreciate it at the time. She was only eight years old when her father was serving on the USS *Tennessee* in Hawaii in 1941. She and her parents were living in a rented apartment in Manoa Valley above Waikiki Beach. On the morning of December 7, around 7:30 a.m., Betsy saw some planes going overhead. "They came very low," she said. "So low that we could see the pilots." In her innocence, she thought the planes were on maneuvers. But her father got a phone call to go immediately to his ship. They could hear explosions, and her mother's friend, who lived down by Waikiki Beach, called and asked frantically if she could come stay with them because bombs were falling everywhere. Betsy was never allowed to see the destruction in Pearl Harbor. She and her mother boarded a troop ship two months later and were escorted to the safety of San Francisco.

Betsy was much more aware of events in China as a teenager when her father was sent there after the war as part of a military advisory group aiding Chinese counterparts in Chiang Kai-shek's government. It was the eve of the Chinese Communist Revolution, and the danger to Americans was very real—she and her family were confined to their home. Living in Shanghai, she only went out to be driven to school in an Army ambulance, a trip that took almost an hour through the crowded streets. The Communist presence was everywhere, and she says, "It was just not good for foreigners to be out and about." After six months, the family moved to Nanking, where life was just as restricted. The fall of the government to the Communists was imminent, and one day her father came home and told the family to pack their bags—they were being evacuated the next day. For the second time, Betsy boarded a military ship and was escorted away from danger.

One thing made an important impression on her: the Russian émigré who was her driver in Shanghai. She became a Russian major at Middlebury, one of only three in her class. She managed, however, to interest her boyfriend, Pete '55, in Russian, and after they married, she encouraged him to study it in depth. His efforts resulted in a career with the government and several stints living abroad—a natural fit for Betsy. And this time around, there were no evacuations.

ILLUSTRATION BY NICOLE XU

years! The Wilton Library book sales keep them very busy at one of the most organized and well-known book sales in the area. The many vintage and collectible books have included a signed first edition book by Clarence Darrow. They were planning to attend Grandparents' Day at Holderness School in New Hampshire for their granddaughter, Brooke.

Alli Lank wrote, "No news worth sharing at my advanced age!" (The fact that he responded is worth sharing.)

Bob Gallagher wrote, "Ruth and I are still here. Looking forward to reading the class notes."

Bob Heller was one of a few who thanked me for "the depressing information about Middlebury and free speech; such a far cry from 1955." He also said he was glad I sent a letter to President Patton about it.

Gus Bramante celebrated his 91st last summer. I appreciated his saying, "Thanks for the dedicated job you have done all these years."

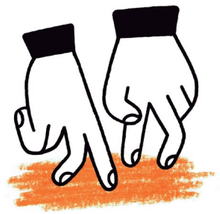
I (**John**) continue to write on a variety of subjects. I recently gave my second talk to the Bellport Brookhaven Historical Society: "Growing Up in Brookhaven and Bellport: My Forty-Plus Years on Bellport Bay." I also coauthored a paper with an old friend, Joseph Hanaway, called *John Shakspere's Grant of Arms,* which was published in the fall 2022 and winter 2023 issues of the Shakespeare Oxford Fellowship *Newsletter*. The SAQ (Shakespeare Authorship Question) continues to be a fascinating literary whodunit. (My YouTube talk, "The Case for Edward de Vere as the Real William Shakespeare," has had over 20,000 viewings to date.)

My best wishes to all, still your one-and-only class correspondent, John.

—Class Correspondent: John M. Baker (bakerjmb8569@gmail.com), 76 Spooner Hill Rd., South Kent, CT 06785.

1956

We thank **Stan Hayward** and **Lucy Boyd Littlefield** for their hard work and dedication to our class news. Their excellent reporting has helped to keep



us informed and stay connected. From Mercer Island, Wash., **Denny Dolan Henkel** writes about her passion for walking. She has belonged to a walking group that has been in existence for 45 years and includes women from 77 to 90 years old. They have been to Zion, the Canadian Rockies, Sequoia, Grand Teton, and Escalante and several places in Washington and Oregon. In the past they have climbed mountains but are now "adjusting to walking," meeting every Wednesday, rain or shine. Denny has been to 84 countries and seven continents, many in the 10 years since her husband, Steve, died. Her travels included a walking trip with **Nanka Marvin Hall** in the Czech Republic. Denny and Steve led an active life of biking, hiking, kayaking, paddling, and walking, from Alaska to Europe to South America. They have three daughters and several grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Ned MacDowell writes, "For years I have played piano in lots of places, mostly in retirement homes, assisted/independent living places, and nursing homes. I hope to restart these gigs soon, after years of COVID restrictions." In a testimony to the power of music, Ned comments that disabilities and limitations seem to vanish as familiar tunes bring back memories. Some elderly people who have lost the ability to communicate can sing familiar songs without missing a word. It is a somewhat mysterious miracle. Ned and wife Ellie (Maier) '57 have a granddaughter, Adelle, who is a sophomore at Middlebury. Adelle's father, Ned and Ellie's son, Jim, is a graduate of Middlebury, Class of 1989.

Lynne Atherton sends a glowing report of her experience attending Middlebury's Alumni College at Bread Loaf in 2022 with some 150-plus alumni and friends. She was inspired by President Patton's talk and suggested that she (President Patton) take on the topic of the U.S. "Injustice System" as a Middlebury emphasis. Because she has been corresponding with a prisoner through a church program, Lynne feels that she can no longer sit idly by, ignoring today's version of slavery. Lynne urges us to watch *13TH*, a Netflix Oscar-nominated documentary on the 13th amendment. It shines a bright light on mass incarceration and the presence of racial criminalization leading to perpetual slavery.

Phil and **Gail Knight Derick** reside in Holmes Beach, Fla., having moved there from Menemsha, Mass. When he retired from the insurance business, Phil competed with several hundred applicants for a job as a publicity agent for the Red Sox. He won and began working in public relations for the Red Sox in 2002. In his earlier years in Boston, he ran up and down the stands interviewing and promoting, following the Red Sox to their winter home in Florida. That was many years ago, but Phil is still cheering for and promoting the Red Sox, and at 88, though his activities are less strenuous, he guesses that he is undoubtedly their oldest employee.

Two reminiscences of classmates that died in recent months were sent in by **Dick Powell** and **Mo Mower Tasse**. Dick wrote to inform us of **Paul Doering**'s death on December 5, 2022. Dick and Paul had a friendship that lasted for 82 years, beginning in elementary school in Scarsdale, N.Y. They became classmates once again when they both attended Middlebury. Paul served in the Army and was a lieutenant in the Air Defense Artillery in Germany. He was an architect and led an active life skiing, golfing, hunting, and fishing and had a passion for flying, too.

Mo sent thoughts of **Kathie Lowrie Birkhaeuser** who died on November 9, 2022. She writes, "Kathie thrived as a teacher of young students for 20-plus years in Wilbraham, Mass., while raising her three sons. She and Dave Birkhaeuser were married in 1956 and enjoyed 60 years together. Those of us who knew Kathie remember her ever-present smile, positive spirit, deep faith, huge caring heart, and her love of music, nature, and life.

—Class Correspondents: Joan Mackinnon Houghton (joanmhoughton@gmail.com), 18 Horizon Dr., Ithaca, NY 14850; Simon Marchand (lsimonmarchand@gmail.com), 29 Montadale Dr., Princeton, NJ 08540.

1957

Hugh Marlow sent this message about **Bill Badger,** who died on July 14, 2022. An obituary appears at the back of this issue. "Bill was from the Boston area. He grew up loving the outdoors—fishing and hunting in the fall until the slopes were open, and then he was on his skis until the mud season arrived. Camping, canoeing, sailing, hiking, and birding were favorite pursuits both in his Middlebury years and as lifelong interests.

"At Middlebury he was involved with Winter Carnival, Mountain Club, Ski Patrol, Skyline, and Chi Psi. In hunting season, he would head out early and then return at breakfast-time asking who wanted to help clean a few birds. I remember helping once but I was thereafter dismissed because my version of cleaning came nowhere near his high standards. He was an avid skier. A favorite memory is going with Bill to Tuckerman's Ravine, changing into our ski boots, and trekking up into the bowl. As the skiers gracefully made their way down the slopes, I kick-turned my way down as Bill was already climbing back up for another run.

"A geography major, he loved adventure in far-flung places. He trekked in the Himalayas, cross-country skied in Norway, pursued gold mining in Alaska one summer. He was an avid traveler and explorer.

"He was always smiling, had a great sense of humor, and was a great companion who was willing to devote time to leadership roles in the activities he enjoyed. He was a positive presence in all that he did.

"Decades later, when we had both moved back to Vermont, he'd lower his standards from time to time and invite me to have a sail on Lake Champlain with him. He counted on my willingness to help get the boat ready for the season a few weeks before it was in the water. He was always a pleasure to be with, no matter the task at hand. The work had to get done but it was always fun because there was never a dull moment when Bill was involved. Many will remember the twinkle in his eye when he was up to some fun. He was a wonderful friend who is sorely missed."

Wyman Rolph passed away on July 28, 2022. A corporate banker by profession, he had wide-ranging interests and training. His obituary, easily found on the Internet, describes him as an intellectual. Wyman was a trained classical pianist, a calligrapher, and an avid conservationist and vegetable gardener. A dedicated Christian, he attended churches where he lived, serving on their administrative boards. He and wife, Katherine, had two sons, Kari '97 and Decker, who provided grands to add to a happy family life. Westminster Canterbury assisted living in Richmond, Va., was his final home. He is shown there in front of awe-inspiring shelves of books as he loved collecting rare books. Appropriate to his love of conservation, it is suggested you might plant a tree in his memory. A life well-lived. An obituary appears in the back of this issue.

Diana Carlisle attended Homecoming last fall and had this to say: "As I watched recent graduates meet and greet and hug, with big smiles, and as they met again at the game, I thought, wow, this is surely a much more diverse place than when I was here. Then I realized it was also a BIPOC reunion weekend. Glorious to see. Adding so much to the four years there. Middlebury blue logo was on shirts everywhere. Proud to be a part of it."

—Class Correspondent: Ida Mae Johnson (imj428@comcast.net), 104 Bentley Ave., Poultney, VT 05764-1182.

1958

Reports from those who attended our 65th (yes, 65th) class Reunion are glowing. There were 19 classmates in attendance. Those who have sent in reactions were very enthusiastic about the opportunity to interact with classmates, current students, President Patton, and Vermont. **Helen Dickey Curtis** wasn't sure she wanted to attend but she did, and she loved it all: "Seeing the campus, finding a tall young man to reach my dorm window shade that wouldn't pull down, talking over meals in the building we used to call the Student Union, walking along the Robert Frost trail, having dinner with our class."

Mary "Ro" Roemmele Crowley also enjoyed the weekend. "Highlights included the reception at the Peterson Athletics Complex and a chance to talk to Laurie Patton (who I found to be most impressive); a talk by Elsa Alvarado '18 (see a story about her on page 113); a panel of alumni working and volunteering for Middlebury; Convocation and the high energy there (and I was happy to share 1958 memories from the podium with **Sonny Wilder**); talking to students who manned the golf carts and vans to get us around campus; the Sunday worship service in Middlebury Chapel."

For many, Convocation where Ro and Sonny spoke for our class was a highlight. All who responded are eager to return for our 70th. Several additional classmates participated in our Zoom meetings before Reunion, and I hope all of you have watched Convocation on the Middlebury website. If you have Reunion memories to share, please send them to me for the next class notes, as well as any other news you might have to share.

—Class Correspondent: Susan Daniell Phillips (dhp1012@bellsouth.net), 725 Ninth Ave., Apt. 1106, Seattle, WA 98104.

1959

REUNION CLASS

Tony Garcia sent this news: "As many of you know, Jane (Collins) '60 and I belonged to Larchmont (N.Y.) Yacht Club, where we sailed and raced on Long Island Sound. We always wanted to sail around the world. Two of our friends and one of our sons decided to do it with us. I bought a Beneteau 50, a fast and beautiful boat. We left Larchmont October 1, 2021. We sailed south, stopping at Miami, then went through the Panama Canal, and then crossed the Pacific. We stopped at Honolulu, Wake, Guam, Palau, Brunei, Singapore, Colombo, Muscat, and Jeddah and went through the Suez Canal to Alexandria. Unfortunately, we had to divert to Athens for a sick crew member, who was only in the hospital for a day. We then went to Malaga and Ponta Delgado (Azores), Hamilton, Bermuda, and arrived back in Larchmont in April. A really great trip, 24,164 miles, four months at sea, two months ashore, and visiting 19 ports, a few of which I was in many years ago. It was educational all the way, seeing sea birds and animals we had never seen before. Also endless beaches with palm trees and coconut trees and blue lagoons. Everybody should do it. We sold the boat and bought a motor home, planning on seeing America."

Bruce Cameron reports, "The big news is that Rosie and I have sold our homes and moved into a 1,200-square-foot apartment in Rancho Bernado, Calif. We are getting along much better than I thought possible since I learned the magic words, 'Yes, dear!' Along with exercise classes and monthly tours, I play bocce and am active in the Culture Club and Wine Club (what a surprise). We are both blessed with relatively good health."

Bob and **Polly Philbrick Ray** headed to Naples, Fla., last February after missing two years due to COVID.

CLASS ACTS

Paul Fitzgerald has returned to "beautiful" Montana, where he and his dog, Arrow, go pheasant hunting. "With me pulling the trigger, the birds are relatively safe. Not true when I am fishing! During late winter, I skied at Alta-Snowbird, maybe the best skiing ever in the past 65 years. Fishing trip to Mauritius was canceled last year due to the delayed opening of the country because of the pandemic."

Bill Hussey and wife Anita entertained their sons and four six-foot tall grandsons in a NYC apartment that seemed very small. They enjoyed several road trips in summer 2022, including to Martha's Vineyard. "We agreed that a good part of being in our 80s is feeling free to be out and about, rather than hiding from COVID. Another aspect of this stage of life is that after we have parted from dear friends, we cannot suppress the thought, 'Will we ever see them again?' I suppose the significant news which classmates have at this stage is that we are still reasonably sentient and continue to challenge the actuarial statistics." They were planning trips to D.C. and Minneapolis last spring.

John Rich had a wonderful visit from his son who lives in North Port, Fla. "We mountain biked many of the forest trails nearby. My son returned to Florida just in time to be hit by Hurricane Ian. In December, I had the privilege of playing keyboard, along with a guitarist, for a Christmas open house employee party."

Dick Krasker admits that now that he has hearing aids, he realizes he'd thought he was hearing as much as he wanted but it seems he was missing things.

Ren Curry and his wife were canceled out of a hiking trip to the Italian Alps, so they substituted a three-week, 2,000-mile road trip from Santa Cruz, Calif., to the western slopes of Colorado (Grand Junction, Ouray, and Durango) for hiking in the Rockies. They stopped by Mesa Verde National Park to tour Pueblo cliff dwelling ruins (not to be missed). He's still flying the Piper Cub but looking for a buyer.

Fred Swan has spent several winter days downhill and cross-country skiing. He and Pat had plans to attend Alumni College last August.

And finally, start planning on attending our 65th Reunion in June! We had 63 classmates for our 60th. I (**Andy**) am betting on 30+ for our 65th!

Welcome to **Anne Martin Hartmann**, who is going to help with the class notes!

—Class Correspondents: Millicent Fairhurst (milfair@earthlink.net) 341 East 19th St, IC, New York, NY 10003; Anne Martin Hartmann (anne.hartmann01@gmail.com), 3 Cummings Rd., Unit 1038, Hanover, N.H. 03755; Andy Montgomery (joyandym@aol.com), 8910 Hilloway Rd., Eden Prairie, MN 55347.

1960

In late September 2022, old friends **Nancy Hill Griswold**, Bob '59 and **Polly Philbrick Ray**, and your correspondent (**Nancy**) met at the longtime Hill family summer home on the shores of Buzzards Bay, Mass. Many stories, many memories, many laughs, shared photos, and a lot of catch-up describe the afternoon. As the saying goes, glad that we make new friends but delighted to keep the old ones!

Susie Yates Johnston and husband Hooks spend a busy month in Canada every year visiting family and friends. Hooks has had several major health issues in the last two years but is doing much better now. They have welcomed their second great-grandchild!

Judy Richardson Weil and husband Herb continue to enjoy life in Victoria, BC, Canada, where they retired in 2003. Their special birthdays of 85 and 90, and their 62nd anniversary, were celebrated with their son, Fred, arranging for a week in New Orleans (where Herb grew up). They admit to being the dwarf grandparents to their four grandchildren—three grandsons who are all over six feet and a tall granddaughter! Not surprisingly, Judy had six books to recommend!

Loey Boon Hill enjoys summer days in Boothbay Harbor, Maine, where her son, David, moors his sailboat. She has now lived in her house in Lenox, Mass., for 50 years, where she is just down the road from Tanglewood where the Boston Symphony plays its summer concerts. Her five grandchildren have graduated from, or are in, college and are spreading their wings across the country.

In Erie, Pa., **Louisa Potts Salmon** and husband Jim are grateful for good health that allows them to continue being active volunteers. They love to travel and have been to 50 countries! Jim, at 91, is still farming as a hobby. Louisa teaches music to preschoolers and is in her 46th year of delivering Meals on Wheels, with help now from Jim with the eight deliveries on their route.

Still at home in Niantic, Conn., **Dave** and **Sue Goodwin Hopkins** spent July 4th with three generations of family at their summer place on Lake Champlain. Gatherings of friends there provided more special times during the month of August. Dave reported on the July rains that brought widespread flooding of Otter Creek, overwhelming the dams in both Middlebury and Vergennes. The Hopkins keep in touch with **Breck** and **Sue Hibbert Lardner**, **Gretchen Augat Reilly**, Hooks and **Susan Johnston**, and **Tracy Perry** and his wife and also enjoy the Midd connection with younger alums in both Connecticut and Vermont.

And lastly, happy to report that our class correspondent emerita, **Jean Seeler-Gifford**, is looking forward to setting up residence in Middlebury again! In the meantime, she was planning to attend Alumni College, return for a September weekend of NESCAC field hockey games, and join the Town Hall Theater London theater tour for a week in October!

It's wonderful to be back to seeing our class news in print instead of just online! It would also be wonderful if classmates would send updates on their lives, hobbies, travels, observations, families, etc., to your class correspondents!

—Class Correspondents: Bob Hall (rshallct@gmail.com), 53 Sunset Farm Rd., West Hartford, CT 06107; Nancy Mumford Mulvey (nandonmulv@ gmail.com), 104 High Plain Rd., Andover, MA 01810.

1961

It's great to be writing a "real" column for a "real" magazine again. I hope seeing this news will spur you on to send your own next time.

Lee Leonard is retired from 42 years of reporting on state government and politics, on which he wrote two books based on his career. He lives in Reynoldsburg, Ohio, outside of Columbus, with Ruth, his wife of 59 years, and is active in church affairs. Periodically, Lee sees **Bert "Zip" Vonderahe**, who was a Chi Psi member from Gloversville, N.Y. Zip was active in horticulture and business affairs and lives in a nearby Columbus suburb of Gah-

CELEBRATIONS

1 Over Middlebury's 2022 Homecoming weekend, Jim Stover '90, Jeff Stoner '90, Stephen Fitzpatrick '90, Karl Michalko '91, Greg Frezados '90, and Hank Hagey '90 got together in Darien, Conn. Unfortunately, Rob Delorie '90, Tom Schwieters '90, and Matt Stewart '91 missed the picture.

2 On a backcountry ski trip in Chile, Henriette Lazaridis '82 had the good fortune to be guided by Lani Bruntz '11.5. Here Lani and Henriette stand on top of Casablanca volcano in Chile.

3 On his bike ride across the country with Stroke Across America, Michael Obel-Omia '88 met up with friends in Chicago: Michael, Michelle Millin Stroud '88, Sybil McCarthy Dufour '88, and Sybil's husband, Frank.

4 While in Vermont to ride their bikes in the Kelly Brush annual fundraiser, Al Perry '70 and Rob Apple '70 met up with President Laurie Patton on the Bread Loaf campus.

5 Colin Myer '79 and wife Laurie attended the Swearing In and Inauguration Ball for Governor Mark Gordon '79. Mark was reelected in November 2022 with the widest margin of victory in Wyoming history. A moderate Republican, he gathered 79 percent of the vote: Mark, wife Jennie, Laurie, and Colin.

6 Friends from the Class of 1988 try to have a mini-reunion every year over a long weekend: Laura Ludwig, Lissa Ellsworth Jones, Melissa Perry Fountain, Kim Maynard Martin, and Frisk Ewing Miller.

anna, where he does gardening and plays pickleball.

When **John Harris** wrote, he and wife Koko (Hart) '63 were on a 30-day cruise around South America from Buenos Aires to Fort Lauderdale via the Panama Canal. Last winter they enjoyed great skiing at Saddleback where John volunteers as a host. As we've seen in past notes, John's favorite hobby might be antique cars. Their 1931 REO reproduction Indianapolis racer was again entered in the Great Race last year. The race was from St Augustine, Fla., to Colorado Springs and touched nine states en route. But wait, there's more. John and Koko were also looking forward to going back to Middlebury last June for Koko's 60th Reunion.

Dan and **Susan Andrews Sokoloski** first retired to St. James, N.C., a wonderful community where they enjoyed golf, bridge, pottery (Dan), oil painting (Susan), fishing, and the beach. They also bought a rental property in Mount Pleasant, S.C., near Charleston where their son and family live. In 2019 they decided that they needed to be near family and moved to their townhouse in South Carolina. They are now in the same subdivision as their son and his wife's parents. COVID hit just as they were getting to know the area, but they are now becoming more active there. Like many others, they have been catching up on canceled travel—a trip to Ireland, a cruise around Cape Horn from Santiago, Chile, to Buenos Aires, Argentina, and a cruise around Portugal and Spain.

Judy Stern Peskin and her husband were looking forward last year to a trip to Israel in June, hoping that the situation there would be stable. Husband Kenneth is on the board of the American Jewish Committee, and they planned to attend AJC's yearly global forum taking place in Tel Aviv. At the end of the four-day meeting, they were to be joined by their youngest daughter, Sara, and her family—husband, son (13), daughter (11)—who live in Boulder, Colo., for a nine-day excursion in Israel with them. "Israel is a wonderful country to visit," says Judy. She has been spending several hours a week teaching ESL to mostly Hispanic speakers and uses her Spanish a lot, but virtually never her French! She plays bridge and the newly popular pickleball. Even though she wishes she was more accurate and could move better, the people she plays with at the "Y" are very nice and forgiving.

I hope you watched Netflix's *The Night Agent* and caught the Middlebury reference in Episode 4! The show was created by alum Shawn Ryan '88.

—Class Correspondent: Janet S. Reed (jsreed2800@me.com), 929 W. Foster Ave., #2620, Chicago, IL 60640.

1962

Kathy McKinley Harris sent word that a story of hers, "The Secret of the House Highest on the Hill nearest the Diggins," was accepted along with some others by Bridgeside Books in Waterbury, Vt., for a live performance of spooky tales in October 2022. The story is based on a happening in her childhood.

Susie Stevens McKibben sent this note about **Ellie Williams Pringle**, who died August 1, 2022: "Ellie and I developed a nice intermittent relationship over the past decade or two, since we both married men from the Class of 1963! That meant we saw each other two years in a row while attending both the 1962 and 1963 Reunions. Even though we didn't see each other often, I will miss those nice times—waiting on the hill for our husbands to walk up to their Convocations, and vice versa.

"She was a lovely, gentle, and intelligent person—a psychiatrist, beautiful and with a good sense of humor. I remember her humor was on display when she was among several of our classmates who had become medical doctors and gave a panel at our 50th Reunion. I don't remember the topics, but I do remember laughing a lot!"

Ben Rosin adds, "I was saddened to learn of Ellie's passing. While I did not know her at Midd, I traveled with her and Pete and a few others on a Midd trip to Normandy five or 10 years ago. The trip was spectacular; the Midd group was very congenial and Ellie her usual elegant self. She was a very nice, smart, and lovely person, what I think of when I think of a Middlebury co-ed." An obituary for Ellie appears in the back of this issue.

We are sorry to report that **Tim Barnett** died August 29, 2022. **Nora Wright** says, "There are so many really uplifting, inspiring stories about Tim. I think the only time I saw him after we graduated was at our 50th. Even in college he had the gift of gab and an outgoing personality—he could have sold an icebox to an Eskimo, but obviously chose to use his gifts for better things." To read more about Tim, called the "Energizer bunny of conservation," go to www.adirondackexplorer.org and search for Timothy Barnett. He had a remarkable life! Also, an obituary appears in the back of this issue.

Jan Timmerman Abbott writes, "In July 2022, a Milwaukee visit, followed by a weeklong Viking western Great Lakes cruise with an Ohio friend, were fun. Lots of scientists on the ship, with great lectures. If I had a bucket list, Mackinac Island would have been on it, so it was especially fun to tour there. A super September Oregon week with friends was even better, if possible. Sarah (Ohio friend) and I did OAT's 'Maritime Jewels of the British Isles' in May and booked an OAT land trip in the mountains between Milan and Venice for September—an area I love, and a good incentive to brush up my Italian.

"Although she wasn't able to make it to our 60th Reunion, **Mary Bowen Kelley** stayed with us for four nights in October 2022, when she finally got east to visit her southern New England daughter and family. We did a walk with **Kathy Harris**, and Mary visited **Mona Donderi Rogers** in assisted living in Burlington while I was doing something else. We visited the campus and went out to lunch with Alyssa Sinclair '94 at the Middlebury Inn, before going to the Robert Frost Trail, Bread Loaf, and the Snowbowl, then coming back up home via the Mad River Valley."

Cindy Cooper Bracken sent the sad news that her husband died October 31, 2022. We send her and her family our belated condolences.

Ken Parker sent this note about **John Sinclair**, who died on December 14, 2022. "John was one of the nicest people I have ever known. In addition, he set a very high mark for being honorable, ethical, and honest and fair-minded. I have known very few whose standard of honesty and fairness stood the tests of time and challenge. I have always thought of those attributes when I would see or hear his name and I knew there was hope for a challenged world when people like John were moving about in society."

Pete Steinle adds, "In 1968, with John fresh back to Springfield, Vt., to open his dental practice, my wife Lynn and I got to know John and his family very well as we were spending a lot of time in Springfield at our family farm. It was the beginning of the CSF (Cow Sh*t Festival), a time for Middlebury friends to get together. Over some 50 years, lifelong Middlebury friends have gathered to enjoy each other with lots of dancing and many good stories retold many times. John loved a good Vermont story or joke, and he had a unique delivery as he didn't care if he offended anyone or everyone. John was a good friend to many."

Jim Shattuck sent these words about **Gordon Van Nes**, who died on February 17, 2023. "At Middlebury, Gordy was a member of Delta Upsilon and majored in English. He participated in multiple extracurricular activities, including football, lacrosse, and the Inter-Fraternity Council, and he served as a Junior Fellow. Gordy (or Gordo) was always full of life and fun to be around, whether it was sailing, ski trips, or serving the Chester, Conn., community, where he lived. He had a long career in medicine."

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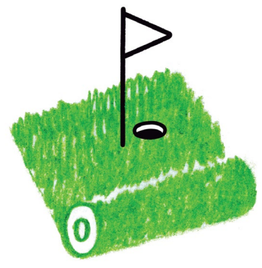

1963

Correspondent **Larry Ring** reports: **Ron Prichard** has been dubbed "The Father of Golf Course Restoration" by the golf magazine *Golf Course Architecture*. For decades Ron has—and continues to—restored many of our country's oldest and most famous golf courses. Ron believes these iconic courses have a design integrity that made them famous and, thus, needs to be preserved while at the same time be updated to the overall course conditions needed for world class competition. Tricky work, indeed. When contacted, Ron was in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, working on a famous Donald Ross designed course, plying his magic. Incidentally, we often see much of Ron's work when we watch golf on TV.

Dick Floyd, **Peter Frame**, and **Chuck Burdick**. What do these three have in common? They are KDR brothers who attended our 60th. They claimed to have terrorized the Waybury Inn, where they and other KDRs were staying. Another tidbit is that Chuck and **Sue** (**Handy**), after a brief New Hampshire sojourn, have returned to Middlebury to live once again. It will be great to see more of them.

Meg Holmes Robbins and husband Brooks continue their excellent volunteer work. They seem to be everywhere doing environmental efforts, including recycling, climate change preparedness, emergency management, health clinics, and even serving as election workers, a dangerous business these days. They are busy, busy as they try to return to their normal pre-COVID days, which means they hope to start traveling again but, in the meantime, sold their Manchester, Vt., retreat. They still live in Hingham, Mass.

John McHenry reports that his wife of 57 years, Ann (Smith) '62, passed away last April. John and Ann had lived in the San Diego area since 1994 when John retired, and he still lives there with his three boys and their families nearby. John retired as a captain in the U.S. Navy. Among his last assignments, he was chief of staff to the admirals in charge of two aircraft carrier battle groups deployed in the Arabian Gulf and Indian Ocean. And then to cap off his distinguished career, he was chief of staff to the commander of the Third Fleet, which was responsible for the Eastern half of the Pacific Ocean. He then spent 17 years working for Northrop-Grumman as support for the U.S. Navy surface staffing in San Diego. This is pretty amazing stuff for a guy whose sea training was water-skiing with Dick Hawley '64 on nearby Lake St. Catherine.

Charlie MacCormack is a teacher at heart. Even though he was an incredibly successful CEO in the major leagues of the nonprofit world, last stop at Save the Children Foundation, he loved his time as executive in residence at Middlebury. There he mentored and tutored dozens of students and guess what? Most of them are still in touch with Charlie. That and board activity in NYC keep him very busy. Like many of us, Charlie is leading the good life at a retirement community, Evergreen Woods, in North Branford, Conn. It's close to the New Haven railroad so he can easily get to NYC.

Priscilla "Kitty" Clapp needs to slow down! We remember and envy her fascinating diplomatic career, which now has morphed into a tour of duty with the U.S. Institute of Peace. There, Kitty is the senior advisor to their Myanmar (Burma) program, guiding their strategic direction—on-ground antimilitary resistance—plus being responsible for relations with the State Department. As a nation, we have turned our attention to the Ukraine but long before that was the military junta in Myanmar, which continues to drag on in a depraved, horrible manner. Kitty was the last formal U.S. contact before the atrocities began but she hasn't left or forgotten the people of Myanmar. Despite the heaviness of such responsibility, Kitty remains her bright, playful self, especially when talking about her dog, a social magnet who sniffs out interesting people. Obviously, a very smart dog who represents her owner well.

After Middlebury, **Fred Brink** went to the Rhode Island School of Design to hone his love of photography with a graduate degree. He met his wife, Elise, and fairly quickly moved from being a successful professional photographer, who had work shown in various galleries, to a career in a more visual world much broader in scope. In the '70s Fred founded Envision Corp. and directed educational films plus designed many corporate communication projects. Then, about 10 years later, his entrepreneurial skills really began to show and Fred Brink's Company was born. It specialized in a full range of interactive, interpretive media displays for museums, public theaters including the JFK Library, various state visitor centers, aquariums, and even the Naismith Basketball Hall of Fame. Fred wasn't done, though, and became a founding partner in A More Perfect Union. They specialized in large screen productions, animation, and other visuals that were designed for places like the National Constitution Center in Philadelphia and Science Museum of Minnesota. A full life indeed. He and Elise have a 17th-century home in Marblehead, Mass., and also love to work on their cabin in the Adirondacks.

Finding His Way

How a determined alum **overcomes daily challenges** after a devastating life change

What happens when your identity is stolen—not by another person but by your own body? That's a question that Michael Obel-Omia '88 has lived with for the past seven years. In May 2016, this talented educator, writer, and speaker suffered a massive ischemic stroke that sent him to Spaulding Rehabilitation in Boston for 37 days and left him with a weakened body and with aphasia, the loss or impairment of the power to use or comprehend words. The prognosis was daunting, but Michael was determined to recover both physically and mentally, fighting to regain those qualities of self that had defined him before the stroke. A cyclist, he climbed on a stationary bike as soon as he got home from rehab, and by June 2022, he was fit enough to join a group riding across the country to bring awareness of the devastating aftereffects of strokes. It was called Stroke Across America, and it was one of the hardest and most rewarding undertakings he'd ever completed.

But fighting the aphasia has proven to be more difficult. He struggles with it daily, and sometimes it feels like one step forward and two steps back. He gets frustrated and depressed as he works to express himself in the ways he always could before the stroke. Writing has become a method for him to have some control over words, and indeed, he and his wife Carolyn published a book of his poems in 2021. After the bike ride, they talked of doing a book about his Stroke Across America experience, but the project didn't get beyond the discussion stage.

One day this past summer, Michael reached a low point in his battle with aphasia that left him dispirited and discouraged. But, as he has done over and over again in the past seven years, he turned the negativity into action. The time had come to write the book about his most impressive accomplishment in his after-stroke life. With the help of Carolyn, he already has many pages about the bike ride under his belt. Writing about it isn't any easier than the ride itself was, but Michael is as determined to finish this undertaking as he was to make it to the Atlantic Ocean.

Read a dispatch about Michael's story at middleburymagazine.com.

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1964

REUNION CLASS

Correspondent **Dori Ells Jurgenson** reports: We were saddened to learn from his sister, Judy McCormack '72, that **James McCormack**, known by all as Max, lost his battle with pancreatic cancer on August 7, 2022, just six days shy of his 80th birthday. At Middlebury he was an economics major, a member of the soccer team, and hosted "The Train to Nowhere" on WRMC. He was active on the Board of Governors, becoming president his senior year. Max sang in the Dissipated 8. After graduation, he worked in Middlebury's Admissions Office for a year, which enabled him to continue to sing in the D-8 (good tenors are always welcome!). He continued his support of Middlebury by interviewing prospective students on the West Coast until just recently.

Many notes these days seem to address downsizing in some form. **Jean Blanchette St. Clair** writes, "We had a wake-up call when Joe had to have bypass surgery. He spent two weeks at Hartford Hospital over Christmas and New Year's (2020–2021). When he got the doctor's okay, we left for Marco Island, Fla., for the rest of the winter. We have a condo there and enjoy our nice condo community and beautiful sunsets. Upon coming back to Connecticut, we realized that the time had come for us to look for a condo near our daughter, who lives in Brookline, Mass." They lived in Connecticut for 45 years and maintained gardens there and in Amagansett, N.Y., but now have bought a place near their daughter, in Scituate, Mass. They still plan to spend time on Long Island in the summer but will have less garden management. Jean is a master gardener and has created wonderful ornamental gardens—satisfying, but a lot of work.

Along the same lines, **Sue Camden Kalat** says, "We are still settling into our new home! Bit the bullet and downsized. What a lot of work that turned out to be. So many decisions about what to do with 25 years of accumulation, but it was time. Didn't move far, just to the city so new landline number and getting used to sounds of the city. New address is 3101 Old Pecos Trail, Unit 504, Santa Fe, NM 87505."

And **Joan Smith**, who moved to California after the last Reunion, says she needed to find affordable housing so as to be free for volunteer work, eventually working part time as house manager at Tam House (a cooperative living place for single seniors) in San Anselmo. She writes, "I was drawn to be closer to son Eric—who looks a lot like his dad, Chuck. Eric is in the San Fran restaurant biz—like riding tops and troughs of waves—and soon will open retail online for Bar Agricole. I'm too far from grandkids, ages 16 and 18, on the East Coast. Zach is at Maine Maritime Academy and Vanessa is becoming an EMT in her spare time and eager to graduate and move to Paris."

Last October I (**Dori**) represented Middlebury at the inauguration of a new president of Wartburg College (near my Iowa home). While we were waiting to march in, I spoke with the person in front of me in line. He is a history professor at the Univ. of Northern Iowa, but was representing his undergraduate alma mater, Washington and Lee. I remarked that my Middlebury classmate, **Ron Reese**, had taught at W and L for some years. He was thunderstruck! Said he had Ron for two classes and found him to be a wonderful teacher. Afterwards I wrote Ron about this. He had developed non-major astronomy classes involving celestial photography in the 1980s and wrote back, in part, "The course I developed, The Immense Journey, Harmonices Mundi, was always oversubscribed by students in the humanities wanting to fulfill their lab-science requirement for graduation. It was a tough course. But eventually all realized they could not memorize things, they had to *understand* the phenomena. And then they relished in the freedom that they could figure things out. Many became avid amateur astronomers, even buying telescopes!" Ron says he is doing well, is busy with various writing projects, and is "sorting through decades of accumulated papers in my black hole of a basement." Seems that we all have life's accumulation to sort through these days.

We heard from **Julie Sage Day**, who said she and Ian Sanderson continue to sail the Chesapeake on *Sally Forth*, their Catalina, during the summer months. She says they skied a bit in winter 2022 but were more sedentary last winter. They were thinking of sailing down the intra-coastal waterway this past fall. "Would love to see **Wibs McLain** and Josh in Florida."

Lans Hays writes, in part, "Middlebury does not do a good job with its alumni, in my opinion, at least with its alumni website and records. For those of us with weak memories, a posting of New Faces from classes on either side of our class years would be useful." (Ed. Note: All the yearbooks and New Faces directories have been digitized and can be found on the Middlebury Special Collections website. Go to archive.org/details/middleburyyearbooks.)

Correspondent **Bob Baskin** reports: At the end of 2022, we lost three more classmates: **David Holmes** died on November 29, **Lee Calligaro** died on December 19, and **Elizabeth Stempel** died on December 28. I mentioned David's death in the last notes but didn't get a chance to say more about our remarkable classmate. He passed away doing what he loved, skiing down the slopes of Sugarbush. You may remember him in college crashing through the line as our football team's running back and captain. He went on to earn his master's degree in international affairs at Columbia and a PhD in education from the University of Denver. David served as a professor of higher ed administration at UVM, a grants administrater at the U.S. Department of Education, headmaster at Suffield Academy, and director of the Community School in Idaho. David maintained his roots in Vermont and eventually moved back to a home near Lake Champlain with his wife, Toni, a native Vermonter whom he met while teaching at UVM. He is also survived by their two sons, Chris and Caleb, and their families. David's book, *On Being a Vermonter and the Rise and Fall of the Holmes Farm,* traced his family's creation and maintenance of one of the most important apple orchards in all New England and a thriving multigenerational farm operation. The legacy of David's family left him with a sense of how Vermont's history has marked the character of individual Vermonters today. Attributes of good character include qualities such as honesty, generosity, and civic mindedness. Over the decades through the 19th century and into the 20th, the Holmes family exhibited these and other important qualities: an affinity for action, an aspiration for education, resilience and grit, expertise and knowledge. Of that, he was very proud. I had the good fortune to speak with David several times the past couple of years. It is obvious to me that his life revolved around his love for his family and Vermont. He will be sorely missed.

Dan Brown died on February 22. His close friends, **Eric Fuller** and **Wally Weld** spent meaningful time with him just prior to his passing. At Middlebury, all three played on the tennis team, while Dan exhibited his enthusiasm for outdoor activities, which he carried throughout his life. He and wife Carolyn lived in New Hampshire for many years, maintaining an outdoor life involving skiing, hiking, cycling, and sailing, and they traveled to over 60 countries. Devoted dog owners, they especially loved golden retrievers.

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1965

From all reports, Hurricane Ian had a relatively minor impact on our classmates. **Karen "Kutch" Kutchera Sawyer**'s new home right on Long Boat Key's Gulf Coast was spared when the eye of the storm veered south to the Ft. Myers area. That is where **John Deppman** and wife Clara Yu hunkered

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANZISKA BARCZYK

down in their third-floor condo but without power or water. We did offer to airlift martinis or a bourbon old-fashioned to cheer him and Clara up. After booking a hotel room in Tampa, they couldn't evacuate since I-75 was shut down. **Judy Couperus Stickler** reported that she and Dan were "dry, safe, and secure" as were **Mary Wilson-Tauson** and **Mike DeMas**. Fortunately, **Steve Firestone** was in California at the time.

Martha Saenz joined those of us who've entered our ninth decade in May 2022. Happily, Ted, her hubby of 11 years, is doing well after treatment for pancreatic cancer. She's doing just a little legal immigration work, is taking courses in astronomy, and continues to be active in her church. **Jim Murdoch**, now retired after 50 years of practicing law, became an octogenarian as well in December 2022. **Pete Holcombe** joined him last St. Patrick's Day.

In June your Vermont-based class correspondent was helping put the final touches on a new Habitat for Humanity home. In walked the zoning inspector. I spotted his name tag. It was none other than **Peter Garon**. I vividly recalled the time we last met 42 years ago when I was crossing the U.S. border with my beloved Labrador after being in our northern Ontario camp. "Do you have papers for the dog?" asked the customs official who was wearing a pair of one-way sunglasses. I produced the document. "What's the dog's name?" he asked. "Sheba," I replied. "Well, what's her mother's name?" "It's the same, Sheba," I responded, somewhat irritated since her mother's name was printed on the certificate. "And what's her grandmother's name?" Just about when I was preparing to say something one shouldn't say at the border, down came the sunglasses. It was Peter. He had recognized me and had decided to see how long it would take me to recognize him. Now retired, he is living in Vergennes, just north of Middlebury, and sports a handsome gray beard.

Norm Lowe is thrilled that a third member of his family has entered Middlebury: his grandson, Will '26, son of Winsor '93, who started last February. "Will hit the ground running and was recruited to Midd crew quickly, the sport a number of us wished was in place in '61 after our secondary school rowing careers. **Bonnie** (**Trompeter**) and I are in Camden, Maine, doing well with Pilates three times per week. We have just finished the reformation of a house in Capileira, Spain, that dates from 1492—at least that's what the local expert reports."

On a sad note, we lost **Richard "Dick" Mather** last January, just shy of his 80th. While having a 47-year career with Blue Cross and Stop and Shop, he was an active skier, golfer, and a summer resident on Cape Cod. Dick also was a first-rate artist, specializing in landscapes.

We also lost **Judith Sheldon Mills** to colon cancer in April. Before retiring, Judy was a computer systems analyst for Johnson and Johnson and enjoyed canoeing, cross-country skiing, needlework, and knitting. She also was a frequent student at the Alumni College. **Bruce Gunther** wrote, "Judy was a good buddy our freshman year and an excellent knitter. You recall, I am sure, the clacking of knitting needles in various classes. Judy knitted me two beautiful pairs of argyle socks. I still wear them on special occasions. That all occurred 62 years ago! Yikes!" **Ed Weissman** also wrote, "She was a lovely, lovely person. And fiercely smart without being opinionated." Judy was predeceased by her husband, Rick Mills '66, in 2017.

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1966

We were delighted to hear from longtime Belgium resident **Karin Johansen Adam** that she and her husband, both retired for several years, are now "happily settled in a large apartment with lots of amenities within walking distance." After a rather busy and difficult six months of downsizing and selling, they moved in 2021 from the house they had built 35 years ago. Their four girls all live outside Belgium (one in the United States, two in the United Kingdom, and one in France). Because of COVID, only the Parisian was able to come help and spent a week clearing out her stuff (from kindergarten up to her master's degree)! When the family managed a get-together in France in February 2022, it had been over two years since they had seen each other. "Far too long," Karin says. The Adams have four grandchildren plus two "bonus" grandchildren. Karin still sings in two choirs and keeps up with roommates Jane Stafford Frenkel and Julia Marble Emerson, both Midd '65. She says she would like to get to Vermont in winter. "I do so miss the snow!"

More recently, we heard briefly from Regine Perry-Mertens in Germany that her husband, **Steve Perry**, had died in November 2022. **Joan Lardner Paul** offers this memorial: "What a fighter Steve was, facing his lymphoma with the love and care of his wife, Regine, with a scholarly curiosity he shared with us at our 55th Reunion, and with a sense of wry humor that eased my sadness for his health. I did not know Steve in college, only meeting him during our 50th Reunion bonfire singing at Bread Loaf. And then, during preparations for our 55th, I continued a sporadic communication with Steve and Regine, even trying to sing for their special contribution to our Reunion festivities." **Gordon McAleer** follows up: "It is sad to hear the news of the departure of another classmate. This puts in perspective to live each day with gusto."

"The pandemic brought a change of living situation when my daughter and her family moved into my house, and I moved to the proverbial granny unit on the back area of my property," writes **Leslie Anderson Curchack** from California. "It's been wonderful to have my granddaughter, now 12, living so close. I continue to have a small therapy practice, to create and exhibit my photography, and to try to have an active role in civic and community affairs." Leslie has kept up with Midd friends **Ann Hotchkiss Johnson** and Jessica Hord Noyes '67 and her husband. Four years ago, they all took a road tour of Patagonia together.

Cindy Brown still loves to travel. She writes, "I am not always as sensible as I should be at almost 79. In February I went to an archipelago off northern Panama on my own—mostly a nature trip—but I always meet the most wonderful people." Cindy, who lives in Florida, is looking into a trip to Scandinavia as a follow-up to her very first trip abroad to Norway at the age of 15. She can still remember the Norwegian national anthem—"at least the beginning."

Betsey and **Rick Church** visited **Randy Washburne** and his wife, Gunvor, at their home in Port Angeles, Wash. They traveled there and back home to New Hampshire by train. "As you might expect," Rick reports, "we did some hiking and swapped memories of our misspent youth at Middlebury." Randy volunteers for the National Park Service and maintains his own stretch of a multi-use trail.

Sue Jones Brown retired in 2011 after almost 30 years of practicing social work in Vermont. "Fascinating and always a learning experience," she says. "I don't know where these last 12 years have gone, but they have been good. I have made good friends here, some of whom share my love of hiking and X-C skiing." Sue moved to South Burlington, Vermont, in 1981 with her two children to finish a master's degree in social work and has been there ever since. "Vermont is a special place," she writes, "and I can't imagine myself living anywhere else." Through this column, **Francine Clark Page** got to meet Sue for coffee one morning. It turns out they've been rural neighbors for many years without knowing it!

Due to word limitations now that we're back to an actual printed magazine, we have excerpted messages from Cindy, Rick, and Sue. We will include further detail in our next column!

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1967

Correspondent **Susie Davis Patterson** writes, "With great sadness I share our loss of **Alice Milnor Norton** in July 2022. Alice was one of the loveliest people I knew at Midd—beautiful inside and out. From our arrival meeting at the Batts to the last conversation I shared with her in late fall 2021, Alice was always fully in the present moment, eyes shining, listening intently to what I was telling her, and responding in kind. In that phone call, when Alice told me about her journey with acute myeloid leukemia and her prognosis, there was not a speck of anger or fear but graceful acceptance of this part of her life experience. We had connected once again over our mutual choice of hiking as a major activity for each of us in our lives and saw ourselves as trekking pilgrims, still interested in embracing life in all its complexities and still learning from it. For Alice, that always meant being interested in and bettering the lives of others. Her most impressive hikes, such as Kilimanjaro in 2002, were successful fundraisers. Alice's Midd semester abroad to France set her on an adventuresome and joyful life path of adventure travel with her young family, and later with her older children and grandchildren, and even living and working in France for a couple of years in mid-life. Alice was always a beacon of light and a delight to be with, and her memory will remain so with many of her classmates." An obituary for Alice appears in the back of this issue.

With more sadness, but also with many happy memories, we share the news of the death of **Ford Cole**. Ford was friends with many in our class and was a big presence on campus and at several of our Reunions. Immediately after Middlebury, Ford served as a U.S. Navy officer in Vietnam. Upon his return, he married his college girlfriend, **Linda Rebucci**, and they had two boys. Although their marriage did not last, their enduring friendship and love of their boys kept them connected. Ford had an outstanding career as an FBI agent for 29 years, which included earning a master's in criminal justice. His love of sports, which benefited Middlebury when he was a student (football and lacrosse), and which continued with coaching his sons' soccer, basketball, baseball, and lacrosse teams, led to his further coaching in retirement at the Hopkins School (where he was a student before coming to Middlebury) for many years and brought him great satisfaction and joy. Always involved with groups in leadership roles, he memorably shared the fun tasks as Midd Reunion Social Chair with **Susie Davis Patterson** and **Peter Kovner** for our 30th Reunion. Our triumvirate had a ball together and then with all our classmates at the Reunion. We are grateful to have shared Middlebury with Ford for 59 years.

More often than we would like, your correspondents receive notice of the deaths of classmates. We want to acknowledge and honor each one in sharing that information with you, and sometimes one of us has college memories or a continuing friendship with the person, and sometimes neither of these are our reality. We know each classmate had important friendships while at school, and we invite and encourage you to send one of us a short reflection about your friend, which we will share in a future column. Thank you.

But it is also true that our present lives are full of activities and relationships and aging and learning and growth, and we love to share those experiences among us all too. So, please send us news of any and all sorts to make our column meaningful in all ways for all of us—a good read! We're looking forward to hearing from you

We received notice of the death of **James Gartenlaub**. We all remember him but did not have personal connections with him. We'd love to hear from those who knew and cared about him. Please use our contact information at the bottom of this column.

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1968

Lindsay Patterson Allison writes, "I have retired from Sotheby's real estate and am still volunteering at a Japanese garden on Chappaquiddick Island where we 'hid out' for the pandemic (almost three years). After our fifth shots, we went to Italy for three months, traveling and staying with friends in Rome and in Livorno. We both got COVID there—for Thanksgiving! So the 17-pound turkey we had bought went into the freezer and instead we moved the dozen friends who were coming to a New Year's celebration."

Dan Curry reports that he did an interview with Dr. Mike Seymour, fxguide and Motus Lab cofounder in Sydney, Australia. The interview is available at fxguide.com/fxpodcasts. Scroll down to #341. Currently Dan is working with an Australian production company, developing a new sci-fi series about a brother and sister trying to find their father who disappeared in the asteroid belt while prospecting for a priceless new mineral. Dan has been enjoying doing lots of new conceptual illustrations, and he also continues with fine arts and working on a novel set in Laos in 1970. His son, Devin, and Devin's fiancé, Kat, have moved to London for work.

Leslie Dunkel Miller-Bernal writes, "I continue to live in my house in Cambridge, England, busy with bridge games, badminton, rambling, and a book and film discussion group. I chair the environment group for the University of the Third Age, which improves the environmental knowl-

edge of group members and puts on seminars for the larger community. My older son, who lives with his family mostly in California, has bought the house next to me in Cambridge, which makes possible large gatherings of family from both sides of the Atlantic."

Bob Dietz sent his best to the Class of 1968 and expressed his gratitude that Middlebury has gone back to the print version of *Middlebury Magazine*. **Mary Ann Riggie** agreed, writing, "I look forward to clutching each issue of the MAGAZINE in my hands!" And **Mike Blount**, with tongue in cheek, writes, "I can't thank our class correspondents enough for hanging in there and representing the rest of us lazy bums. I went by Midd while traveling in Vermont and can barely recognize the place. Looks like everyone who died left them a building."

Alanna Shanley '99, from Middlebury's Advancement Office, sent the following report: "It's a pleasure to provide each of you with this update on the Class of 1968 Scholarship Fund. In fall 2022, the Class of 2026 began their academic careers at Middlebury. They came to the College from 43 states and 41 countries. Twenty-one percent are first-generation college students. Thirty-eight percent are students of color. Ten percent are international students. They're different in so many ways, but with one thing in common: *astonishing potential*. The support from the Class of 1968 for scholarship aid enables Middlebury to compete for the most talented students, regardless of their financial circumstances. By removing financial barriers to education, you secure a rich and globally relevant education for *every* Middlebury student. During the 2022–2023 school year, the Class of 1968 Scholarship Fund, with book and market values of $577,336 and $730,236, supported a Chinese major from Maywood, Calif. On behalf of everyone who benefits from the gift of scholarship aid at Middlebury, thank you!"

We regret to inform you of the deaths of three of our classmates. **Christopher Diamond** died on January 12, **Cynthia Camp Barker** died on January 24, and **Elizabeth Eames Roebling** died on April 17. We also learned that **Timothy Dykman** died October 11, 2019.

Chris D'Elia and wife Jenny were in Spain celebrating their 50th anniversary and so were unable to attend our 55th Reunion last June. He writes that after serving for 14 years as dean of Louisiana State University's College of the Coast and Environment, he stepped down in the summer and returned to the full-time faculty as a professor of oceanography and coastal sciences. Chris plans to complete a book about the 1971 Symbios Expedition to Enewetak Atoll. As a graduate student at the University of Georgia, Chris was one of 25 participants on this iconic team study of the metabolism of coral reef. Additionally, Chris writes, "While we were in Spain, I was contacted by Professor of Religion Elizabeth Morrison, secretary of the Phi Beta Kappa chapter at Midd, telling me that I had been elected to PBK based on my professional accomplishments. I have no idea who nominated me. Elizabeth wrote, 'As the nation's original honor society founded in 1776, PBK serves as a source of intellectual curiosity and connection for our members. We are extraordinarily proud to recognize your outstanding academic achievements in the liberal arts and sciences. Phi Beta Kappa is much more than an undergraduate honor. It's also a diverse network of accomplished individuals in every career field and a

GRADUATE SCHOOLS

ARABIC SCHOOL

Asma Khalid ('06) is a White House correspondent for NPR and cohosts the *NPR Politics Podcast*. She joined NPR's Washington team in 2016 and has reported on numerous election campaigns. Her reporting often dives into the political, cultural, and racial divides in the country.

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

Steven Harvey (MA '84) recently published a fourth collection of personal essays, *The Beloved Republic*, which won the Wandering Aengus Press Nonfiction Award. Pitted against authoritarianism, "The Beloved Republic," taken from a phrase by E. M. Forster, is the peaceful and fragile confederacy of kind, benevolent, and creative people in a world of tyrants, thugs, and loud-mouthed bullies. Steven's book can be read as dispatches from that besieged land. Scott Russell Sanders calls it "a humane and magisterial collection of essays."

Brett Pierce (MA '85) has published *Expanding Literacy: Bringing Digital Storytelling into Your Classroom*, a guide for teachers that provides tools and projects to teach students meaningful, thoughtful digital story creation. You can read a review of the book on middleburymagazine.com in the 2023 January/February Editors' Picks of the Review section.

Laurie Johnson Lambert (MA '94), previously the head of school at the Winchendon (Mass.) School, began her new role as head of Stoneleigh-Burnham School in Greenfield, Mass., this past summer.

The Maine Dept. of Education recently launched its inaugural class of Teacher Leader Fellows and **James St. Pierre** (MA '99), who teaches English and biology at Fryeburg Academy, was one of the five teachers selected for the class. A national-board-certified educator with 30 years of experience, James will help to support educators across Maine by providing access to resources and learning opportunities.

Last March it was announced that Dr. **Tamarah Pfeiffer** (MA '00), a member of the Navajo Nation, had been appointed as the president of Southwestern Indian Polytechnic Institute, a community college operated by the Bureau of Indian Education. She had been serving as the bureau's chief academic officer.

Marcella Pixley (MLitt '00) contributed a short story to the anthology *Ab(solutely) Normal: Short Stories that Smash Mental Health Stereotypes*, a fiction book geared toward young adults that reminds readers that living with a mental health condition doesn't mean you have to be defined by it. Marcella teaches eighth grade language arts in the Carlisle (Mass.) Public Schools.

On July 1, **Martin Mooney** (MA '02) began his new position as the head of school at Wyoming Seminary in Kingston, Penn. He was serving as the head of Brighton Academy in Syracuse, N.Y., when he was tapped for the job and has had a long career in independent school education.

To commemorate 27 years of public school teaching in Massachusetts and Florida, **Ben Klemer** (MA '05) threw out the first pitch at a AAA Jacksonville Jumbo Shrimp game. The Jumbo Shrimp are an affiliate of the Florida Marlins. Ben retired last June.

Rachel Wortman Morris (MA '08) is the director of the Future Skill Initiative—Talent and Employability program at Microsoft. She was one of the creators behind the Microsoft Learn for Educators program and former codirector of the Microsoft AI Business School.

Shereem Herndon-Brown (MA '10) is a coauthor of *The Black Family's Guide to College's Admissions*, which helps Black families deal with the challenges and questions they face as they navigate the admissions process. Shereem is an educational consultant, who previously worked as an admissions officer at Georgetown Univ. and as a guidance counselor at two high schools.

Black Filipinx playwright and Kilroys List honoree **Roger Q. Mason** (MA '14) received a developmental reading of their new play, *The Pink*, with Primary Stages as part of their Creative Access Grant Reading Series on April 3. The reading took place at 59E59 Theaters.

About a decade ago, when he began teaching middle school English, **Ryan Tahmaseb** (MA '15) began taking his writing seriously, and this year his first picture book, *Rostam's Picture-Day Pusteen*, will be published. It's based on a story his father, an Iranian-American immigrant, told him from his childhood.

Ariane Lewis (MA '16) is the program manager for storytelling at the Law and Racial Justice Center at Yale Univ. Law School. She supports their advocacy and research work and the Access to Law School pipeline program.

BETTY ASHBURY JONES MA '86 SCHOOL OF FRENCH

At the end of 2022, **Himalee Arunatilaka** (MA '96) was appointed the permanent representative of Sri Lanka to the United Nations Office at Geneva, Switzerland. Prior to her appointment, she was serving as Sri Lanka's ambassador to Nepal, which she had done since 2019. A career diplomat, she has held numerous postings since 1998.

Azusa Kubota ('96), a citizen of Japan, was recently appointed the new resident representative for the United Nations Development Programme (UNDP) in Sri Lanka. Previously, she served as the resident representative at UNDP in Bhutan for four years.

ITALIAN SCHOOL

Costanza Menchi (MA '08) is a professor at Florida State University Florence, Italy, where she teaches textile sciences and is the fashion merchandising and communication program coordinator. She is also one of the directors for the *Italianoles* magazine, a student-written publication highlighting their experiences in Florence.

SCHOOL OF JAPANESE

Tobias Maxwell ('84) had his sixth novel, *Rafael Jerome*, a mystery, published last January. This is his 12th book to date, and you can read a review of it on middleburymagazine.com in the May/June Editors' Picks under Review. You can also follow Tobias on YouTube.

MIDDLEBURY INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL STUDIES AT MONTEREY

Alfonso Montuori (MAIPS '87) sent word that he has a new book out called *Routledge Handbook for Creative Futures*. He is a professor at the California Institute of Integral Studies in San Francisco.

Freedom House recently announced that **Camaran Pipes** (MPA '09) had been selected as the director of Asia programs. She has two decades of experience in civic engagement, peace building, combating violent extremism, and supporting the role of women in peace and security.

While a student at MIIS, **Leon Taubitz** (MACI '23) won the prestigious United Nations St. Jerome Translation Contest for German. He says he chose to translate a rather humorous Irish news article full of irony and figures of speech, making it challenging to translate. He is planning to become an English-German translator and interpreter.

KATHRYN WASSERMAN DAVIS SCHOOL OF RUSSIAN

Fairleigh Dickinson University recently announced that **Benjamin Rifkin**, former director of the School of Russian, had been named the interim university provost and senior vice president for academic affairs. Previously he had been serving as the dean of the Maxwell Becton College of Arts and Sciences.

Kenneth Yin ('88–89, '91, Chinese '90) has published *Mystical Forest: Collected Poems and Short Stories of Dungan Ethnographer Ali Dzhon*. Ali Dzhon is widely regarded as the preeminent writer on the material and spiritual culture and history of the Dungan people, the Sinophone Muslims of Central Asia. You can read a review of the book on middleburymagazine.com in the September/October Editors' Picks under Review.

SCHOOL OF SPANISH

Governor Ron DeSantis recently announced the appointment of **Marielena Cosa Villamil** (MA '70) to the Florida Small Business Development Center Network Statewide Advisory Board. She is the cofounder and chief executive officer of the Washington Economics Group.

Antonella Ciamacco Merolla (MA '98) recently served as a judge for Berk's Best academic award project. She is an instructor of Spanish and Italian and the world languages coordinator at Alvernia University in Reading, Pa.

Sussex Technical High School in Delaware recently announced that **Jason Peel** (MA '99) had been hired as its director of human resources and support services. He began his career in education as a Spanish teacher and over 22 years has served in different teaching and administrative roles.

hub for career resources.' I hope that the Reunion was great." Although he missed Reunion, he was planning to visit Midd this past fall to give several lectures on behalf of PBK.

Steve Limon, who had planned to attend Reunion, but who had recently developed an unusual medical problem in his legs and feet which affected his ability to walk normally or drive, writes, "I have a terrific physical therapist, with whom I started PT after going through numerous diagnostic medical appointments and tests. I will be working with him weekly and doing my daily prescribed vigorous exercises and stretches such that I now have a very positive prognosis and path towards total recovery."

—Class Correspondents: Gail Hyde (glhsrs@rit.edu), 23 Cricket Hill Dr., Pittsford, NY 14534; Tobi Gray Watson (watson.tobi@gmail.com), 401 Old Taos Highway, Apt. 142, Santa Fe, NM 87501.

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REUNION CLASS

Christy Hitchens sends word that she still enjoys living in Houston but misses the people and politics of Vermont.

Dan and **Elinor Livingston Redmond** winter outside of Tucson near **Wendy Cole**. They shared a recent picture that includes **Charlie Beall** and a saguaro.

Alison and **Peter Reynolds** took advantage of a slow (at the time) ski season in Vermont last winter to explore New Mexico for a few weeks. Heading out in their truck camper mid-February, they followed the Ohio River valley to Cairo, Ill., to see what drew Huck Finn there. En route they had an all-too-short visit with Beth and **Ken Cox**. Ken and Peter were elementary and junior high classmates but hadn't seen each other since their Midd graduation. Ken and Beth have a nice old house that looks across the Ohio River from Williamstown, W.V., to Marietta College in Ohio, where he got his master's. Ken retired from a long career helping kids become discriminating thinkers and encouraging them to look at the larger world; then from a short career driving for social services. They maintain close ties with their four kids, all East Coasters from Boston to Florida. Peter and Ken's first reminiscences were of **Terry Plum**.

Peter and Alison continued southwest along the weather front, beating storms that battered the U.S. from Southern California to New England. They spent much of the next six weeks expanding what little they had known about, and marveling at the accomplishments of, the pre-Puebloans who occupied the southwest cliffs and mesas for centuries before moving on. Peter and Alison were expecting to be back in Vermont by mid-May.

Marvelous photos posted on social media show that **Anne Harris Onion** escaped the late winter New Hampshire storms for Seville, Spain, and other points on the Iberian Peninsula.

In early April, **Jim LaChance** visited **Roger Cummings** in Truro, Mass., on Cape Cod. They went to the Wellfleet Museum and ran into its VP, classmate and Wellfleet native with deep Cape roots, **Eric Winslow**. The three took a photo holding a Midd banner. (**Peter** says, "I do have to wonder just who travels with a Midd banner.")

—Class Correspondents: Anne Harris Onion (aonion27@gmail.com), PO Box 207, Gilmanton, NH 03237; Peter Reynolds (preyn@gmavt.net), 493 Stillmeadow Ln., Addison, VT 05491.

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Barry Sullivan still teaches constitutional law and related subjects at Loyola University Chicago. In June 2022, he and wife Winni had the extraordinary volunteer experiences of teaching 12 one-week seminars, each with 12 Ukrainian students whose university educations had been interrupted by the war. The program, "The Flying University for Ukrainian Students," sponsored by the Kościuszko Foundation of Warsaw, was made possible because of Zoom. Barry taught Democracy and Information, while Winni taught about the trial of Joan of Arc.

Dottie Shea completed a trip interrupted in 2020 by going to New Zealand in October 2022. Her eldest grandchild started college in London in fall 2022. Dottie still enjoys life on Capitol Hill in D.C.

Betsy Sky-McIlvain reports that she and John look out of a perfectly lovely house in the Maine woods onto a tidal cove that seems empty. "Our eight grandkids are growing, and the families visit less often as school consumes more time. So we are at that road that has diverged in the wood. We do not want to enter *October Light* (read it); we are not an oblivious couple from a British series. In the short scope, we are both leaders in Georgetown Island community groups and active supporters of Preble Street in Portland and several other service and arts organizations. We have made our Georgetown grounds into a sculpture garden, damaged terribly in 2022 by drought, a groundhog (we named him Chuck and relocated him), and thirsty deer. So there is redesign and replanting to do. Visitors are welcome!"

Gregg Humphrey's recently published book, *Far and Sure: The Northeast Harbor Golf Club*, is about a golf club on Mt. Desert Island in Maine circa 1895. He is also writing a book about the history of golf in Middlebury. His band, Snake Mountain Bluegrass, is still gigging from time to time locally with Middlebury grad Glenn Goodwin '71 as the bass player.

Nancy Heller is one of six authors who contributed chapters to the catalogue accompanying an exhibition at Washington, D.C.'s National Gallery of Art. For "Sargent and Spain" (October 2022–January 2023), she wrote about John Singer Sargent's passion for traditional Spanish music and dance, mainly flamenco, which inspired several of his most impressive paintings.

Jack Rudnick has been included in the 2023 edition of the *Best Lawyers in America*.

Al Perry writes, "Great to have three PERFECT September days in Vermont in 2022 with classmates **Rob Apple**, **Jeff Sturges**, and **Randy Rowland**! First, Rob and I took our annual two-day motorcycle tour over Green Mountain passes. And who did we meet at our Bread Loaf rest stop? President Patton! She graciously stood for a photo and raved about the 50th Reunion. The third day, Team Les Beaux Cyclists (Rob, Randy, Jeff, and moi), completed the 17th Kelly Brush fundraiser bicycle ride through Middlebury area countryside on a beautiful day. A record $1 million was raised to support adaptive sports across the U.S.!" See a photo on page 87 of Al and Rob, with Laurie Patton.

Bonnie Williams Flahive reports that she went with **Jeff Sturges**, his wife Karen (McDonough) '72, and her husband Terry '68 for a bike ride in the dunes at the tip of Cape Cod in October 2022.

Diantha Bartlett Howard welcomed her second grandchild, and first grandson, Leo Nicholas, who was born in September 2022 to daughter Kristin.

Barbara Sullivan writes, "My husband and I are still in the same house in Wilmington, N.C., that we moved into some 40 years ago. Recently the University of North Carolina Press published my second book, *Climate Change Gardening for the South*. I've been doing some presentations on that topic and am finding people very receptive—so far there haven't been any climate deniers in my audiences."

Tom Pierson and wife Molly Davis had an awesome month in Scotland in fall 2022. They started with a nine-day supported hike of the West Highland Way, Scotland's premier national walking trail that goes 96 miles from the outskirts of Glasgow to Fort William on the west coast. A van picked up the luggage each morning and transported it to the next night's accommodation—a lovely way to do it, as they say. The route passes through the heart of the Highlands and quite literally drips with Scottish history, lore, and culture ("Today's rain is tomorrow's whiskey."). They ended with a climb of Ben Nevis and then two weeks in St. Andrews visiting daughter Haley and her family. Haley is getting her doctorate there, and her academic advisor is Madhavi Nevader (Midd '98).

We are sad to report that **Frank Moorman** died on October 27, 2022. A few months earlier, he had submitted this note: "After retiring from the University of Maryland Medical System as director of system internal communications, I concentrated on photography as a primary retirement activity. I continued my part-time acting with the Chesapeake Shakespeare Company in Baltimore till the pandemic and triple-bypass surgery in November 2020, then continued exploring photography, though cancer and chemotherapy made that challenging. I live in Annapolis with my wife, Mary Ellen, and my two daughters and two grandchildren are nearby."

—Class Correspondents: Carol Harden (charden@utk.edu); Diantha Bartlett Howard (diantha.howard@uvm.edu); Beth Prasse Seeley (beth@seeley.com).

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Affordable housing is a challenge across our country, and recently we heard from two of our classmates on this topic. **John Battle** wrote, "About 10 years ago my wife, Candice, and I bought a log cabin in the Methow Valley, a cross-country skiing mecca about 200 miles east and north of Seattle. We have enjoyed the skiing and other activities and have become increasingly involved with the community. The biggest struggle with the small towns in this valley is that no housing is available to rent or buy for the people who work there. Not only are homes not affordable with local incomes but they are in very short supply. With a career in building design and construction, I joined a local housing trust whose mission is to provide secure, affordable housing. This organization uses a model in which the land is owned by the trust, which builds and sells homes at a discount to qualified buyers. The buyers purchase the home with a favorable rural bank loan, join the homeowner's association (small dues), and live there as owners as long as they wish. When the owners want to leave, the house is returned to the trust, and the owners receive the equity from the loan reduction and a percentage for appreciation. The trust refurbishes and resells the house at an affordable cost. As of this date, this housing trust has provided homes for 30 families and is developing more at the rate of five per year."

Abi Proctor Sessions responded, "I served on the board of our local emergency shelter for nine years and now serve on our local housing trust board. Addison County Community Trust owns or manages over 700 units of affordable housing in the county: mobile home parks, apartments in small buildings, apartments in large buildings, and shared equity homes such as you describe. We currently have a 20-unit project under construction in Bristol. Cooperation among agencies is exemplary in Vermont, it seems to me, and I recently read that since the pandemic, 2,800 Vermont families experiencing homelessness have moved to permanent housing. This year about 1,000 homes around the state will be either completed or under construction. It is heartening to see progress, though discouraging to comprehend the extent of the need."

Marshall Forstein wrote in about coming to terms with loss as we age. "At this time in our lives, many have experienced the loss of important and beloved people. I recently coedited and authored part of a unique book publishedby Oxford University Press, titled *Loss and Grief: Personal Narratives of Physicians and Other Health Care Providers*. It has been a privilege and a work of love to be part of this book in which I have learned so much about myself and others in our shared grief. We are all human, and loss is an inevitable event. Our response to loss starts a grieving process that slowly helps us move back into our lives, forever changed. I'm particularly proud of the cover of the book and another inside illustration created by my son, Scott."

Martha Murray reported a sailing adventure. "Last August, our son Tim and I sailed from New Haven, Conn., on a week's cruise with my husband, **John Gambell**'s, brother Grant on his 34-foot sailboat *Pilgrim*. We were headed to Wilmington, Del., to attend a family reunion that had been postponed by the pandemic. We sailed west and south to NYC. After a night in City Island, we motored down the East River at 4:30 a.m. and under the Throg's Neck and Whitestone Bridges. At high tide we slipped though Hell's Gate at the junction of the Harlem and East Rivers. Roosevelt Island's Four Freedoms, the United Nations, the underside of the Williamsburg, Manhattan, and Brooklyn Bridges, all passed by in the increasing light. Suddenly we were in New York's inner harbor, where the bright orange Staten Island Ferry accompanied us past the Statue of Liberty. Next up, the Verrazzano Narrows Bridge and south. We dropped Tim at Atlantic Highlands to meet his girlfriend. Next stop, Barnegat Bay, and then miles upon miles of beach homes west to Cape May, Delaware Bay, and finally Delaware City. John joined us at the reunion and sailed with us in Chesapeake Bay for another few days. The most exciting part of this adventure was rediscovering sailing skills acquired 50 years ago." Martha was hoping they could join Grant on his trip in June sailing back to Camden, Maine, "if he will have us."

David Koret sent the following update: "I was unbelievably lucky in 2008 when the opportunity arose to buy

my dream house in Brewster, Mass. (Cape Cod), on a pristine, sand-bottomed pond. I retired in 2019, and my partner Becky and I spend half our time in Brewster and half in Houston, where we've lived since 2017. Renting out the Brewster house in July and August carries the expenses, allowing us to travel all over Vermont. We've stayed in the Northeast Kingdom, Killington, Stratton, and Stowe areas." This past summer they were scheduled to spend July in Lovell, Maine, and August just southeast of Lake Winnipesaukee. Then back to Brewster, where they were hosting the usual (Midd) suspects at their customary September gathering. He couldn't wait to see their laughing faces around the dinner table!

Susan Fritsch Hunter wrote this tribute about retired professor Robert Pack, longtime director of the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, who died on June 4 at the age of 94 at his Montana home. "Shortly before he died, Bob had sent galleys of his latest (and last) poetry book to his publisher, his wife Patty told me. I reconnected with Bob during the planning of our remote 50th Reunion, asking permission from him to read his poem, 'What Would Wind Say?' at our memorial service. Not only did I read the poem, but Bob and I started weekly phone conversations that continued for more than two years. I would read his poems to him, because he was losing his vision, and he would listen to the drafts of my poems. He wouldn't tell me what to write, but he'd say, 'That needs a little more' or 'I like it!' What a gift these conversations were to both of us. He never mentioned his infirmities but seemed to love the life that was left to him. His interests remained far-ranging. During our final conversation, just two weeks before he died, we discussed poetry, Handel's music, the 'War God' of the Old Testament, Chagall's art, and the Boston Red Sox. Bob mentored many of his students throughout the years, and Patty Pack told me that I was 'the last student he worked with.' Thank you, Bob, for sharing your wisdom, humor and time with me." An obituary for Bob appears in the back of this issue.

We are sad to share news of the deaths of three classmates. **Barry P. Metayer** passed away on November 22, 2022. He loved to play golf, and for 15 years he organized a golf tournament benefiting SIDS research in memory of his son, Barry Jr. He also organized the SIDS Race 4 Life in Springfield, Mass., for 26 years. **Helen Maxson Cervini** passed away January 27, 2023. **Peter Ender** of North Miami Beach, Fla., passed away on September 12, 2022.

Best to all and send us your news!

—Class Correspondents: Gail Cross Giebink (ggiebink@austin.utexas.edu); Carolyn Ungberg Olivier (carolyn.olivier@gmail.com); Karen Lindsay Palmer (kpalmer@hbr.org).

1972

Following up on **Evey**'s report on our 50th Reunion (in the last issue), here are a few more memories from **Jennifer**: Our fabulous 50th actually got started Wednesday night, when a diverse group of early arrivals gathered in the bar at the Middlebury Inn. There were repeated squeals of delight as classmates paused, stared, then suddenly recognized long-unseen friends and acquaintances. I glanced at one vaguely familiar couple enough times that **Marcia Muller** and **Bob Crimi** finally introduced themselves—and, of course, then they looked just the same! The end of that evening gave a hint of things to come: **Paul Paletti**, **Cindy Wright Berlack**, **Cynthia Uppendahl Marsh** and husband Jim, and I closed down the bar, five people who had never socialized together before, having a grand old time together back in Middlebury! "Extraordinary and unexpected conversations with classmates both well-known and virtually unknown" was a Reunion highlight, according to **Kathy Page Willis**, who had "a lovely dinner conversation with **Bernie Wesson**, someone I never before had dinner with."

Throughout the weekend, we connected, or reconnected, the same way we met people 50 years ago: at meals (lunch with old friends **Paul Marshall** and **Charli Fulton** and new friend **Steve Crowley** was a great start to the Reunion), in the dorm (**Sheila Merzer** and I met at least a dozen times in our hallway), and going to and from class. (After a panel in Dana Auditorium, Russian historian **Nancy Shields Kollmann** noted how sad it's been to see Russia transformed by Putin.) Other '72ers met through shared interests: **Denise Degutis Jernigan** and **Ed Vine** shared birding adventures while waiting to march up the hill to Convocation. (After hearing Laurie Patton at Convocation and at a class dinner, Ed commented, "Middlebury has an outstanding president"—an assessment shared by many of us.)

Cheryl Rinder was *not* with us; she lost her battle with pancreatic cancer three days before we all showed up. But her bereaved husband, John Stark, a veteran of prior Reunions, came in her place and was embraced by Cher's friends.

It was a full four days of hiking, dancing, weeping, and laughing; cheering Tom Rush, marveling over the talents revealed at '72 Creates, poring over **Judy McCormack**'s incredible photo archive (while munching her divine cookies), and enjoying brunch at Churchill '71 and **Janet Halstead Franklin**'s farm. Always, we looked for the bright yellow name tags identifying our class and said "Hello!" Or sometimes, "I don't know you, but hi, I'm..." and a new friendship began. It was a super Reunion. By Sunday, there were many volunteers to help plan the next one!

Thanks to everyone who worked on *this* Reunion—on the yearbook, social, and gift committees. Special accolades to our generous leaders—**Janet Franklin**, **George Cady**, **Ingrid Stanlis**, and **George Kuckel**—who inspired us all to a record-setting 50th Reunion class gift of $1.1+ million! Last but not least, kudos to Midd staffers Lyn Degraff and Tiffany Stowe, who made it all work. (If you visit campus, find them and salute!)

Now, a few non-Reunion updates: **Mark** and **Sally Davidson Foster** could not be in Vermont because of a long-planned trip to Iceland, but they were all ears in July when I visited them in St. Paul, Minn.; Iceland was terrific, but they were sorry to have missed our 50th.

Betsy Coquillard White celebrated in Italy while we gathered at Midd, but she called from Los Gatos, Calif., afterward to hear about everything and everyone at the Reunion. Readers and book lovers can follow Betsy ("not your mother's librarian") on Instagram where she posts as *bibliobetsy*.

Michael Reed reported that his book, *Ndjole Diary: Africa 38 Years Ago,* is available now after three solid years of writing. Based on journals and photographs from his time as a Fulbright Fellow in the 1980s, the book is a factual memoir of his life in Ndjole, a town of 5,000 on the Ogooue River in the interior of Gabon. To learn more, visit Michael's website, ndjolememoir.com.

Madeleine Phu Dung Li—who *was* at the Reunion!—later sent an update on **Annie Condat**, a French major and Spanish minor originally from Niger. Madeleine and Annie were good friends at Midd but lost touch later. Sadly, Madeleine learned recently that Annie died a decade ago in Paris, suffering from Alzheimer's.

September 2022 brought news of the death of award-winning broadcast journalist **Anne Garrels**. Anne started with us as a freshman, graduated from Harvard, and traveled the world as a correspondent with ABC and NBC, then for 20 years with NPR. At NPR, she was known as a relentless reporter, "willing to go anywhere in the world at a moment's notice." After years reporting from Moscow, she covered wars and conflicts in El Salvador, Nicaragua, and Iraq, often highlighting the impact of these events on the lives of people living through them. When she was no longer able to travel, she helped found a nonprofit relief organization to assist Ukraine. Anne had battled lung cancer since 2016. An obituary for Anne appears in the back of this issue.

Exciting news from **Daniel Suman** in Miami, who is coeditor of a new book, *Oceans and Society, An Introduction to Marine Studies* published by Routledge as part of its Earthscan Oceans series. Last November, Daniel, who teaches environmental/coastal law and policy at the Univ. of Miami, took 12 law students to the COP-27 (27th Conference of the Parties) Climate Change Convention in Sharm El-Sheikh, Egypt. Daniel presented talks on mangrove restoration and Blue Carbon, organized by the Panama Delegation, while his students prepared position papers and attended various negotiating sessions. Daniel predicts that participating in international negotiations on "the principal global challenge" facing humanity will be a highlight of his students' academic careers, preparing them for environmental leadership in whatever future path they select.

And some sad news. Condolences to **Mary Kate Sullivan Cox** whose husband Tom died in December 2022, a few days before Christmas. Many classmates will remember Tom from our 50th Reunion as well as earlier '72 gatherings. We send our sympathies to Mary Kate and their three children and families.

—Class Correspondents: Jennifer Hamlin Church (jhchurch@sienaheights.edu); Evey Zmudsky LaMont (eveylamont@gmail.com).

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Our 50th! Whether you were reading the yearbook last spring and/or were lucky enough to attend our class's special Reunion in

DRAWING INFLUENCES
WITH

MADDIE DAI '14

Illustrator, cartoonist, designer, writer

Maira Kalman's illustrated series for the *New York Times*, particularly "The Pursuit of Happiness," was the first time I had seen journalism, storytelling, and illustration combined in such a way, and I loved them. She makes small things feel monumental and the chaotic human condition somehow approachably humorous. And writes without identifying as a writer. What a neat trick.

If there's a trend in my influences, it's anyone who has combined words and pictures for a laugh. The surface or medium is irrelevant to me. **Grayson Perry** does it on everything from vases to tapestries. I particularly love Perry's maps, funny and beautiful ways to organize everything from social phenomena and cultural trends to neuroses, habits, and subconscious thoughts. As someone who moved to London a few years back, I use the maps to assimilate myself into the particulars of British "prejudices, fashions, and foibles."

Edward Steed is my favorite *New Yorker* cartoonist, and, thrillingly for me, he's just getting started—in cartooning terms, which blessedly appears to be decades/as long as you can hold a pencil. He can move between dark, sharp, and witty, as in his cartoon featuring a group of mobsters politely asking for an outlet so they can do some torturing. He can then turn on a dime and depict humans at their simplest and sweetest, as with the cinema worker who has set out his favorite six pieces of popcorn and labeled them "staff picks."

Destination White House

A poli-sci degree pays off

Ben LaBolt '03 appeared on the cover of *Middlebury Magazine's* winter 2004 edition alongside the headline "The New Face of Politics?" The feature article inside profiled a cohort of young Midd alumni, including LaBolt, who were campaigning for former Vermont governor and then presidential candidate Howard Dean. The work seemed like a good fit; at Midd, LaBolt majored in political science and used to get friends together to watch the latest episodes of *The West Wing*. Dean never made it to the West Wing himself—but LaBolt did. Since March 2023 he has been serving as the White House communications director for the Biden administration.

After Dean's campaign ended, LaBolt stayed in politics, working as press secretary for a series of local, state, and national candidates. In 2007, he joined Barack Obama's presidential campaign team and landed his first stint in the White House in 2009 as assistant press secretary. He left a year later to work as communications director for Rahm Emanuel's mayoral bid in Chicago but returned to Washington to serve as national press secretary for Obama's reelection campaign in 2011.

In 2013, LaBolt cofounded a communications firm, the Incite Agency, later becoming a partner when it was acquired by Bully Pulpit Interactive in 2016. In 2015, he was named to *PR Week's* 40 Under 40 list of leaders who "get results, never settle, and represent the future of communications."

As for his career trajectory, LaBolt frames it less in terms of his accomplishments and more in terms of his good fortune. "I've had the privilege of pursuing some of my passions—politics and communications—and working in them from all angles: campaign, government, and private-sector agency," he says. "I also got to build a business from the ground up with good friends and really talented colleagues, reinventing the model for a modern communications firm."

Even when asked if he ever imagined, as a young campaign staffer on the cover of *Middlebury Magazine*, he would someday be White House communications director, LaBolt downplays his role in his own success. "I hoped to one day have the chance to work for a winning candidate and follow him or her to the White House," he says, adding that he could never have predicted it would happen. Looking back to that 2004 cover, we are less surprised than he is.

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN CUSTER

June, we can all agree this was certainly a moment in time. Yes, we wonder how we ever got to be over 70 years old, but we can easily transport ourselves back to the early 1970s and recall those days, our friends, teachers, the campus, the events. What rich memories! As we, **Lindy** and **Lisa**, were writing these words last March for the next issue, we were still in anticipation mode, reading that spectacular yearbook, checking in with friends, enjoying '73 Zooms, getting regular reminders from the College, and, before making the trip back to campus, securing our reservations.

It was a busy year for many of our classmates who organized our celebration and we want to take this space to thank them. First, the yearbook crew, who were at it the longest, starting in summer 2022 (yes, "the seasons, they go round and round"). Thanks to their diligence—and incredible creativity—we have a wonderful capture of the individuals who shared our Midd years. Led by editors par excellence, **Kit Adams Miller** and **Ria Torres Murphy**, many classmates volunteered months of time and brought their many special talents to the project: **Jay Aronson**, **Joe Bergin**, **Melinda Held Brunger**, **Lesley Cadman**, **Tim Clemens**, **Susan Crandell**, **Susan Dale**, **Kathy Wonson Eddy**, **Nonie Ferris**, **Sue Karl**, **Alison Sommers Kennedy**, **Walter Newman**, **Carolyn Leggett Perine, Sage Russell**, **Lucy Totten**, and **Kathy Wilson**. The yearbook was a masterpiece of group memories and individual classmates! Thank you to all '73ers who were able to meet the deadlines (and their extensions, thank you, committee!) and share their inspirational stories and pictures.

The Gift Committee worked behind the scenes all year to develop some unique options for 50th-year alumni to give back to the College in appreciation for the rich experiences we had during our years at Middlebury. **Mike Schoenfeld** and **Marilyn Frison Hand** ably chaired this team: **Bill Burke**, **Janet Frey DeVito**, **Margie Lyons Durning**, **Franci Vinal Farnsworth**, **Peter Goodwin**, **Deborah Schneider Greenhut**, and **Kathy Frazer Winsted**. They reached out to classmates and (as of mid-March, with more donations coming in) secured pledges totaling $3,000,000, substantial support for the College's Annual Fund, Scholarship Fund, Seizing Opportunities Fund, and Middlebury Snowbowl Fund. Amazing work, committee and classmates!

The Social Committee, under the leadership of the ever-resourceful duo, **Mary Farley** and **Kevin Kenlan**, began meeting in October 2022 to organize a slate of Reunion activities, including the fun Zoom meetings in the winter and spring, where we were all excited to see "old faces" and learn new things. A crew of enthusiastic classmates, including **Jim Blum**, **Deborah Greenhut**, **Keith Oberg**, **Laurie Fuller Peach**, **Mike Querner**, **Lindy Osterland Sargent**, **Nancy Piskor Twichell**, and **Gladys Waltemade**, along with **Walter Newman** and **Sage Russell** (creators of the class survey) brought an array of activities to the 50th party. One of the really special planned events was the memorial service. Thanks to these classmates for creating the program and the music certain to touch all our hearts: **Kathy Eddy**, **Peter Hamlin**, **Peter Irvine**, **Becky Skinner**, and **Kim White**. We also want to express our heartfelt gratitude to our College liaison staff, Lyn DeGraff and Tiffany Stowe. These women shared a wealth of information, creativity, organizational expertise, passion for the College, and fun. And finally, writing in March, we KNOW that this will be an incredible 50th. A huge thank you to all the '73ers who could travel to Vermont to be with our class, making for a memorable experience and celebration. Reunion memories will hopefully be shared in future class columns, which will be brought to you by our faithful veteran class correspondent, **Deborah Greenhut**, and co-correspondent **Bob Badger**. We, **Lisa** and **Lindy**, thank you so much for sharing your stories with us and with our class all these years. We're sure you'll continue to actively keep in touch with this very special group of alumni, the Class of '73!

—Class Correspondents: Lisa Donati Mayer (ldmayer@aol.com); Lindy Osterland Sargent (davelindysarg@gmail.com).

1974
REUNION CLASS

Frank Cooper tells us, "A weeklong celebration of friends was held in August 2022, culminating in the annual KDR Golf Tournament at the Myhre course at the College. The two-day, 36-hole event was held in memory of **Charlie O'Sullivan**, with the winner awarded the Midd Panther Trophy. The 2022 winner was **Bruce Bertkau**. Among those participating in the golf and week's festivities were classmates **Peter Cullinan** and wife Amy, Connie Bertkau, Heidi and **Dave Uyrus,** and Jeanne and **Bruce Burdett.** Also attending were Mark Uppendahl '75 and wife Joan, Kevin Donahue '75, Tom O'Connor '75 with partner Kim, and George Stout '75."

Shyla Paulose Rankin writes, "I happily taught freshman comp and ESL for years, a field I initially got into because I wanted to live and travel in as many countries as I could after graduation. Places and faces from those sweet Midd days often slide into my head. In one of those strange coincidences, my daughter-in-law is a Midd graduate and the daughter of **Phil Davis**. Hope everyone has had a good run at life. I maintain a zero online presence but can be contacted at shyla@srankin.com."

Mark Patlovich writes, "After 38 years practicing as a physician in Gainesville, Fla., I, and my wife, packed up and moved to Chapel Hill, N.C., near where our youngest son has a farm. We found that we were up there working on it much of the year, so the move just made sense. In addition to helping out on the farm, I also work one or two days a week for my original practice in Florida. I find that I still really enjoy it and am fortunate that radiology is truly tailor-made to working remotely. Another son lives in Park City, so I get a few weeks of skiing in every March. Also took up tennis and do that a bunch."

Nancy Vaughan O'Neal says, "Hello from La Jolla, California. John '75 and I moved here in 2016 from Clinton, N.Y., upon retirement. (John was a French professor at Hamilton College, and I a French teacher at Westmoreland Central School.) My 97-year-old mother, still independent and spry, lives a couple blocks away, and my sister is nearby as well. So, La Jolla was a natural place for us to retire. It has turned out to be a great move for both of us, even if we found the process of uprooting ourselves and replanting in a quite different environment surprisingly challenging. John and I met at Middlebury's graduate School of French, spending the summer of 1974 on campus and then the 1974–1975 academic year in Paris. We spent six more years in that lovely city while our children were growing up, as John directed the Hamilton College academic-year-abroad program. Those were important years for our family, marking each of us in deep and positive ways. Since arriving in Southern California, however, John and I have turned our attention to Spanish. I can't say we're fluent quite yet, but with the help of our weekly conversation classes, we now stumble along with some facility. It is a process! Earlier this year, I got a phone call from **Mark Mariner**, who, with wife Marcia, now has a second home north of us in Carlsbad. It was great to get together with him here on the West Coast. I have also been in touch with Ariane Bailey Hiribarne '73, whom we saw regularly in Paris. Last May, we had dinner in the D.C. area with **Anne Du Vivier** and husband Bo Green, who are always good company. John and I have two children, a daughter who now lives in Rome, N.Y., and a son who is in Boston. Our daughter has struggled valiantly with schizoaffective disorder over the past 22 years. All four of us have had to cope in different ways. Knowing how prevalent, but also how hidden, mental illness is, I thought it might be helpful to others to mention it. Other classmates have had similar challenges, no doubt, and these are part of our life stories."

Christine Piotrows Szczepanowski writes, "I spent the 10 years after graduation moving among New York, Philadelphia, and Warsaw, Poland, eventually ending up back in Philadelphia in the house I grew up in. I've worked in the editorial field and as a translator, and on the staff of the Sociology Department at the Univ. of Pennsylvania. I am now on the staff of Old St. Joseph's, the Jesuit church in Philadelphia,

where, among other things, I run the children's program and do spiritual direction. I've also done a lot of volunteer work, especially during my years as a stay-at-home (misnomer!) mom. My husband, Matthew, is an artist and art conservator, and I have a daughter and a son, two grandchildren, and a stepdaughter with three children. Although I transferred to Barnard College after sophomore year, I kept up Middlebury connections and am grateful to the College for considering me an alumna."

Hauser & Wirth Institute recently announced the publication of a new, digital catalogue raisonné, *Franz Kline Paintings, 1950–1962*, developed under the direction of Kline scholar **Bob Mattison**. It's freely accessible online and documents an ambitious period of Kline's art. Bob is the Metzger Professor of Art History at Lafayette College.

Sadly, we learned that **Earl Irving** passed away in August 2022 after a long battle with cancer. Earl spent many years in the U.S. Foreign Service and his postings took him to places of tremendous political, economic, and social change, first to Brazil and the Soviet Union and then to Zimbabwe, Mexico, South Africa, and Australia. His crowning achievement was being appointed by President Obama as U.S. Ambassador to Swaziland (now Eswatini), where he began serving in 2009. An obituary appears in the back of this issue.

Finally, *yes*, it's been 50 years! We'll be celebrating our Reunion over a four-day weekend, **June 6–9**. Look for information from the College about the upcoming Reunion and make plans to attend.

—Class Correspondents: Barry Schultz King (kinglet@together.net); Steve Trebino (stevetrebino@gmail.com).

1975

When **Melissa Blackmer Thyoneus** wrote in, she was intending to retire last spring or summer. "I will be moving to Nevada. I am looking at real estate in the Reno area. I spent five days in Reno last July. They do a cool thing called Artown every July that includes a broad spectrum of the arts. Currently I am practicing for retirement by working half time. Having spent my life prioritizing people's needs, I expect retirement to be a whole new adventure. I may even get caught up on my procrastination."

—Class Correspondent: Nan Rochelle McNicholas (hbmidd@yahoo.com).

1976

Marion Adler and husband David McCormick '74 welcomed their first grandchild, a boy, Carter Addison McCormick, born last August to their son, Michael '09 and his wife, Kelsey Nelson '09. According to Marion, "Both Michael and Kelsey are avid Cubs fans, so David and Kelsey's father assumed that 'Addison' was selected in honor of the address of Wrigley Field. But it's not. It's for Addison County. Baby Carter is a joy to all of us, even if his parents wish they were getting more sleep."

Jim Blaney says, "After graduating from Midd, I spent the next six years or so splitting time between summers in Norwich, Vt., doing carpentry and building, and winters out west, ski bumming in Alta, Utah, and playing blackjack in Nevada. In '83, Martha and I decided to make the full-time move back out west and headed to Sedona, Ariz., one of the most beautiful spots in the U.S., and, before timeshares and short-term rentals, a very cool little town. I started out building houses the first 10 years, and in '89 started a glorified mom-and-pop water treatment business, with offices in Sedona, Flagstaff, and Prescott. We raised two girls and have one five-year-old grandson, who lives in the D.C. area. I sold the water treatment company in the spring of 2021, thankfully getting out before the worst of the supply chain headaches, and we are now happily retired. What really brought us to Sedona was the opportunity for outdoor recreational activities in the wild West. We love skiing, hiking, and exploring the canyons and mountains of the Southwest, and the Sedona area has all of those within a short drive and allows us to access the ski areas of California, Utah, and Colorado within an easy one-day drive. While the West is no longer as wild as it once was, our Jeep allows us to get into some pretty wild, remote, and beautiful places and, for now anyway, away from the hordes that populate so much of the territory. We're keeping our fingers crossed that the persistent drought eases up and the West doesn't wither away or burn up. We've already lost a lot of beautiful country out here. We love running into Midd folks. The last several years, we've been linking up for skiing in Colorado with **Lucy Call King** and husband Roger '75 and usually try to get together with **Ken Goldman**, **Craig Ward**, **Jim Cardamone**, and Cully Erdman '73. Martha's family has a house on Lake George in the Adirondacks, and we get back east for a week or two most summers. While there, we often see **Bill Emerson** and John Jacobs '78, and every four years we make the Close Enough Labor Day party in Norwich, Vt., where we see a multitude of Middlebury people. We hope to make our 50th Reunion, and, meanwhile, anyone coming out to Sedona should give us a shout."

A sad note came from **Sheara Friend**, who lost her husband of 39 years, Mark Burkholz, after a short and sudden illness. Notes of condolences can be addressed to her at 65 Hawthorne Way, Number 3, Rumney, NH 03266.

—Class Correspondents: P Joan Ingram Gavigan (joan.gavigan@gmail.com); Gary Holmes (garyholmes76@gmail.com).

1977

Caroline Goodwin '14 sent the sad news that her father, **Darrell Goodwin**, lost his battle with cancer January 10, 2023, at his home. She writes, "Dad was raised in Rutland, Vt., and Point au Baril, Canada. His love of nature and the outdoors was instilled in him from his time spent in both places. At Middlebury, he was a member of the ski team and the golf team. Living in Colorado, he was an avid skier, fly fisherman, hiker, hunter, golfer, and boater. His love of heli skiing was legendary to all who knew him. When he was not heli skiing, he was skiing all over Vail Mountain or hiking and hunting in the fall. His optimism and love of life will never be forgotten by those he's left behind."

—Class Correspondent: Bob Lindberg (boblindberg1928@gmail.com).

1978

Congratulations to three classmates! **Katie Shepherd** was appointed the dean of the College of Education and Social Services at UVM, effective last January 15. She is the Levitt Family Green and Gold Professor of Education and was serving as interim dean before her appointment. She has been a member of the UVM community for 36 years.

The art of our own **Julia Wachtel** was featured at Art Brussels in Belgium last April.

David Salem has a new position with Hedgeye Risk Management, a leading independent provider of investment research and

CELEBRATIONS

1 Caroline Goodwin '14 married Eric Roberts '13 in Beaver Creek, Colo., on August 21, 2021, and they were thrilled to have many Midd friends and family join them! The Middlebury banner belonged to Caroline's grandmother, the late Mary Weeks Goodwin '53. Attendees included Lani Bruntz '11.5, Celia Cadwell '14.5, Jim Goodwin '79, Abby Karp '14, Darrell Goodwin '77, the newlyweds, Steve Roberts '83, Shonda Roberts Rogers '89, Samantha Collins '14, Emily Hammel '13.5, Hannah Newman '13, Parker Cadwell '16, Jared Cadwell '76, Kathy Weeks Cadwell '77, Jeff Dobronyi '13, (second row) Matthew Grossman '13, Oliver Sutro '14, Matthew Whitley '13, Stephen Lammers '13, Sama Winder '11, Andrew Torman '13, Brendan Scully '13, Nathan Kowalski '15, Sarah Hemphill '16, Philip Chang '15, Patrick Adelstein '14, Molly Hubbard '13, Alex Cort '14.5, Will Lones '14, and Nat Drucker '14.5.

2 Sarah Lauing '07 married Or Cohen at Sugar Bowl Ski Resort in Norden, Calif., on July 31, 2022. Many Middlebury (KDR) friends and spouses were in attendance: (kneeling) Leslie Lartey '05, Peter Abrikian '04, (standing) Chris Geier '06, Sarah Calvert Lartey '08, the newlyweds with Naomi Louise Cohen, Flannery Murphy Geier '07, Josh Transue '02, Katharine Transue (Midd spouse), Ben Kraines '04.5, and Sara Friedman (Midd spouse).

3 After delaying the celebration two times due to COVID, Emmy Masur '12.5 and Charlie Patterson got married in a tiny ceremony in their backyard in December 2020 and had a wedding celebration on September 11, 2021, in Nashville, Tenn. Many Middlebury friends and family joined the celebration: (all '12 or '12.5 unless noted) the newlyweds, Harriet Napier, Laura Romig, Hannah Judge, Kara Montbleau, (second row) Tess Sherman, Emma Hodge, Jenny Lindsey '11, Awa Goodwin '14, Edith Macausland Mabrey '76, Owen Teach '13.5, Emily Bennett, Britty Barrett, Jack Masur '10, Sara Skubikowski '07, Anna Clements Teach, and Zach Dayno.

4 Emily Alper '15 and Paul Carroll '11 married on June 18, 2022, in Minneapolis, Minn., with a large, happy gathering of Middlebury friends in attendance: David Reed '11, Ryan Wholey '11, Gary Cooper '11, the newlyweds, Joel Blockowicz '15, Chris Peterson '13, David Murray '15, (second row) Marguerite Caputi '16, Charlotte Michaelcheck '15, Sayre White '15, Zoe Loveman '15, Carter Talgo '15, Elizabeth Bernhard '15, Olivia Tabah '15, Jake Edwards '11, Connor Green '11, Adrian Kerester '15, Julia Hatheway '17.5, Albert Giroux '15, Andrew Poulin '11, (third row) Gabe Weissmann '15, Nic Strain '15, Katherine Dewey '15, Colleen Sullivan '15, Carl Culicchia '11, Annie Weinberg '10, Joseph Fiori '11, Charlie Kunze '15, Gina Puccinelli '15, and Marea Hatheway '15.

5 Maggie O'Hara '09.5 married Zak Weisberg in New York City on November 5, 2022. Middlebury friends who joined the couple in celebration include Charlie Fry '10.5, Dave Birr '09, Emily Kron '09.5, Sara Blaise Huddleston '09, Mark Whelan '10.5, Mike West '09.5, Reisa Bloch '09.5, the newlyweds, Sophia Ouyang '10, Jason Sanford '10, Carly Jones '09.5, Anna Draft Darch '09.5, Ben Kunofsky '09.5, Maeve Whelan-Wuest '09.5, Josh Pincus '10.5, and Doug Shultz '10.

6 Kris Williams '11 and Jocelyn Breton '12 were married on September 4, 2022, at the Mad River Barn in Waitsfield, Vt., with many Middlebury friends celebrating with the couple: John Garrett '11, Abhishek Sripad '11, Melissa Segil '11.5, Alex Jopek '11.5, Connor Wood '11, Lisa Mulcahy Wood '12, Sarah Harney '12, Addison Godine '11.5, Jason Jan '12, Brendan Mahoney '11, Allie Astolfi '11, Alison Fonseca Mahoney '11, the newlyweds, Shane Scranton '12.5, Ariele Faber '12, Dana Walters '12, Lou Cornacchione '13, Ben Pruitt '12, Emily Dodge '13, Paul Miller '12, Katie Siegner '12, Dirk van Duym '12, Nick Clark-Jasset '14, Hilary Cunningham Clark-Jasset '12, Astrid Schanz-Garbassi '12, Eli Bildner (Midd spouse), Erik Brooks '11.5, and Hester Brooks (Midd spouse).

an online financial media firm. David leads the firm's efforts to deliver institutional investor quality research to pension funds, endowments, family offices, RIAs, and other large capital asset allocators. David said he was honored to join the Hedgeye team and excited to help other investment professionals make efficient and effective use of Hedgeye's world-class research. Prior to joining Hedgeye, David was a research partner at Sparkline Capital and an advisor to institutional investors. He also served as founding president and chief investment officer of the Investment Fund for Foundations (TIFF), a Boston-based firm managing $8 billion as outsourced CIO to nonprofits and foundations. The *Wall Street Journal* named David one of the 30 most influential professional investors, citing his writings on TIFF's behalf.

Our class sends its deepest sympathies to the families and friends of **Jenny Atkins** and **Susanne Herz**. Jenny died on June 30, 2022. An obituary appears in the back of the magazine. Susanne died on February 12, 2010, and an obit was in the last issue. As well, **Diane Nastri** informed the College that **Rita Zito Alfieri** died in January 2014. Diane says, "She was my roommate and a very close friend. I really miss her."

We would love to hear from you, particularly if you haven't been in touch for a while!

—Class Correspondents: David Jaffray (ddjaffray@gmail.com); Anne Rowell Noble (anne.noble@gmail.com).

1979

REUNION CLASS

Nancy Limbacher Meyer writes, "After years of teaching and performing improvisational comedy, I've self-published a book. *Teaching Improv Skills: Stories, Games, and Tips for Improvisational Comedy Troupes* is now up on Amazon. It's filled with stories of real students workshopping and performing improvisational comedy. The skills featured in the stories are then explored deeply, and then I provide games to further develop those skills. Each game comes with detailed instructions (so anyone can lead the exercise), coaching suggestions, modifications, and debriefing questions to stamp the learning. People are using the book for meetings, team building, classrooms, writing, storytelling, and even to teach improv. For those who heard my talk at our Reunion Moth gathering, there are no stories of nudist colonies, but the tales are still pretty funny! Hope you'll check it out.

"Our daughter Katie married Billy Hagberg last September, and this mother-of-the-bride entered in style thanks to the fashion skills of **Joanellen Sullivan** and **Majie Zeller**. It was great dancing at the event with the 'Middlebury girls,' and we even included my aunt, Linda Limbacher Thompson, MA Spanish '71 for a photo!"

When **Pam Guthrie** wrote last year, she was still working at a community health center in Boulder, Colo., as a family doc, but was planning to retire. She said it had been a good career but it was time to wind it up. She added, "**Carol Van Alstine** and her partner come by most weeks to play with my dog and have dinner, occasionally playing and singing music. In August 2021 I went to Rome, to my nephew's wedding to a lovely Ukrainian girl; I got to use my VERY rusty Russian; her family and many friends are in Kyiv, and we think of them with hopeful hearts daily. My daughter lives in Boston and we may sometime get up to Middlebury when my time is my own. I get east at least yearly and generally see stalwart friends **Gen Howe** and Lee Campbell '78 for a walk and a meal."

I (**Henry**) had breakfast with **Rob Rowe** while in D.C. right after last Thanksgiving. Great to see him. In September '21, I paddled the first 90 miles of the Northern Forest Canoe Trail from Old Forge, N.Y., to Saranac Lake. In May '22, my daughter, Caroline, and I bicycled from Seattle, Wash., to Whitefish, Mont., the second leg of a cross-country bike trip. We stayed with **Gretchen Hund** and her husband, Ted, before setting out from Seattle—they helped with logistics and meals!"

Check out a photo of some classmates on page 87.

—Class Correspondent: Henry Heyburn (hrheyburn@hotmail.com).

1980

Charlie Altekruse, husband of the late **Barbara Banks**, sent news that his family launched the Barbara Banks Vision Fund in partnership with Adventure Travel Conservation Fund as a way to honor a cause that was very important to Barbara—worldwide natural and cultural conservation. Charlie says, "The ATCF is a great partner to help keep Barbara's legacy alive. They are strategically positioned to educate, activate, and advocate for the adventure travel industry through innovative conservation and responsible/sustainable travel, two causes dear to Barbara's heart. The ATCF is fast becoming a leader in funding community projects and developing strategy and policy for the adventure travel industry in the era of climate change." He also sent an update on their sons, Benjamin, a starting punter at Lehigh Univ., and Jeremy, a soccer player at Albany (Calif.) High School.

Rory Kelly '19 sent this news: "I wanted to share a huge honor for a fellow alumna, **Elizabeth Engle**, MD, who became a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences last spring. Dr. Engle and I both work at Boston Children's Hospital and met serving on the Boston Children's Hospital Research Equity, Diversity, and Inclusion Steering Committee, which Dr. Engle co-leads." Rory included a news story about the honor, which describes how Elizabeth's research to define human congenital disorders of eye and face movement in order to discover genetic, cellular, and molecular mechanisms of cranial motor neuron and axon development was recognized with the E. Mead Johnson Award in 2005. The story also noted her election to the National Academy of Medicine in 2019, among other honors. She is a senior associate in the hospital's Departments of Neurology and Ophthalmology, a senior investigator for the Manton Center for Orphan Disease Research, a professor of neurology and ophthalmology at Harvard, an investigator with Howard Hughes Medical Institute, and an associate member with the Broad Institute of MIT and Harvard. Congratulations!

Lauren Geiger writes, "I am writing with a heavy heart to report the passing of our dear classmate, **Julia Ladds Clauss,** on May 6, 2023, just a few weeks short of her 66th birthday. Julia was a force of nature, and I will long remember her kindness and compassion as well as her tinkling laughter and sense of fun. There was never a dull moment with Julia around, but she also had a serious side and was an advocate for those who were disadvantaged or less powerful. She was an artist, a devoted mother, and a great friend. For those who would like to connect with remembrances, please be in touch with me at lauren9334@gmail.com."

—Class Correspondents: Anne Cowherd (annie.cowherd@att.net); Kimberly Winick (Kimberly.winick@gmail.com).

1981

Polly Holyoke recently published the first book of her new series called *Skyriders.* A middle grade fantasy and adventure story, the novel focuses on a young woman and her skysteed (flying horse) who battle evil monsters set to destroy her world. Polly is also the best-selling author of the middle grade sci-fi Neptune trilogy.

Congratulations to **Kieran Kammerer** who was named 2023 Caregiver of the Year by the Maine Hospital Association! He is a pediatrician with Kennebec Pediatrics and is well known for the outstanding care he gives his patients and their families.

—Class Correspondent: Alice Tower Knapp (a.knapp.a@gmail.com).

1982

Henriette Lazaridis sent a photo you can see on page 87. "I was on a backcountry ski trip in Chile and had the good fortune to be guided by Lani Bruntz '11.5 (she graduated apparently the same day as my son!). The photo is of the two of us on top of Casablanca volcano in Chile, with volcanoes Puntiagudo and Osorno (which we later summited and skied) behind us. Interestingly enough, we had two Midd parents in our group as well."

Peter Webber reports, "I'm still living just outside of Portland, Maine. I'm always happy to play tour guide, especially for anyone wanting to know where to eat dinner or drink local beer."

This came from **Kathy Houck Frederickson**: "I recently accepted the position of the director of collections and curatorial affairs at the Corning Museum of Glass in Corning, N.Y. As a member of the museum's leadership team, I lead the curatorial, exhibitions, collections management, conservation, photography, and publications departments. Among other initiatives, we are embarking on a complete reinstallation of the museum's '35 Centuries of Glass' galleries. I'm excited to join this extraordinarily talented team to further the museum's mission of inspiring people to see glass in a new light. If you find yourself in the Finger Lakes area, please visit me at this wonderful museum."

Stephen Kiernan shared that his new novel, *The Glass Chateau*, came out June 20. He did a fairly vigorous New York and New England tour over the summer. Stephen would LOVE to see classmates when he is on the road!

Cindee Lacasse has accepted the newly created position of executive vice president and chief program officer with Evernorth, a nonprofit organization serving the low- and moderate-income people of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont with affordable housing and community investments. She will be based in Portland and serve a key, externally facing role with investors, developers, and funders. One of her primary responsibilities will be to plan for and raise capital for Evernorth's businesses. Additionally, Cindee will oversee Evernorth's community investment and lending programs.

Congratulations to **Daniel Newberry** and the Johnson Creek Watershed Council for receiving an award of $3.8M on behalf of the Clackamas Partnership for 10 fisheries restoration projects in Oregon. It's one of 38 national awards from the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration's Transformational Habitat Restoration and Coastal Resilience program. This grant will benefit threatened and endangered salmon and steelhead in the lower Columbia River Basin.

We are sad to report the passing of classmate **Charlie Bates**. Charlie started at Middlebury with the Class of 1979 but graduated in 1982. He majored in English and attended the Bread Loaf School of English. He played rugby, coached Middlebury's first women's rugby team, was a member of the Middlebury Mountain Club, and also a member of the Fourth Avenue Alpine Club. He started ski patrolling at the Middlebury College Snowbowl. Charlie loved the mountains, climbing rock and ice with his friends all over the world. His memorable routes included a 1981 climb of the Shield Route on El Capitan in Yosemite, an ascent of Phabrang (20,250 ft.), and a first ascent of Peak X (19,423 ft.) in India. When he himself was no longer able to climb, he accompanied his sons on many of their adventures. Charlie was also an accomplished sailor. Rugby was an important part of his life. After college, Charlie played with the Mad River RFC and the Burlington RFC; he refereed college and men's rugby. Charlie was an assistant coach of the UVM rugby team when they won the 2009 NRU National Championship; he was the founder and coach of Mad River Youth Rugby. A member of the Mad River Ski Patrol, Charlie was a recent recipient of the Outstanding Patroller Award; he was also a member of the Mad River Valley Ambulance Service. Our thoughts are with Charlie's family.

Finally, an update on the Class of 1982 Scholarship Fund. This year the fund, with book and market values of $159,033 and $709,613, supports a young woman from Fayetteville, N.Y. Our class should be proud of our 40-year history of supporting Midd students through the scholarship.

—Class Correspondents: Wendy Behringer Nelson (gomomgo920@gmail.com); Caleb Rick (crick@northcommon.com).

1983

—Class Correspondents: Allison Burroughs (adburroughs@gmail.com); Victoria Seiden Gonin (victoriagonin@gmail.com).

1984

REUNION CLASS

Elizabeth Smith Vaccaro reports, "I am still a school librarian at High Rock, a grade 6 only public school in Needham, Mass., where my claim to fame is that I have read every book in the library. I tell the students I am old and therefore have had more years to read. I am not a fan of the empty nest or of high college tuitions but have only two more years to pay (two sons at Williams, daughter at Smith). In my new free time, I have taken up archery, both teaching and shooting Olympic Recurve in tournaments with my goal to not embarrass my children who are far better than I am."

Katie Berk says, "I've moved to NYC and have been living on the Upper West Side since last March. I've still got my psychology practice but am working less and having a fun time acting like a tourist."

CLASS ACTS

Nina McCormack writes, "After chapters in rural community development, an MBA, and efficiency and systems development jobs and gigs while raising kids (now grown and flown) in Kentucky, I realized my most joyful work is coaching individuals through subconscious alignment (www.BeyondPossibility.net). Now I Zoom from Lexington during the school year and Canada Lake, N.Y., in summers. Please connect if any of these overlap with your orbits."

Lisa Giuffra Diaz says, "My hubby, Alex, and I went to Mexico to celebrate our 30th anniversary and then the entire family headed on a two-week adventure to the south of India to celebrate an unimaginable birthday."

Lisa left her role at Goldman Sachs where she was a managing director in the securities division in 2016 to launch Turf Advisory, a construction tech advisory and investment firm dedicated to improving U.S. infrastructure. The $1.2B U.S. infrastructure bill has provided great tailwinds. She also discovered crew during COVID and is rowing six days a week.

Mark Dornblaser sent word that he has published a book called *Windows*, which pairs a collection of his poetry with his photography. He says of the book, "*Windows* offers the reader a life-affirming journey and explores what it means to be human. The thoughtful, accessible poetry delves into universal themes of love, loss, growing older, growing wiser, regret, and ultimately hope." You can read more about it on middlebury-magazine.com under the 2023 July/August Editors' Picks in Review.

Chris Chandler sent news about herself and husband **Adam Baker**. She had a book come out on May 12: *Stay Sweet: Tales of Quirky Southern Love*, which is a retelling of family stories and childhood memories filtered through the wisdom of adulthood. She adds, "In other news, our dog toy company, Sodapup, is doing great and Adam is having the time of his life designing toys and dog enrichment products, and marketing and selling. He's the jack-of-all-trades. The only thing he doesn't do is pack boxes, but he also did that once upon a time. We started in 2013 in our basement and now we're operating out of a 15,000-square-foot warehouse with 15 or so employees."

Sue Hurtt Johnson had a wonderful trip last summer to visit her daughter, Dana, who lives in Tromso, Norway, and plays violin with the Arctic Philharmonic. Sue is the director of development at the Gerald Ford School of Public Policy at the University of Michigan.

—Class Correspondents: Elizabeth Smith Vaccaro (elizvaccaro@gmail.com); Andrew Zehner (andrewzehner@gmail.com).

1985

Checking in on some of our Vermont friends, **Miguel Fernandez** spent six-and-a-half years serving in the administration of the College as the chief diversity officer. He has now happily returned to the classroom and is once again teaching Spanish language classes and courses on Latin American culture and Hispanic theater. For the past two years he has been working on a totally different research area, teaming up with marine archaeologists in Mexico and searching for shipwrecks. Last fall he gave a talk at the College titled "Tom Sawyer's Wreck: Stories of the Steamship *Independence* (1853)."

My freshman year roommate **Dave Revelle** sent a timely update. "My wife, Katie (Ziemba) '03, our seven-year-old twins, Sam and Charlie, and I returned to Vermont a couple of years ago, and in August 2022 we moved into a drafty but charming 200-year-old house outside of Shelburne. We're thankful that we can finally put down roots after so many moves, and we're especially grateful to do so in Vermont. Most recently we were in Ann Arbor where Katie finished her PhD at the Univ. of Michigan. She is at UVM managing the Department of Education's partnerships with the region's school districts. I have a small design/build firm, small enough that my drafting pencil and my carpenter's pencil see equal use. And last but not least, our twins are fun and energetic, and they continue to do their very best to ensure that our moments of serenity are fleeting."

Chicagoan **Tom Palmer** spent a wonderful January last year on campus, fulfilling a bucket list goal by teaching a winter term course on brand marketing. He and his students enjoyed it so much he taught it again this year. He was fortunate enough to spend some quality time with both Miguel and Dave, as well as two other classmates who have made Middlebury College their home for the bulk of their professional careers—**Meg Storey Groves**, associate vice president for alumni and parent programs, and **Sarah Van Tuyl Ray**, retired director of media relations.

Karen Southard Nevin, another Allen-ite, has also made Vermont her long-term home, where she is currently the executive director of a community development nonprofit in Waterbury. She runs into Midd Kids all the time, including four Midd alums in a choir she sings with. She's married to Chris (Hamilton '82) and they have two sons, Aidan (33) and Cameron (30). Aidan is married and has made her a grandmother three times over. Bella (6), Jaime (4), and Bear (2) and their parents live in the Boston area. Karen also reports that **Ward Joyce** is one of our classmates she sees around town. Ward is an architect in Montpelier.

I am sad to report that classmate **Anna Sun** passed away in October 2022 after a brief and intense battle with pancreatic cancer. Anna was very active in various artistic endeavors and made Middlebury her home for roughly four decades. She worked at the College from 1995 to 2014 in the Chinese, French and Japanese departments and is sorely missed.

—Class Correspondent: Dale Sailer (dalesailer@gmail.com).

1986

—Class Correspondent: Heather Pierce Post (heatherdpierce@gmail.com).

1987

Tal Birdsey writes, "I published a book back in the fall of 2022 called *Hearts of the Mountain: A Teacher, Adolescents, and a Living School (*published by Green Writers Press, which is run by Middlebury alum Dede Cummings '79). The book is about a year in the life of the school I cofounded in Ripton, the North Branch School."

—Class Correspondents: Tom Funk (tomfunk@gmail.com); Elizabeth Ryan O'Brien (obrien@bigwhoop.com).

1988

Congratulations to **Chris Wood**, who was given the first-ever Patrick J. Durkin, Class of 1979, Public Service Alumni Leadership Award at Reunion last June. The newly established award was given to two alumni who have demonstrated a dedication to the common good through significant collaborative contributions in public service and leadership: Chris and Rachel Sider '14. Chris has dedicated his life to conservation efforts and has served in many different capacities and across political aisles to impact the protection of land and water in the U.S. He was the senior policy and communications advisor to the chief of the U.S. Forest Service and helped orchestrate the passage of the 2001 Roadless Rule, which prohibited land construction and timber harvesting on 58.5 million acres on National Forest System lands in 39 states. He has also worked with Trout Unlimited and led a 15-year effort to stop construction of the Pebble Mine in Alaska, saving the watershed system that produces half of all wild sockeye salmon in the world. A hearty thanks to Chris for this exemplary service leadership!

After a successful run in the U.S., **John Kolvenbach**'s one-man play, *Stand Up If You're Here,* was performed at Paris's Cave Café. The one-man show stars Jim Ortlieb as a man desperate for human connection in the postpandemic era.

Four friends got together for a ski weekend reunion last winter at Bromley in Vermont. **Nancy Caulfield** writes, "**Heather Nelson Kent** lives in Portland, Ore., and she came east for our reunion. We East Coasters, **Pam Frederick** (NYC), **Julie Chapin Bassi** (Concord, N.H.), and I (Waltham, Mass.), don't get to see her nearly as much as we'd like. Crazy to think the four of us met on that Battell South hallway nearly 40 years ago!"

Shawn Ryan sent this update: "My wife, Cathy, and I live in Los Angeles and are celebrating our 25th wedding anniversary this year. We have two children, one just out of college and now working in NYC and the other a sophomore in college. Last year I was honored to join the Middlebury Board of Trustees, where I now serve with fellow classmates **George Lee** and **Denver Edwards**, so the Class of '88 is well represented on the board! Joining the board gave me a great excuse to visit campus in October, where I got to spend some time with **Alex Draper** and talk with students about working in Hollywood. The only downside was seeing that our treasured Lower Proctor Dining Hall is just an empty room now. But the memories endure!"

Check out photos of classmates on page 87 and a sidebar about **Michael Obei-Omia** on page 90.

—Class Correspondents: Anya Puri Brunnick (abrunnick@gmail.com); Claire Gwatkin Jones (gwatkojones@gmail.com).

1989

REUNION CLASS

Please put the dates for our Reunion on your calendar: June 7–9!

—Class Correspondent: George Baxter (George.baxter@me.com).

1990

Numerous DUs gathered on June 25 to celebrate the life of **Steve Lauterbach**, who passed away in March of 2021. **Jen Van Noy Cochran**, Steve '89 and **Nancy Connor Marshall**, **Jim Quinn**, Steve Fordyce '89, **Ellen LeMaitre Maczuba**, **Alicia Johnston**, and Steve's brother, Mike Lauterbach '96, also joined the group. A big thanks to **Ray Gallagher**, **Tom Bredahl**, and **Geoff Garfield** for orchestrating a fitting service for Steve.

Geoff Garfield ran into **Fanning Hearon** and Dean Flanagan '92 at the June 22 Dead & Company concert at Citi Field in NYC.

Tim Berry was named global head of corporate responsibility and chairman of the Mid-Atlantic region for JPMorgan Chase.

Doug Meyer was hired by Bonaccord Capital Partners as global head of strategic development.

In November 2022 **Peter Holmes à Court** joined Chris Waddell '91 on Chris's podcast, *Living It,* to talk about his memoir, *Riding with Giants*. Check it out on chriswaddelllivingit.transistor.fm. You can search for *Riding with Giants* under Episodes.

Last March, **Stephanie Cooper** was appointed Undersecretary for Environment for the Massachusetts Executive Office of Energy and Environmental Affairs.

Check out a mini-reunion photo of classmates on page 87.

—Class Correspondents: Doug Meyer (pdougm@aol.com); Elizabeth Toder (eatoder@gmail.com).

1991

Marc Bujold hosted five close Middlebury friends at his camp in Weld, Maine, the weekend of September 24, 2022, for an early fall foliage weekend of hiking, time on Webb lake, and lobsters. Attending were **Bob Anderson**, **Mark Ely**, **Andrew Peach, Dennis Schaecher**, and **Paul Wilcox**. **Anthony Storm** was unable to join as he was at Michigan's Parents Weekend. Check out a photo on page 109.

Sadly, **Jamida Orange** passed away on October 16, 2022. **David Liebmann** writes, "Few of us knew the legacy Jamida 'OJ' Orange carried. OJ's father, the Rev. James Orange, was one of Dr. Martin Luther King's lieutenants. Rev. Orange was in the parking lot of the Lorraine Motel in Memphis, Tenn., on April 4, 1968, when the civil rights leader was assassinated. Rather than give up on the struggle for equity and justice, Rev. Orange dedicated the rest of his life to becoming a labor organizer, voting rights activist, and community leader. OJ grew to follow in his footsteps. After Middlebury, she returned to her native Atlanta, where she was a civil servant with the Fulton County Sheriff's Department and the Dekalb County Probate Court while also serving as a volunteer leader of the Georgia Coalition for the People's Agenda, Atlanta's annual Martin Luther King Day march, and the King Center's March for Humanity. OJ coordinated the annual commemoration of Bloody Sunday, the day civil rights demonstrators were assailed by Alabama state troopers in Selma as they tried to cross the Edmund Pettus Bridge. After George Floyd's murder, OJ led efforts to peacefully respond. She was her father's daughter in the very best ways.

"OJ was eulogized by former United Nations ambassador and Atlanta mayor Andrew Young; Grammy Award-winner Michael Santiago Render, 'Killer Mike'; and our own **Barbie Robinson**; and was remembered by MLK's daughter, Bernice King. In his remarks at her funeral, Ambassador Young spoke of Middlebury and the

courage it took for OJ to matriculate from Georgia to Vermont. Barbie spoke of OJ's friendship and brilliance. Our Winter Carnival queen, Middlebury's first African American to hold that honor, OJ worked to teach us all so much through her warmth, character, and dedication to a life of community service. Jamida will be deeply missed. Her homegoing service on October 28 can be viewed on YouTube or at tinyurl.com/y3rubzcm."

—Class Correspondent: Andrew Resnik (resnikandrew@gmail.com).

1992

Last January, Jackson Hole, Wyo., locals **Brian Schilling**, **Ted Kyle**, and **Shawn Emory Ankeny** met up at the 2023 Jackson Hole IFSA Junior 2 Regional where their kids were competing at the Village!

Alex Blanton writes, "The USA Ultimate Masters Championships in Aurora, Colo., turned into a Middlebury reunion for me last year in the division for age 50+ players! My Seattle teammate, Rodrigo Prudencio '91, was at the tournament, and we competed against Joel Thompson '94, playing for Boston, and Dan McConville '90, playing for North Carolina. And **Bruce Bender**, E.J. Meegan '93, and Adam Baird '94 visited me at the fields—they were attending a reunion of the Mill being held up in the mountains outside Denver."

—Class Correspondents: David Boyle (davemboyle@gmail.com); Leslie Cone Pagnotta (lesliepagnotta917@gmail.com).

1993

John Linder has agreed to take over as the class correspondent and has filed his first report. We thank **Maria Diaz** for all the years she was willing to serve as class correspondent! It was much appreciated!

John Linder lives with his wife, **Jen** (**Ruh**), and family in the beautiful Willamette Valley of Oregon wine country. Their daughter is attending Connecticut College as a sophomore (go NESCAC) and their son is a senior in high school looking to attend Montana State University. John recently got together with **Gil Prado**, **Tom Lyons**, **Josh Miller**, and **Hank Calam** in New Orleans to see Gil's stepson, Zach, play for the Saints! He is the Saints long-snapper. Fun was had by all in the French quarter, *mais oui!* John is an investment banker and broker of private company securities for the boutique investment bank Paulson Investment Company, and Jen is a professor of psychology at Linfield Univ. They recently dressed up as weird Barbie and Allan for Halloween.

Katie Bunn-Marcuse has lived in Seattle since 1993 and shares her life with her husband, Andy, and two kids. As a family, they enjoy the Pacific Northwest and deeply nerdy family dinner table conversations about language etymology, ethics, and the latest dog memes. Katie is curator of Northwest Native art and director of the Bill Holm Center at the Burke Museum. She is also an associate professor of art history at the University of Washington. Her most recent book is *Unsettling Native Art Histories on the Northwest Coast,* edited with Aldona Jonaitis (UW Press, 2020). In her role as curator, she collaborates with First Nations communities and artists to identify research priorities and to activate the Burke Museum's holdings in ways that are responsive to cultural revitalization efforts.

Eric Sevigny lives in the Candler Park neighborhood of Atlanta with his wife, Emily Heberlein. Eric is a professor in the Andrew Young School of Policy Studies at Georgia State University, and Emily works in the private sector in public health research. He writes, "Our sons Neil (11th grade) and Alec (8th grade) attend Atlanta public schools and play baseball year-round. Our family recently backpacked into Havasupai in the Grand Canyon, repeating a trip Emily and I made 25 years ago." Eric met up with **John-Henry Hubert**, **Dana Schneider**, and Matt Whitcomb '94 in Vermont this past August.

—Class correspondent: John Linder (john.linder93@gmail.com).

1994

REUNION CLASS

Angel Diaz sent an update: "I'm currently posted at the Defense Attaché Office at the U.S. embassy in Brasilia, Brazil. If you visit Brazil, *churrasco*, *feijoada*, and *caipirinhas* are a must! My wife, Cortney, MA Spanish '12 is a lecturer at the Univ. of North Florida and works for the Regional Security Office at the U.S. embassy here. Our kids, Luci (9) and Alexy (7), are speaking Portuguese and learning futebol, capoeira, and dance."

—Class Correspondents: Mary Strife Cairns (mcairns94@gmail.com); Gene Swift (geneswift@gmail.com).

1995

James Mack II was named the new dean for the College of Arts and Sciences at the University of Cincinnati. Congrats, James!

—Class Correspondent: Julie Moriarty McDonough (juliemcdonough@gmail.com).

1996

Thank you, classmates, for sharing your updates. I got so many that I'm having to split them up! I'm starting off with an update from **Corie Pierce** who says, "I've never actually written into our class notes, so I guess now is the time!" Thank you for writing Corie, it's great to hear about your wonderful business. We all need to visit.

Corie shares, "I have been living in Vermont since 2009 with my partner, Chris Dorman, and our 12-year-old daughter, Sammy, and 15-year-old son, Henry. We started a regenerative community farm called Bread and Butter Farm in Shelburne. We have worked to conserve over 600 acres in the Shelburne Pond watershed and besides organic beef, pigs, and veggies, we run year-round outdoor educational programs and host community events. If you are ever in the Burlington area, please stop by to get some delicious espresso drinks and amazing food made right at our farm!" Corie has been Zooming with fellow Febs **Pam Selover Lawrence**, **Sarah Merrill**, **Allison Miller Rimland**, **Angie Goldman Klingler**, and **Anne Bruce Driscoll**.

Angie Klingler is effectively combining skiing and seeing Middlebury friends. "Last January, I caught up with **Scott Morgan** at Alta. In February, I met up with **Allison Rimland** and **Pam Lawrence** in Denver before a Leadville backcountry trip to Uncle Bud's Hut with Maribel Carpenter '24.5, Lilia Klingler '25.5, Bob Carpenter '87, and Bailey Walker '24.5." Way to go, Angie!

CELEBRATIONS

1 Henry Bell '14 and Jenna Reichenbach '14 celebrated their marriage with many Middlebury friends in attendance in Waitsfield, Vt., on June 25, 2022: (all '14 unless noted) Lily Proom, Martha Gilchrist '15, Lizzy Reed '15, the newlyweds, Kris Falcones, Lindsay Warne '15, Katherine Harris, Ali Surdoval '17, (second row) Steve Zatarain '15, Clint Bierman '97, Duncan Harvey, Biniyam Estifanos, HiMi Kanaumi '13.5, (third row) Sara Sobolewski Cahill, Kevin Chu, Pete Cahill, Jordan Kelley, Brandt Silver-Korn, Connor Gomez, Will Fleming '17, Eli Mauksch '15, and Madie Hubbell.

2 Marc Bujold '91 hosted five close Middlebury friends at his camp in Weld, Maine, in September 2022 for an early fall foliage weekend of hiking, time on Webb Lake, and lobsters: Marc, Dennis Schaecher '91.5, Andrew Peach '91, Paul Wilcox '91.5, Bob Anderson '91.5, and Mark Ely 91.5. Anthony Storm '91.5 was unable to join as he was at Michigan's Parents Weekend.

3 Six Battell South second floor 2001 alums gathered for a one-year-delayed reunion in July 2022 and were able to commemorate 25 years since meeting on their freshmen hall: Arun Revana '01, Riggin Revana, Maile Paik, Marley Amidon, Phill Wood-Smith '01, (second row) Kaia Paik, Jane Allen, Charlie Allen, Pippa Amidon, (third row) Yuki Iwatani Paik '01, Meghan Mitchell Allen '01, Susan Parsons '01, and Bill Allen '01.

4 Steve Swank '05 noticed a Middlebury sweatshirt on tiny Jones Island, which led to a chance meeting and snacks with fellow alums Henry Bell '14 and Jenna Reichenbach '14, who were sailing in the San Juan Islands of Washington: Steve, Henry, and Jenna.

5 Geovany Martinez '19 and Bekah White '19 were married on August 5, 2020, in a private ceremony in Beverly Hills, Calif. The couple was joined by Middlebury friends, Paola Meza '19 and Nathaniel Del Valle '19 (holding Bekah and Geovany's newborn son, Theodore Martinez, expected Class of 2043).

6 Mike '98 and Kate Landis '99 Loewengart celebrated their daughter Julia's Bat Mitzvah in June 2022. Middlebury friends and their families gathered in Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y., to help the party get started, including Adam '98 and Lisa Yamner '01 Green, the Loewengarts, Erin Dempsey Berger '98, Ian Berger '98, Holen Miles Lewis '99, Alanna Shanley '99, and Jason Golder '98. Missing from photo: John Lewis (Midd spouse, Williams '98).

CLASS ACTS

Laura Thomas is producing a podcast, *Rescued by a Dog*, "about dogs who have ACTUALLY saved their owners' lives," from her new hometown of Austin, Texas. She says the podcast is family friendly and promises that every episode "will make you happy cry." Check it out! When not working on the podcast, she is doing content creation and editing for several magazine and documentary companies, including the Nat Geo Channel and *Smithsonian Magazine*. She closes with "I'd love to reconnect with other Midd grads in Austin!"

After 24 years in Colorado, Matt '95 and **Jen Kahn Hamilton** moved to the Atlanta area this past summer! Jen is still teaching and Matt works in sustainability. Their oldest son, Boden, is at Embry Riddle Aeronautical University in Arizona while Beck is a freshman in high school. Jen and Matt are looking forward to exploring the Southeast!

After 13 years of being best friends and three years of marriage, **Erzsi** (**Elizabeth**) **Pongo** celebrated her marriage with Richard Burst-Lazarus at Arrow Park in Monroe, N.Y. They got married outdoors during the first summer of the pandemic, in Vermont, with five in attendance. "We were delighted to celebrate with over 150 people for the entire weekend, both indoors and outdoors, last June!"

Jennifer Jay Bass has moved to Gig Harbor, Wash., after 15 years in Mesa, Ariz. "Our oldest, Clara, is a senior at Midd and spent last semester in Argentina. We have three other kids still at home, Evelyn (19), Liam (16), and Oliver (14). Liam was excited to head to Bavaria this fall as a Rotary Youth Exchange student. I am working in special ed at a local middle school after substitute teaching in our district for a year. I miss practicing midwifery, but not the hours or stress!"

Matthew Trail is incredulous that he and Martha (Shay) '98 are empty nesters. "Will (19) is studying to be a pilot at Ohio University and Shay (18) attends Montana State University. Martha continues to teach fifth grade in our town, Newburyport, Mass. In 2021, I joined Stone Curators, which was founded by Gavin Johnston '91, and Dennis Keohane '01 recently joined the team. At Stone Curators, we are applying tech to the stone industry to connect architects with quarries around the world."

Christina Pease has been working as a pediatrician at a community health center in south Seattle for the past 10 years while husband **Jonathan Carver** continues to work with the Government Accountability Office. Their two boys are 16 and 14.

Rebecca Kirk Fair is still at Analysis Group after 26 years, where she is a partner in the Boston office specializing in antitrust, M&A, and consumer protection matters. Her four kids, James (14), Emily (12), and Connor and Matthew (both 10), are in school in Brookline, Mass., and enjoy tracking Middlebury men's and women's hockey. Rebecca stays in touch with classmates, including **Weezie Edsell Henderson** (who she was hoping to see this past summer), **Scott Pokrywa**, **Matthew Trail** (who she sees for dinner near Boston), and **Claudia Schnipper Hochberg** (who lives just down the street). She also ran into **Tanya Tarar Oblak** returning from spring break!

Briana Miller consolidated news from classmates, making my role in this very easy. "From the Western front, a few mini-reunions. **Jeremy Patlen** had a lot to celebrate in Hawaii last February: a birthday; a promotion to vice president of buying for one of the country's largest independent bookstores, the Tattered Cover in Denver; and a milestone with his husband, Scott. This led to a mini-reunion with **Robynne Mail**, a 2022 James Beard Award recipient, at her restaurant Fete in Honolulu. NPR's *Splendid Table* recently featured Robynne on two episodes, the super fun 'on the road' episode 774 and, because she was so good on that one, on the follow-up 'ask the chef' episode 777."

Briana couldn't resist joining the festivities and flew out on a whim to join Jeremy for his celebration at Fete around a few days of remote work in Honolulu. Since fall 2021, Briana has guided business development for the transportation planning firm Nelson\Nygaard in her role as its strategic pursuits manager. She continues to write art criticism in Portland, Ore., where her work is regularly published in the *Oregonian/OregonLive*, the oldest continuously published newspaper on the West Coast.

In March, **Noel Chilton** drove down from Tacoma, Wash., to meet Briana for another mini-reunion. Noel now works with creatures great and small at the Point Defiance Zoo. She's currently crafting imagery and messaging on the plight of the polar bear in a melting Arctic. In May, she reunited with Jeremy in Colorado when she flew out to attend her daughter's graduation from the University of Colorado.

Brad Corrigan wrote from Nicaragua, his first trip back since 2019! "We are here to meet with architects and designers to lay out the campus expansion for Ileana's School of Hope, which should allow us a grand opening February 2024, and will double the capacity for students! Our documentary film, *Ileana's Smile*, is premiering sometime late summer or fall 2023. I live in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, with my wife, Lisa, and our son Amos (2.5) and daughter Vera, who is eight months. Dispatch played festivals last summer and fall, including a show in Shelburne, Vt.! We are also getting to play two shows with symphonies, which we are super excited about!" Lucie (Ide) '97 and I (**Humberto**) had a chance to see Brad and Dispatch in Atlanta not long ago. It was a blast!

It was great to hear **Lori Varsames**'s update and transition: "My husband, John, and I have lived in Sonoma, Calif., for the last seven years, and it reminds me a lot of Vermont. During the pandemic, I transitioned out of marketing and became certified as a personal and professional coach, specializing in midlife transitions. It's been an exciting and dynamic time! In addition, we adopted a puppy recently. Wishing you all well!" This past fall they were headed to France for vacation.

Jennifer Manseau Wood has been living in Fairfax, Vt., for the past 20 years. "I am a middle school principal in Essex Junction. Leading my school through the pandemic was a challenging time, but I am really fortunate to work for an incredible school community and I love my job (most days!). My daughter, Charlotte, graduated from high school in June 2022 and started as a first-year at Middlebury last February as a member of the Class of 2026.5! We are thrilled for her, and it's been a trip to be back on campus as a parent. My other daughter, Adeline, is a high school junior this year. She enjoys acting in her school's theater productions, caring for her chickens, and hanging with our new Boxer puppy, Atlas."

—Class Correspondent: Humberto Garcia-Sjogrim (humbertogs@gmail.com).

1997

Mike Bender sent word that he had a new picture book come out this past October and that last June, Ryan Reynolds read it on his new *Bedtime Stories* show on Fubo. The book is called *The Most Serious Fart* and is about a fart who is sick and tired of farts being a laughing matter and has a plan to change things.

—Class Correspondents: Jennifer Gelb Carbee (jcarbee@gmail.com); Jackie Pelton Hoglund (jackiehoglund@gmail.com).

1998

—Class Correspondents: Katie Whittlesey Comstock (katiecomstock3@gmail.com); Nate Johnson (natejohn98@gmail.com); Shruthi Mahalingaiah (shruthi@hsph.harvard.edu).

1999

REUNION CLASS

Web designer **Ethan Marcotte** has written his third book, *You Deserve a Tech Union*. He says, "It's been in progress for two years, and it feels a little surreal that it's finally released!"

Check out a photo of classmates and their kids on page 109.

Please put the date for our 25th Reunion on your calendar: June 6–9!

—Class Correspondent: Peter Steinberg (captfun99@gmail.com).

2000

It is with great sadness that I share the untimely news of classmate **Paul Dome**'s sudden passing. I (**Jennifer**) did not know Paul well, but those who were close to him continually refer to him as "such a bright light." I'm sorry to learn that light went out so soon. I remember Paul's humor on the stage and am saddened that we have lost another member of Otter Nonsense, having also mourned the death of **Erin Carr Adams** not too long ago. What are your memories of Paul? Please feel free to share them here, along with updates about yourself. Take good care of yourselves!

—Class Correspondent: Jennifer Crystal (jennifercrystalwriter@gmail.com).

2001

Lisa Mase had a book come out in December with Inner Traditions Healing Arts Press. It is called *The Culinary Pharmacy: Intuitive Eating, Ancestral Healing, and Your Personal Nutrition Plan*. Check it out on innertraditions.com.

Jon Cormier started a new job as director of advancement at Princeton Day School on July 1. After seven years at Dartmouth and living in the Upper Valley, Jon, wife Katie, and kids Evie (12), Asa (10), and Wes (7) headed to New Jersey.

Adam Nadeau, **Megan Olson Koett**, **Megan McCosker Mandigo**, **Meegan Moszynski**, **Bill** and **Meghan Mitchell Allen,** and **Jackie Spring Dimitri** all met up at Middlebury for a mini-reunion last fall.

Rich Gallup recently started an amazing new gig as director of production at Chicago's Jackbox Games, home to classics like Quiplash, Fibbage, and You Don't Know Jack. (Yes, you should totally reach out, catch up and hit him up for a game.) Working remotely from his basement in Massachusetts allows him to spend every spare moment with his wonderful, hilarious family and has grown his appreciation for sunlight and Vitamin D.

In June **Jessica Gigot** was featured in the *Seattle Times,* which described her as "a gift basket to the Skagit literary scene and the Western Washington farming community," as well as "a soil scientist, a writer

SAY WHAT?

"I was listening to the podcast *True Crime Bullshit* by Josh Hallmark when I heard a description of clothing found with the remains of a body discovered by a hunter 11 years earlier in Maine. It sounded like a possible match to what my favorite substitute teacher in Concord, Mass., would wear. His name was Christopher Roof, and he went missing in 2010 but was never officially reported gone. We all wondered what had happened to him. After months of sharing my hunch with friends and doing my own digging, I decided to call the Maine State Police, who took my tip seriously and contacted his family. They provided DNA, and it turned out to be a match. My true crime habit paid off for good in this case!"

Sydney Copp '01

whose muscular prose captures the emotional center of the land around her, a singer-songwriter, a mother of two girls, a midwife of many ewes, a cheesemaker, and an advocate for environmentally sound husbandry." She and her husband have a farm in the Skagit Valley of Washington State. Her memoir, *A Little Bit of Land,* tells of her journey to where she is today. You can see a review on middlebury-magazine.com in the March/April 2023 Editors' Picks.

Over Homecoming weekend, **David Cohen**, **Kristen Sylva Capodilupo**, **James Tsai**, **Corey** and **Kate Griffiths Wilk**, **Matt** and **Leslie Fox Arnould**, and **Jason Ienner** and their families gathered in Middlebury. They enjoyed showing their spouses/partners and kids around campus and remembering fun times together!

And yet another mini-reunion happened in Middlebury last July when friends got together to celebrate the 20th Reunion they missed in 2021. Check out a photo on page 109.

—Class Correspondents: Leslie Fox Arnould (lesliearnould@gmail.com); Zach Bourque (zacharybourque@gmail.com).

2002

Well, it's true. In the late hours of our 20th Reunion, **Morgan Jones** and **Eric Devon** passed the 2002 class correspondent honors over to us (**Meg Roach Booth** and **Kara Leibel Evans**). We'd like to start our reign with a big thank you to them for carrying the class torch for the past five years, keeping us all updated about each other with their clever wit. And a big thank you to everyone who shared updates following our first request—keep that up!

As expected, the Class of 2002 continues to engage in interesting and international experiences, and we are excited to update you about many adventures. **Zachary Davis Wyman** reports that the love he's had for France since junior year abroad on the Middlebury Paris program has kept him smitten with France and he is now officially French! He has been running an independent university and career guidance firm based in Paris, the Why Connection, for the last 15 years. He expected the English version of the website would finally be launched in 2023. He'd love to connect with any Midd classmates who visit Paris in the near future.

Anya Smith is also still living in France, teaching French as a foreign language to migrants of Syria, Turkey, Afghanistan, Pakistan, and a few other countries. She occasionally sees **Tessa Waddell Chatagnon,** who kindly watches her cat, and **Zach Wyman** around Paris and has been grateful for visits from **Aaron Murray-Nellis** and Marianne Le Moign-Nellis, and Tom '00 and Megan Mihm '03 Langsdorf over the years.

Farther north in Europe, **Maria Stern Ekman** reports that she is still running her small ice cream business and country store in the countryside in the south of Sweden, close to where **Christian Carlsson** grew up coincidentally. They try to meet up when he makes it home to Sweden!

Across the channel, **Bill Perkins** shares that he is still living in London with his wife and two boys and would also love to see Midd alums when they are traveling through. Back in the States, **Anna Schecter** has been NYC-based since 2005 and says, "Last year I was lucky enough to be named the head of special projects at *NBC News* in the investigative unit. It's been an incredible opportunity to work with the most talented journalists in the business to get big international stories on air and online."

Eamon Griffin reports that in June 2022, after 14 years working as a coach with the Staples High School lacrosse team in Westport, Conn., the varsity team was able to win the Connecticut Class L State Championship. When rankings came out, they reported his team as the #1 public school lacrosse program both in Connecticut and in the nation!

Holly Congdon Menguc wants her classmates to know that she opened an Airbnb for farm-stay experiences on their goat dairy, 20 minutes south of the Middlebury campus. Her farm, Tup's Crossing Farm, produces milk for Vermont Creamery, and the goats love visitors! Hopefully this will entice many more of you back to our favorite state in the near future.

As for us, **Meg** is living in Chappaqua, N.Y., with her husband, three kids, and new dog. She is the director of college counseling at the Harvey School in Katonah, where she is on a quest to send her first student to Middlebury. **Kara** is in Scottsdale, Ariz., where she and husband Theo get to shovel sunshine all winter. Please continue to write in with your life updates: middlebury02@gmail.com. We hope to hear from everyone!

—Class Correspondents: Meg Roach Booth (megbooth5@gmail.com); Kara Leibel Evans (kblevans30@gmail.com).

2003

Last year, **Natalie Howley Quillian** was tapped by White House chief of staff Jeff Zients to serve as deputy White House chief of staff. Zients says Natalie is "a sharp strategist, an expert at executing, and an unflappable manager under any circumstance." Natalie worked with Zients on the COVID response team. In her new position, she manages implementation of President Biden's major pieces of legislation.

In other White House news, **Ben LaBolt** replaced Kate Bedingfield as the White House communications director. Ben was previously a press advisor to President Obama but worked with Biden when he led the communications effort for the confirmation of Justice Ketanji Brown Jackson to the Supreme Court. Check out a sidebar about Ben on page 100.

Lisa Jasinski and **John Morgenstern** have volunteered to serve as class correspondents for 2003. Thank you! You can send them news at lmjasinski@gmail.com or jdmorgens@gmail.com.

2004

REUNION CLASS

Please put the date of our Reunion on your calendar: June 7–9!

—Class Correspondents: Athenia (Tina) Fischer-Rodney (atheniarodney@gmail.com); Drew Pugsley (drew.pugsley@gmail.com).

2005

Dixie Dillon Lane is excited to share that she has started a new position as associate editor at the online journal *Hearth & Field*. She's also recently had a number of freelance essays published at *Current*, *Institute for Family Studies*, *Front Porch Republic*, and elsewhere, including a couple that mention Midd. Dixie writes on topics ranging from American history to grief to motherhood, and she maintains a popular substack at TheHollow.substack.com for interested readers. She and husband Chris, a history professor, also homeschool their four kids.

Congratulations to **Lea Davison**, who is a member of the Vermont Sports Hall of Fame's Class of 2023. She is a two-time Olympian, competed for the U.S. in seven world championships, and has won eight

No Risk, No Gain

A first-generation American finds a path for her political ambition

At the age of 24, Elsa Alvarado '18 became one of the youngest political appointees to the Pentagon in the Biden administration. Her journey to that point included a Gilman Scholarship to study politics at Sciences Po in Paris, a Schwarzman Scholarship to earn a master's in global affairs in China, and a job working for the Biden presidential campaign—all advantages she made happen for herself through perseverance and determination.

It was after her work on the Biden campaign and for the inaugural committee that Alvarado learned she was being considered for a role in communications at the Pentagon. She went into her interview believing she would be offered a junior analyst position. What she didn't know once she got her appointment was that she wouldn't learn her title until she joined the government agency. On her first day of work at the Pentagon, she found out she'd been named the director of strategic communications within the Office of the Assistant Secretary of Defense. And she had a team of two legislative analysts and five interns. She had to go to the bathroom for a few minutes just to collect herself and absorb the news.

The learning curve was steep, and Alvarado relied on her team to support her as she worked hard to figure out her responsibilities. She had the distinct disadvantage of having no military background—she didn't even know the various ranks or how she should address people. She had to take a crash course on military culture, history, and formalities. Her team was used to training new political appointees every four years and they helped bring her up to speed. They became her lifeline when she was thrown into critical circumstances such as the military withdrawal from Afghanistan and the invasion of Ukraine by Russia. Alvarado learned how to take copious information from experts and whittle it down to digestible talking points that the secretary of defense could take to Congress. The stress was high, but she ended up loving the job.

She didn't want to stay in defense communications forever, however, and she eventually left the Pentagon to work for a progressive strategic communications firm as the director of public affairs. Her vision is to move up in government but that means broadening her portfolio and working in varying sectors like education, technology, and philanthropy, among others. With all she has accomplished in just five years, she has developed a confidence and clear vision of what she wants to achieve. She may even, she says, run for Congress someday.

To learn more about Alvarado, see a dispatch on middleburymagazine.com.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ADAM EWING

CLASS ACTS

U.S. national championships in mountain biking. The induction ceremony took place last April 29.

Katie Harrison Kohn has become a Florida bar board-certified marital and family law expert. This certification recognizes attorneys with substantial experience, specialized knowledge, and exemplary professionalism in the field of family law. Katie has over a decade of trial experience, including more than seven years specializing in family law matters, including divorce, paternity, prenuptial and postnuptial agreements, appeals, and adoption. She is admitted to practice in all Florida and New York state courts.

After spending recent years in Bangkok, Mauritius, and Singapore, **Dominique Ahkong** has settled in the high desert of central Arizona. She and her spouse, Johnny, live off grid among javelina, and they edit *Shō*, a print poetry journal. Submissions are welcome at shopoetryjournal.com.

After spending nine years at the Manhattan DA's Office, **Dan Hughes** joined the New York Attorney General's Office earlier this year as the assistant attorney general for criminal appeals and federal habeas corpus. In his spare time, he lives in Brooklyn, N.Y., watching Disney movies with his daughter, Abigail, and his dog, Xerxes.

Sakai Troxell officially adopted her three-year-old daughter, Nicole, and married her wife, Talisha, last year—congratulations! She's also currently working at an international language immersion independent school in NYC, International School of Brooklyn, as the director of diversity, equity, and inclusion.

Laura Eckelman is now an associate professor of theatre at Worcester Polytechnic Institute, where she teaches theatrical design and management. She is thrilled to be back in Massachusetts and is spending lots of time with family and old friends. Please reach out if you're ever in central Mass.!

And to close these winter notes, we are sorry to share that our dear classmate **Brian Vito** of Needham, Mass., passed away on December 7, 2022. Proud graduate of Needham High School, Middlebury College, and Harvard Law School, he loved his work and mentors at Sidley, Austin LLP law firm in Chicago. He also worked at Magnetar Financial in Illinois. Later, he was a senior fellow in the Program on Corporate Governance at Harvard Law School before starting his own firm. Middlebury friends sent these notes:

Adam King: Brian always loved Middlebury and made it a point to visit every couple of years. He was a great friend to many! **Diego Bivero-Volpe:** I am so sorry to hear the news. My thoughts and love are with Brian's family and friends. **Dena Simmons:** Such sad news. Sending my condolences. **Sakai Troxell:** Condolences to all who loved Brian.

—Class Correspondents: Jasmin Johnson (johnson.jasmin@gmail.com); Emma Sabiiti (esabiiti@gmail.com).

2006

—Class Correspondents: Alex Casnocha (alexander.casnocha@gmail.com); Jack Donaldson (jack.c.donaldson@gmail.com).

2007

—Class Correspondent: N. Bhatia (middlebury2007@gmail.com).

2008

Himali Singh Soin was profiled in the international art magazine, *Apollo*. She is an artist who creates elaborate fictional worlds—conjured through video, performance, textiles, and poetry—that reflect a variety of real-world concerns, ranging from the climate crisis to the amorphous nature of identity. She does extended field work in remote areas of the world, from the Arctic Circle to the Himalayas to Antarctica, which informs her art. She has a studio in North London.

Congratulations to **Alec Tarberry**, who was promoted to president of the Berry Companies, an organization based in North Conway, N.H., which develops, owns, and manages housing, commercial buildings, and lodging in the Mount Washington Valley. Alec oversees all company operations, including real estate, finance, marketing, resort management, and human resources.

Kelsey Eichhorn-Allen joined the team at Collaborate and Eight, a company that trains and coaches people in collaboration, and facilitates meetings in the areas of advertising, communications strategy, and media in businesses. Kelsey is a certified storytelling facilitator and Objectives and Key Results (OKR) coach. She lives in Newcastle upon Tyne, UK, with her husband and daughter.

—Class Correspondents: Laura Lee Mittelman (laurawhitneylee@gmail.com); JeeYeon Park (jeeyeonp@gmail.com).

2009

REUNION CLASS

Ryan Kellett has volunteered to serve as the class correspondent for 2009. You can send him news at the email below. And meanwhile, put the dates for Reunion on your calendar: June 7–9!

—Class Correspondent: Ryan Kellett (ryan.kellett@gmail.com).

2010

Jack Kramer and **Nick Martell** are the founders and cohosts of the finance podcast *The Best One Yet*. In 2012 they created the finance and business newsletter *MarketSnacks*, which then expanded into a podcast. In 2018, Robinhood acquired both the newsletter and podcast and rebranded as Robinhood Snacks. Jack and Nick spun off the podcast from Robinhood and now have a fully independent venture. They release daily episodes in audio and video, mixing business news with pop culture and current events. Recently they became a client of UTA. One of their guests this year was Bill Shufelt '05, founder of Athletic Brewing, the largest nonalcoholic brewery in the U.S.

—Class Correspondents: Alice Ford (alicemarieford@gmail.com); Oscar Loyo (loyo.oscar@gmail.com).

2011

Journalist **Lois Parshley** recently wrote an article for *Mother Jones*, which reported on microgrids, local power systems that can generate, store, and distribute electricity to offer energy resilience to small communities that might be affected by disasters that affect the main power grid.

—Class Correspondent: Sam Parnell (Midd2011@gmail.com).

2012

Joanna Rothkopf, a senior writer at HBO's *Last Week Tonight*, wrote an article last May for the *New Republic* about the writers' strike in Hollywood. A member of the Writers Guild of America, she offers an insider's perspective of what writers go through in the TV industry.

—Class Correspondents: Sara Cohen (srcohen90@gmail.com); Paige Keren (pkeren12@gmail.com).

2013

—Class Correspondents: Elma Burnham (eccburnham@gmail.com); Peter DiPrinzio (peterdi33i@gmail.com).

2014

REUNION CLASS

Amy Hart writes, "**Chris Ivsin** and I got married on June 25, 2022, at Granby Ranch Ski Resort in Granby, Colo. A true Colorado wedding, we had a mountaintop ceremony with cocktail hour, dinner, and dancing held at the base lodge! Chris and I have lived in Denver for six years together with our bloodhound, Wilson. We love the life we have built out here, seeking adventures in skiing, hiking, road trips, and craft beer—many of the same memories we shared together at Middlebury and around Vermont."

Tim Garcia sent word that he published a children's book called *Bailey Bear Goes to Work*. He says, "What started out as a resource to begin conversations related to systems and structures became a labor of love. This book is aimed to help children engage with topics of empathy, community action, and allyship, as well as systems and structures!"

Check out photos of classmates on page 109.

—Class Correspondents: Jackie Breckenridge (jackiebreck@outlook.com); Emma Kitchen (m.emma.kitchen@gmail.com); Peter Mattson (petercmattson@gmail.com).

2015

—Class Correspondent: Elyse Barnard (elyse.dh.barnard@gmail.com).

2016

Laura Desmarais sent news about son **Jack Demarais**: "Our big news is that, last January 29, Jack married his Middlebury sweetheart, Jana Kumar '17—on the eighth anniversary of their first date (at the since-closed Lobby restaurant)—outdoors (!) nestled in the shadow of Mount Mansfield. They are in the New York area as he has started a postdoctoral fellowship at Cold Spring Harbor Labs."

—Class Correspondents: Emma McDonald (elmcdonald21@gmail.com); Aviva Shwayder (aviva.shwayder@gmail.com).

2017

Ethan Peterson-New sent this news: "Over the past year I have self-published two fantasy novels under the pen name E.M. Peterson. It has been wonderful to continue creative writing (which was one of my majors at Midd) even as my life has taken me on a different career trajectory. Look out for *Carnival of the Mind* and *Of Earth and Sky*, available now!"

Camille Kellogg published her debut novel, a queer rom-com story titled *Just As You Are*. Camille lives in NYC and works as an editor at Bloomsbury Children's Books, where she acquires middle grade and young adult books.

—Class Correspondent: Ivan Valladares (ivanantvall@gmail.com).

2018

—Class Correspondents: Georgia Grace Edwards (georgiagrace.edwards@gmail.com); Charlie Mitchell (charlie@tom.org); Hannah Pustejovsky (hannah.pustejovsky@gmail.com).

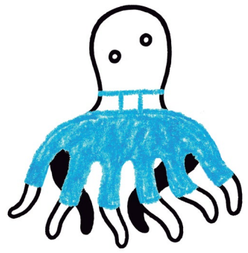
2019

REUNION CLASS

With Taylor Swift touring again, **Sarah Asch** wrote an article last March for the *Texas Standard*, offering a look at the Swifties culture through the eyes of fans of different ages and backgrounds who talked about what Swift's music has meant to them.

Last spring, **Kahari Blue** was chosen to be part of the 2023 cohort of the Theatre Producers of Color education program called Producing 101. The three-month program gives aspiring producers a chance to learn the fundamentals of commercial producing, including development paths, financing, budgeting, and more, guided by experienced leaders in theater. Having observed the many barriers keeping BIPOC out of commercial producing, specifically lack of education, training, and mentorship, Theatre Producers of Color works to break down the barriers and make producing more accessible.

—Class Correspondent: Megan Mahoney (megmahoney19@gmail.com).



2020

Ayman Quadir is the founder of Semi Aquatics, a clothing brand that has a strong following on social media. He calls it "sustainable fashion for a planet in deep waters." Noting that the way clothing is made today can be destructive to the environment, the company sources sustainable fabrics that can be worn over and over and produces clothing in limited collections that are available on selected dates once a month. Check it out!

—Class Correspondent: Katelan Newman (katelan.newman@gmail.com).

2021

Last March **Christine McDow** sent news that her comment about how to prevent a banking collapse was published in the *Wall Street Journal*'s *Ten Point* newsletter. She is working in the nonprofit sector.

2022

2023

Welcome to the class notes! If anyone would like to serve as a class correspondent for the Class of 2023, please contact Sara Marshall at smarshal@middlebury.edu. It's a fun way to stay in touch with classmates!

CLASS ACTS

OBITUARIES

1938

Madge Eddy Boardman, 95, of Rutland, Vt., on March 26, 2012. She received her bachelor's and master's degrees from Boston Univ. and had a lifelong career in education. She began by teaching in a one-room schoolhouse in Tunbridge, Vt., before doing full-time curriculum work for public schools in Vermont. She then joined the Vermont Dept. of Education and served as the director of curriculum coordination for the state. She received an honorary degree from St. Joseph College in Rutland. Deceased Middlebury relatives include father Eugene Eddy, Class of 1908, and uncles Arthur Eddy, Class of 1904, and Clarence Eddy, Class of 1911.

1941

Charlotte Gilbert Lightfoot, 101, of Arlington, Vt., on May 28, 2022. After earning a master's in chemistry from Connecticut College, she worked for General Aniline and Film as a research chemist during WWII. After raising her children, she began substitute teaching in 1966 and earned her teaching credential in 1969. She taught chemistry and math at Lowell High School in Whittier, Calif., for 20 years. Predeceased by first husband Roy Verdery, second husband Ed Lightfoot, and son Jim, she is survived by children Roy, Bill, and Mary Jane, stepson John and his family, eight grandchildren, and many great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren.

1944

Gertrude Nightingale Gettel, 98, of Melbourne Beach, Fla., on July 26, 2020. A member of Phi Mu, she worked at MIT after graduation doing research in nutritional biochemistry then worked for United Aircraft in Hartford, Conn. While raising her children, she was an active volunteer. Predeceased by husband Eugene, she is survived by sons Steve, Gary, and Roger, nine grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren. Deceased Middlebury relatives include brother Chester '51.

Miriam Fleming Hale, 99, of Rome, Pa., on August 17, 2022. A member of Delta Delta Delta, she worked on the family farms and at the Wysox (Pa.) post office while raising her family. Earning a degree from the Univ. of Maine at Augusta, she became a nationally accredited medical records technician and worked for over 10 years at the Kennebec Valley Medical Center in Augusta. Predeceased by daughters Deborah and Lucinda, she is survived by sons Chester and Jeffrey, seven grandchildren, 11 great-grandchildren, and eight great-great-grandchildren.

1945

Anna MacWilliams Neville, 97, of St. Albans, Vt., on June 2, 2022. Graduating early, she served in the Navy with the WAVES during WWII. Earning a master's in international and intercultural education from Columbia's Teacher College, she became a district director of the Girl Scouts in Detroit. Moving back to Vermont, she joined Social and Rehabilitative Services as a social worker and district director of the regional office. For 34 years she advocated for the foster children of Vermont. Upon retirement, a room at the Franklin County courthouse was named the Anna Neville Children's Room, a safe place for children and families to wait. Predeceased by husband David, she is survived by daughter Jennifer, two grandchildren, and several great-grandchildren.

Jane Robertson Palmstrom, 98, of Ravenna, Ohio, on May 8, 2022. A Delta Delta Delta at Middlebury, she earned her nursing degree from the Univ. of Wisconsin School of Nursing. She worked as a nurse until 1949, then was an active volunteer in her community, especially with AFS and Habitat for Humanity. Predeceased by husband Dave '45 and son John, she is survived by daughters Linda, Margaret, Mary, and Nancy, and two grandchildren.

Barbara Boyden Wetherbee, 98, of Chagrin Falls, Ohio, on June 20, 2022. A member of Alpha Xi Delta, she worked in NYC at Guaranty Trust Co. after graduation. She was an active volunteer while raising her children and tutored students in math. Predeceased by husband Winslow and daughter Virginia, she is survived by children Elizabeth, Bartlett, Wendy, and Thomas, 12 grandchildren, and 15 great-grandchildren.

1946

Marian Fisher Ales, 97, of Douglaston, N.Y., on June 24, 2022. She earned a master's in American civilization from New York University in 1950 and her thesis was eventually published in 1979 in *History and Archaeology of the Montauk Indians*. She was active in the Women's Club and Garden Club of Douglaston as well as her church. Predeceased by husband Victor and brother Paul '43, she is survived by son Lloyd.

Barbara Busing Harris, 97, of Laconia, N.H., on July 8, 2022. A member of Delta Delta Delta at Middlebury, she earned her degree from Barnard College. She worked in the school library of Northfield Mount Hermon School and while there, began her own used book business. After moving to the Taylor Community in 2001, she was instrumental in starting the Woodside Library. Predeceased by husband Pete '44, she is survived by children Anne '69, Martha '72, Peter '74, and Ellen '82; 10 grandchildren, including Megan Batchelder '00, Zak Pritchard '01, and Josh Onion '02; and 11 great-grandchildren.

1948

Joseph H. Bailey, 94, of Frisco, Calif., on January 21, 2019. A member of Sigma Phi Epsilon, he helped in the building and development of both A-Basin and Keystone ski areas in Colorado. He was also one of the founders of the Dillon Marina, then the highest yacht club in the world. Deceased Middlebury relatives include brother Richard '49.

Patricia Dow Farmer, 95, of Cushing, Maine, on May 20, 2022. With a master's in art history from the Univ. of North Carolina, she taught art history at a number of universities across the country. She also was a writer and editor for Worcester (Mass.) *Evening Gazette,* a publicist for a Boston-based PBS program, a cataloguer of a major corporate art collection in Chicago, a university art gallery director in Birmingham, Ala., and head of publications for the medical center of Columbia Univ. She is survived by husband David, children Geoffrey, Alison, Tory, Emily, and Rachel, and eight grandchildren.

Charles W. Muller, 93, of New York, N.Y., on August 4, 2021. After two years at the Fletcher School at Tufts Univ., he served in the Foreign Service. He then worked at Ford, Eaton, and Celanese on development of markets and production in Latin America. Joining Murden and Co., he had a long career consulting on international economic and political issues.

1949

Barbara Bishop, 94, of Alexandria, Va., on May 7, 2022. Feeling a call to the Episcopal priesthood, she earned a Master of Divinity from Andover Newton Theological Seminary in 1953 and a Master of Sacred Theology in 1954. Not allowed to be ordained as a woman, she joined the Sisters of the Love of God religious order. She worked in several Episcopal dioceses over the years, advocating for social justice and Christian education.

Rowland Boucher, 89, of Englewood, Colo., on January 18, 2015. During WWII, he served in the Air Force, earning the Certificate of Valor and a Purple Heart. A geologist, he had a long career working in oil and coal companies and attended the Geophysical Institute in Pittsburgh. He is survived by children Pamela '83, Ericsson, Andrea, and Denise and seven grandchildren. Middlebury relatives include brother Bob '49 (deceased), nephew Peter Boucher '76, and nieces Elizabeth Boucher Bohonnon '79 and Laura Boucher '80.

Roswell T. Edwards Jr., 98, of New York, New York, on May 12, 2022. During WWII, he served as a cryptographic technician in the Army Signal Corps in New Guinea, the Philippines, and Japan. He was awarded several ribbons and the Good Conduct and Victory medals. He had a long career in the publishing industry in New York City. Predeceased by partner Richard Eveleth, he is survived by brother Raymond and his family.

Clifton H. Forbush Jr., 95, of University Park, Fla., on July 10, 2022. He served in the Navy during WWII, then matriculated at Middlebury, where he was in Delta Upsilon. He was then recalled to active duty in 1950 and served as an anti-submarine warfare officer on the USS *Compton*. He spent his 42-year career in the insurance and banking industries, becoming a fellow in the Life Management Assoc. in 1964, a chartered financial analyst in 1967, and a principal in NASD in 1969. He retired in 1996. Survivors include wife Rita (Lawrence), children Linda, Clifton, Bradley, James, and Douglas, eight grandchildren, and 13 great-grandchildren.

Constance Kelly Law, 95, formerly of West Newbury, Mass., on August 21, 2022. A member of Delta Delta Delta, she worked in the office of A.N. Pierson, a wholesale florist and nursery business, and later worked 17 years at Cherry Hill Nurseries, a tree and plant nursery. She and husband Duncan '49 raised two children, Duncan '77 and Dana.

Leonard Leving III, 98, of Chico, Calif., on June 1, 2022. During WWII, he served in the Army in Europe. After graduating from Middlebury, he did graduate work at Stanford then worked for Stanford Research Institute for 34 years, retiring in 1990 as a software engineer. In retirement he enjoyed great success as a watercolorist, exhibiting his paintings and winning awards. He is survived by longtime companion Mary Nelson and her family.

1950

Corwin S. Elwell, 94, of Brattleboro, Vt., on June 4, 2022. After serving two years in the Army, he matriculated at Middlebury, where he was a member of Sigma Phi Epsilon. With a Master of Government Administration, he served as the town manager of Bethel, Vt., municipal manager of Essex Junction, Vt., and as town manager of Brattleboro, starting in 1960 and retiring in 1989. He was named Vermont Town Manager of the Year in 1986. Predeceased by first wife Frances (Bostelmann) '50, he is survived by second wife Betty, children Cathleen, Christine, Colleen, and Peter '84, stepchildren Richard, Timothy, and Kristin, nine grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. Deceased Middlebury relatives include brother Donald '52.

Helen Highley Matel, 93, formerly of Brewster, Mass., on September 1, 2022. She worked three years in public relations at Baird Assoc. in Cambridge, Mass., a company making scientific research instruments. After raising her children, she earned her real estate license and worked for Savage and Co. in Richmond, Va. Predeceased by former husband Ken Matel, she is survived by children Kathy, Elizabeth, James, and Jonathan, and six grandchildren. Middlebury relatives include brother Seward '55 (deceased) and nieces Deborah '80, Susan '83, and Carolyn '86 Highley.

Stephen T. Welch, 96, of Ferrisburgh, Vt., on May 12, 2022. During WWII, he served in the Navy in the South Pacific aboard the USS *Alabama*. With an MBA from Cornell University, he worked as assistant comptroller at Dartmouth and comptroller at UVM. He then began his own accounting firm, First Welch Corp. Predeceased by wife Patricia (Johnson), daughter Linda, and grandson Phillip, he is survived by children Peter, David, Donald, Alan, and Andrea, and six grandchildren.

1951

Eleanore Hoepli Didriksen, 94, of Glen Carbon, Ill., on July 3, 2022. Her first job after college was with Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. She later owned and operated the Village Knit Shop in Winnetka, Ill., then worked 21 years in the circulation department at Wellesley (Mass.) Free Library. Predeceased by husband Caleb and grandson Spencer, she is survived by children Deirdra, Caleb, Nancy, and Lizbeth, 11 grandchildren, and two great-grandsons.

F. Van Parker, 92, of Cromwell, Conn., on July 19, 2022. After graduating from Yale Divinity School, he was ordained as a minister in the United Church of Christ and had a 40-year career as a parish minister. He served churches in Ohio, Michigan, and Massachusetts before serving First Church in Windsor, Conn., for 27 years, retiring in 1995. Predeceased by wife Lucille (Hempel), he is survived by children Susan, Elizabeth, and Douglas, and six grandchildren. Deceased Middlebury relatives include grandfather Hazen Parker, Class of 1880.

Anne Moreau Thomas, 92, of Flemington, N.J., on September 11, 2022. A Kappa Kappa Gamma, she joined the family's newspaper business, where she wrote columns and served as food editor over a 45-year span. She was active in many organizations at the local, county, and state levels, breaking barriers to lead several as a woman, including the New Jersey Press Assoc. and the Rutgers Univ. Board of Governors. Rutgers awarded her an honorary Doctor of Humane Letters in 1999. Predeceased by husband Seely '51 as well as sisters Dale '49, Margaret '54, and Janet '59, she is survived by children Catherine '75, John '77, and Howard '83, six grandchildren, including Sarah Thomas '14, and one great-granddaughter. Deceased Middlebury relatives include father Daniel, Class of 1920.

1952

Mary Louise McLeod Aagaard, 91, of Northbrook, Ill., on July 24, 2022. For several years she worked at Northwestern Univ., eventually becoming the supervisor in the data processing department. She was an active volunteer with the League of Women Voters and in 2012 was honored with the Paul Simon Public Service Award for her longtime work as a watchdog

of democracy and fair elections. She was predeceased by husband Jim. Deceased Middlebury relatives include father James McLeod, Class of 1926, and sister Adrienne McLeod Heatley '58.

Elizabeth Schimmat Andrews, 92, of Orlando, Fla., on June 28, 2022. She received her bachelor's degree from Adelphi College and worked several years for Pfizer in Brooklyn as a supervisor of various antibiotic testing labs. In 1975 she returned to school and graduated as a registered nurse in 1978, then worked at Florida Hospital South until retiring in 1993. She and husband Craig had four children, Douglas, Stuart, Janis, and Carol.

Lucile Lee Frisbee, 92, of Delhi, N.Y., on September 23, 2022. A member of Phi Mu, she attended Katherine Gibbs School in NYC then worked for CBS Television Spot Sales. Moving to Delhi, she worked in the tutoring program at SUNY Delhi for 10 years. She was also a church organist for many years. She is survived by husband Willard, sons Ronald '78, Steven, and James, five grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

Cynthia Fuguet Shurtleff, 91, of Clyde Hill, Wash., on June 21, 2022. After earning her MEd from the Univ. of Washington in 1976, she had a career as a health education consultant for the March of Dimes at Children's Hospital and Medical Center. She and husband David had three children, Michael, Hillary, and Matthew.

1953

Margaret Schlumpf Lambert, 91, of Centerville, Mass., on June 17, 2022. A Delta Delta Delta at Middlebury, she worked in NYC after graduation for NBC, first in the music dept. then for the *Home Show.* She then worked for Bell Telephone Labs as a personnel researcher. She had a long career in music, teaching in a preschool, teaching piano, and directing choirs and choruses, and as a singer and accompanist. Predeceased by husband David, she is survived by children David, Melissa, and Juliet '86, and four grandchildren including Charlie Pratt '21.

Robert L. Prosser, 91, of Vero Beach, Fla., on May 18, 2022. A member of Sigma Epsilon, he earned his bachelor's from Columbia College. After serving in the Coast Guard, he attended NYU Graduate School of Business and worked at Hanover Bank before starting his specialist business on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange, Wreszin, Prosser, Romano and Co. He retired in 1987. He is survived by wife Judith (McKinlay), children Robert, Richard, and Anne, stepchildren Lindsay and Edwin, and two grandchildren.

Robert C. Westcott, 90, of Queensbury, N.Y., on September 2, 2021. A Sigma Phi Epsilon, he earned his dental degree from the Univ. of Pennsylvania School of Dental Medicine. He then served four years of military service in the U.S. Navy Dental Corps. before opening his own dental practice in Glens Falls, N.Y. He served on the board of the Glens Falls Hospital for 20 years, was president of the New York State Dental Assoc., and served as executive director of the Fourth District Dental Society. He is survived by wife Lillian (Walbridge), children Deborah, Robert, Paul, Brad, and Mark, 10 grandchildren, and seven great-grandchildren.

1954

Marion Thompson Adams, 90, of Exeter, N.H., on August 25, 2022. She worked for Campbell and Hall book wholesaler in Boston for several years, then in 1968 cofounded the Book Shop of Beverly Farms (Mass.), where she worked for over 30 years before selling it. Predeceased by daughter Anne, she is survived by husband Thomas, children Hayward, William, and Katharine, seven grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren. Middlebury relatives include nephew Trum Soule '82.

Robert C. Boardman, 90, of Salem, N.H., on August 1, 2022. A member of Chi Psi, he served in the Marines. After earning a Master in Hospital Administration at the Univ. of Michigan, he began his career at Newton-Wellesley Hospital in Newton, Mass. Moving to Connecticut, he worked as CEO of Johnson Memorial Hospital and Rockville General Hospital. Predeceased by wife Sally (Robinson) '54, he is survived by sons Robert and Jeffrey, and six grandchildren.

Sally Robinson Boardman, 90, of Salem, N.H., on May 24, 2022. An Alpha Xi Delta member, she worked after college for the New York Telephone Co. She later used her fine arts training while serving as a docent and educating children at the Museum of Fine Arts and the George Walter Vincent Smith Museum in Springfield, Mass. She was survived by husband Robert '54, who died August 1, and is survived by sons Robert and Jeffrey, and six grandchildren.

Donald O. Menard, 90, of Selma, Ind., on June 23, 2022. A member of Phi Kappa Tau, he served in the Army in Germany after graduation. He worked for 35 years as a newspaper reporter for the *Woonsocket Call* in Rhode Island, covering Burrillville and Glocester. He is survived by wife Claire (Laferte), children Donald, Janice, Kevin, Andrew, Martha, and Neil, 13 grandchildren, and 13 great-grandchildren. Middlebury relatives include niece Mary '84 and nephew Matt '86 Menard.

Carol Jensen Miller, 89, of Wallingford, Conn., on May 8, 2022. After leaving Middlebury, she earned her bachelor's from Northwestern Univ. She volunteered at Newington Children's Hospital, Meriden Public Library, and New Britain Museum of American Art. Predeceased by husband Paul, she is survived by children Linda, Paul, and Kimberly, five grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

Diane Schwob Strong, 89, of Houston, Texas, on June 10, 2022. A Sigma Kappa, she worked at *Sports Illustrated* for a year after graduation. After raising her children, she joined the international dept. of law firm Arnold, White & Durkee, working on U.S. and foreign patent and trademark prosecution. She then worked at Compaq Computer Corp. in the patent and trademark dept. Predeceased by husband Cyrus, she is survived by children Gregory, Penelope, Hilary, and Andrew, 11 grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren.

Clarence C. Strowbridge, 89, of White Plains, N.Y., on August 12, 2022. After serving in the Army and studying European history at Columbia, he joined Dover Publications in NYC as an editorial trainee and spent his entire career with the company. He rose from trainee to managing editor, to editor in chief, to executive vice president, and finally president. He was predeceased by wife Helga.

Richard I. Teach, 89, of Buffalo, N.Y., on February 6, 2022. A member of KDR, he served in the Naval Air Corps after college. He then had a long career in insurance with the Teach Agency. Predeceased by wife Elenore (Rhoad) '57, he is survived by children Erin, David, Stephen, and Jeffrey, and five grandchildren, including Owen '13 and Eliza '16 Teach.

Josephine Eaton Wagner, 90, of Manchester, Maine, on August 2, 2022. After college she worked as an assistant librarian for the American Gas Assoc. in NYC and Millburn (N.J.) Public Library. In Maine she was active in conservation efforts. She is survived by husband Richard '53, daughter Mary Jo '80, son Scott, five grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

Roger H. Walmsley, 91, of Philadelphia, Pa., on November 14, 2021. After two years in the Army, he earned his bachelor's, master's, and PhD in physics from Yale Univ. He joined the faculty of the Univ. of Pennsylvania in 1958 as an associate in physics research, was promoted to assistant professor, and in 1963 became an associate professor. He retired in 1994 as professor emeritus of physics. He is survived by wife Patricia and his children.

1955

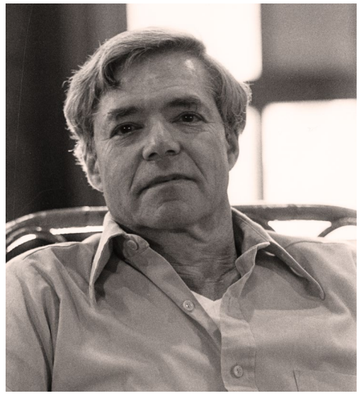
Peter A. Baldwin, 90, of Gilmanton, N.H., on July 10, 2022. In 1959, he earned an STB from Boston Univ. School of Theology and was ordained into the Unitarian ministry. In 1964, he completed a PhD in psychology at BU. He taught at Tufts Univ. then at the Univ. of Chicago before moving to New Hampshire where he practiced as a psychologist until retirement in 2000 and was an adjunct professor in the Antioch Univ. New England Doctoral Program in Clinical Psychology. He is survived by wife Carolyn (Whitmore) '54, children Sarah, Robert, and Judith, and four grandchildren.

Helju Kivimae Batchelder, 90, of Lebanon, N.H., on September 3, 2022. A Sigma Kappa, she earned a certificate from the Harvard-Radcliffe Program in Business Administration and became an investment analyst in Boston before marrying. From 1977 to 1989, she held several positions with the Experiment in International Living. In 1989, she and her husband lived in Mozambique, Africa, where she worked as

IN MEMORIAM

Robert M. Pack

MAY 19, 1929–JUNE 5, 2023



Teacher and poet Robert M. Pack, professor emeritus and former director of the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, died peacefully at his home in the Swan Valley of Montana on June 5, 2023, with his devoted wife of 60 years, Patty, by his side. He was 94 years old.

At Dartmouth College, he majored in English literature and philosophy, earning his bachelor's degree in 1951. While doing graduate work at Columbia University, he taught courses in poetry at the New School for Social Research. After receiving his MA in 1953, he was awarded a Fulbright fellowship to travel to Italy and translate the work of poet Gabriele D'Annunzio. Following his return to the U.S., he was hired by Barnard College, where he taught literature for six years.

In 1964 he joined the faculty at Middlebury as an assistant professor. In 1970 he was appointed as an Old Dominion Foundation professor and in 1971 was appointed the Julian W. Abernethy Professor of American Literature. He taught a wide variety of classes, including poetry writing, English and American literatures, and the Hebrew Bible. He also designed and chaired the creative writing program and in 1992 was appointed the first Donald Everett Axinn Professor of English and Creative Writing.

Longtime friend and colleague Jay Parini, Donald Everett Axinn Professor of English and Creative Writing, said, "Bob Pack was nothing less than a force of nature. He was always amusing and provocative, and his own poems and critical writing revealed the same energies. He was a trusted mentor to so many students."

A prolific and nationally acclaimed poet, Pack published 21 collections of poetry, a number of them with the University of Chicago Press, and he also published book-length critical studies of Shakespeare, Robert Frost, and Wallace Stevens. His poetry took inspiration from the English literary tradition, science, and memory as well as the Vermont and Montana landscapes.

Pack served as the director of the world-renowned Bread Loaf Writers' Conference from 1970 to 1994, where his readings of his own poetry were received by crowded rooms of appreciative listeners. He helped to shape and encourage the efforts of numerous creative writers over the years that he was part of the conference.

Upon retiring from Middlebury in 1998, he and Patty moved to Montana. A year later Bob unretired and began teaching in the Honors College at the University of Montana. He initiated a course called Ways of Knowing, which remains the introductory course for the program's students.

He is survived by wife Patty, children Erik, Pamela, and Kevin, grandson Slayden, and sister Marian.

a senior analyst for the Agency of International Development. She finished her career in Vermont at Norwich Univ., coordinating graduate programs. Predeceased by husband Donald '56, she is survived by children Thomas and Annie, and six grandchildren.

John O. Woodsome III, 88, of Granby, Conn., on August 10, 2020. A member of Kappa Delta Rho, he earned his bachelor's in accounting from the Univ. of Massachusetts. He worked as an underwriter for insurance companies, auditor for Price Waterhouse and Combustion Engineering, and controller for Standard Knapp Div., Emhart Corp. He was survived by wife Dorothy (Ormond), who died in March 2023. He is survived by children William, Robert, and Thomas, six grandchildren, and 11 great-grandchildren.

1956

Helen Kimbark Boocock, 87, of Yarmouth Port, Mass., on May 17, 2022. A member of Pi Beta Phi, she lived for a year in Paris and worked in Boston after graduation. She found community in each of the places her family lived while her husband was headmaster at various independent schools and was a strong supporter of his work. Pembroke Hill School recognized her central role by naming the Helen and Roger Boocock Middle School in 2004. She is survived by husband Roger, daughters Dana, Sarah, MA English '96, and Melissa '88, and four grandchildren. Middlebury relatives include great-nephew Phil Coburn '19.

Lucy James Carroll, 87, of Kennett Square, Pa., on July 6, 2022. A Sigma Kappa, she earned a master's from Harvard Graduate School of Education and taught elementary school and led job placement and vocational training programs for special needs students at Vanguard High School in Pennsylvania. She then worked at Bell Atlantic, where she was a manager of technical course development for 13 years. Predeceased by husband Anthony Lanutti, she is survived by husband Robert McCaffrey, children Curtis and Leah, three grandchildren, three stepchildren, and two step-grandchildren.

John H. Chase, 87, of San Rafael, Calif., on June 1, 2022. A member of Theta Chi, he served in the Army Counter Intelligence Corps before joining Transamerica in 1962 to develop a career in marketing and community relations management. He was instrumental in getting construction approval for the Transamerica Pyramid in San Francisco. In 1979 he joined Genstar Corp., where he worked until 1989 when he and his wife built a ranch and raised alpacas for 15 years. Predeceased by wife Barbara (Philen) and son Scott, he is survived by children Galen, Bruce '83, and Cameron, and 11 grandchildren.

Jerome H. Ocorr, 87, of New Bern, N.C., on September 24, 2022. A Delta Kappa Epsilon, he served three years in the Navy and continued in the Naval Reserves another 20 years. After owning and publishing a weekly newspaper in New York for 14 years, he began a long career in development, which included three years at Middlebury. Earning a master's in communications from UNC, he became executive VP of North Carolina Veterinary Medical Assoc., retiring in 1999. Predeceased by sons Scott and Jeffrey, he is survived by wife Anne (Fleming), children Steve and Kristen, five grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

Judith Phinney Stearns, 87, of Bloomfield, Conn., on June 27, 2022. A Delta Delta Delta, she earned her master's in education at Central Connecticut State Univ. and taught kindergarten for 20 years in the Glastonbury (Conn.) Public Schools. Retiring in 1990, she served as an elected town official in Glastonbury for eight years. She was passionate about the work of the YMCA of Greater Hartford and served there in a number of capacities. Predeceased by husband John, she is survived by sons Jay, Bob '81, and Jim, and five grandchildren, including Neve Stearns '16.

1957

William C. Badger, 87, of East Barnard, Vt., on July 14, 2022. A Chi Psi at Middlebury, he served in the Army and was discharged as a first lieutenant. In 1966, he attended the Program for Management Development at Harvard Business School then had a long business career in management and real estate development, which included stints as business manager at Pingree School and president of Badger Real Estate Consulting Services. Predeceased by longtime partner, Jenepher Lingelbach, he is survived by children Christopher and Lisa, and three grandchildren.

Ann Eckels Bailie, 87, of Boulder, Colo., on May 3, 2022. A Sigma Kappa, she moved to Washington, D.C., to work as a mathematician for Project Vanguard at the Naval Research Laboratory, which then became a part of NASA. While researching the data from the Vanguard satellite, she discovered the Earth is pear-shaped rather than round, which was reported at the January 1959 meeting of the American Physical Society. In 1968 she became the first alumna to be inducted into Middlebury's Phi Beta Kappa unit. Predeceased by husband Bill and son Jim, she is survived by daughters Diane and Jean, seven grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

S. Wyman Rolph III, 86, of Richmond, Va., on July 28, 2022. A member of Delta Upsilon, he served three years in the Army. He worked in NYC for the Bank of New York for 11 years in commercial banking then worked in corporate finance for over 30 years at several firms. He is survived by wife Katherine, sons Kari '97 and Decker, and three grandchildren.

Barbara McLaren Smithson, 84, of Bennington, Neb., on December 29, 2019. A member of Delta Delta Delta, she worked as a typist in NYC for the French Embassy then at the United Nations as secretary to the director of the codification division. She later worked for several companies in Omaha, Neb., including Datatronics, and worked as a tax preparer. Predeceased by husband William, she is survived by children Ann and Christopher.

Eleanore Rhoad Teach, 85, of Buffalo, N.Y., on November 28, 2021. She was an active volunteer in her community, including serving on the school board. Husband Richard '54 survived her before dying on February 6, 2022. She is survived by children Erin, David, Stephen, and Jeffrey, and five grandchildren, including Owen '13 and Eliza '16 Teach.

Ewart V. Thomas, 87, of Florham Park, N.J., on June 26, 2022. A member of Chi Psi, he worked in employee relations with General Electric before joining Warner-Lambert Co., where he had a long career, retiring in 1989 as director of external relations. Predeceased by grandson Charles, he is survived by wife Bonnie, sons Jeffrey, Alan, John, Mike, and Marc, and nine grandchildren.

1958

George "Pete" H. Bostwick Jr., 87, of Delray Beach, Fla., on July 7, 2022. At Middlebury, he was a standout athlete in golf, ice hockey, and tennis and was inducted into the College's Athletics Hall of Fame in November 2021. He continued participating in athletics throughout his life, winning many championships and competing in court tennis, tennis, squash, racquets, golf, and hockey. In 1959 he joined H.N. Whitney, Goadby & Co. as a stockbroker and became a general partner in 1966. He spent 35 years with the firm, retiring several years after it was acquired by Advest. Predeceased by wife Lilias (Knott), he is survived by children Peter III '78, Catherine, Lilias, and Janet, and 11 grandchildren, including Kathryn '12 and Lucy '18 Bostwick.

H. Scott Greer Jr., 86, of Bloomington, Ind., on July 11, 2022. A Chi Psi at Middlebury, he earned his MA and EdD in physical education from Columbia University. He spent two years in the Army then had a long career coaching college basketball and tennis and teaching physical education, including six years at Western Illinois Univ. and 16 years at Indiana Univ. He also spent many years assisting the tennis coaches at Bloomington South High School and in 2019 was inducted into the Indiana High School Tennis Hall of Fame. Predeceased by first wife Patricia (Sennott) and second wife Margaret, he is survived by daughters Shari, Dawn, and Vicki, stepsons Todd, Tadd, and Jon, 11 grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

Gilbert A. Partch, 83, of Marlborough, Mass., on August 21, 2020. A Chi Psi at Middlebury, he served in the Army after graduation. He began his career in education at Fishers Island Union Free School, teaching science. After earning a Master of Arts in Liberal Studies from Wesleyan Univ., he began teaching in the Mount Pleasant Central School District in New York. Predeceased by wife Margaret (O'Connor), he is survived by eight children, 19 grandchildren, and eight great-grandchildren. Deceased Mid-

IN MEMORIAM

John McWilliams

JULY 22, 1940–JULY 23, 2023

College Professor Emeritus John McWilliams, 83, revered teacher, scholar, and writer, of Middlebury, Vermont, died peacefully at his home on July 23, 2023, surrounded by his family.

He earned his AB at Princeton University and his AM and PhD in English and American literature at Harvard University. He held faculty appointments at the University of California, Berkeley; University of Illinois, Chicago; and the University of Maryland before joining the Middlebury College faculty in 1978. In 1988, he was appointed the Julian W. Abernethy Professor of American Literature.

During his Middlebury tenure, McWilliams served in numerous leadership roles, including as chair of the Department of American Literature, chair of the Program in American Civilization, chair of Faculty Council, chair of the Division of Humanities, and vice president for Academic Affairs.

"John was one of the most distinguished scholars ever to have served on the Middlebury faculty, and I am honored to have been his colleague and friend," said Stephen Donadio, the John Hamilton Fulton Professor Emeritus of Humanities, who arrived at Middlebury the same year as McWilliams—both to teach in the Department of American Literature. "Over the years, in addition to maintaining a reputation as a superb teacher of students at every level of their education, he produced a series of indispensable, deeply researched studies in American literary history and culture, all published by major university presses. Whenever I found myself contemplating intellectual work that needed to be done, his example served as a clear indication of true north."

McWilliams was a prolific author of several published academic books, articles, and book reviews throughout his career. He was a recipient of numerous fellowships, grants, and honors, including four National Endowment for the Humanities (NEH) fellowships, and he served on several editorial and governing boards. Just before his death, he was working on a last review for the *Phi Beta Kappa Key Reporter*, to which he frequently contributed his insights and reflections on American history, literature, and culture.

A consummate teacher, McWilliams

was committed to the intellectual exploration of his students and was said to never have missed a class. Many of his students continued their relationships with him beyond graduation.

McWilliams is survived by his wife, Assistant Professor Emerita of French Mireille B. McWilliams, sisters Suzanne Murray and Marianne Romaine, and children Andrew, Kirsten, Elizabeth, Christopher, and Isabel McWilliams. He was predeceased by his daughter Suzannah McWilliams. He was known affectionately as "Mac" by his six surviving grandchildren, Lucca, Emmons, Teo, Gus, Barlow, and Willa.

dlebury relatives include great-uncle Frederick Bryant, Class of 1900.

1959

Nathaniel Codding, 82, of Concord, Mass., on October 21, 2018. A member of Phi Kappa Tau, he served in the Army from 1959 to 1962 then served in the Army Reserve. Predeceased by son Jan, he is survived by wife Karin, daughters Caroline and Amy, and three grandchildren.

George G. Finch, 84, of Delafield, Wis., on September 7, 2022. At Middlebury he was a member of Theta Chi. After serving in the Army as a paratrooper and first lieutenant, he began a career in manufacturing with General Electric for 16 years before joining the Taylor-Wharton division of Harsco Corp., where he rose to the role of president. He then became president of Pressed Steel Tank Co. and Matarah Industries before founding his own consulting company, Finch and Assoc. He is survived by wife Donna, children Jim and Lee, six grandchildren, one great-grandson, stepchildren Tina, Kory, and Kim, and four step-grandchildren.

John C. Medici, 84, of Ostrander, Ohio, on July 6, 2022. After earning a PhD in biochemistry and nutrition from Rutgers Univ., he joined the Martin Co. in Baltimore, Md., working in nutritional support for space travel for NASA and in detecting extraterrestrial life. In 1968 he went to work for Chemical Abstracts Services and spent 40 years as an editor and translator of patent and journal literature. He had a lifelong love of collecting minerals, many of which ended up in museums, and in 2020 he won the prestigious Carnegie Mineralogical Award given by the Carnegie Museum of Natural History. He is survived by wife Betsy (Sandborg) and sons Jay, Eric, and Brett.

Richard L. Opdyke, 85, of New Orleans, La., on September 24, 2022. After earning a Master of Education from Tulane Univ. in 1972 and an MA in French from Middlebury's Language Schools in 1982, he taught upper levels of French at Archbishop Chapelle High School in Metairie, La. He later worked for himself as a tour guide for French tourism.

Barbara Partee Partch, 84, of Mystic, Conn., on June 26, 2022. After teaching first and second grades at Fishers Island (N.Y.) School, she joined Maersk Shipping as an administrative assistant in 1973 and retired as a claims adjustor in 1997. She is survived by children Laura, Gregory, Douglas, and Jeffrey, seven grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren.

David R. Rochat, 84, formerly of Chelsea, Vt., on July 13, 2022. A member of Delta Upsilon, he worked 20 years in the financial world of bond trading in Manhattan. Moving to Vermont, he ran a farm, raising many animals and making maple syrup. He also got involved in starting a mutual fund and managed the tax-exempt portfolios. Predeceased by wife Barbara (Seaman), he is survived by daughters Laura '85, Julie '87, Nancy, and Diane, and 14 grandchildren, including Calvin McEathron '16.

Richard S. Smith, 87, of Woodland Hills, Calif., on September 25, 2021. With graduate business courses at NYU, he had a career in finance and real estate holdings. He served as president of Ocean Shore Iron Works and later at Franchise Educational Assoc. of California.

Carolyn Thrasher Weh, 85, of Fort Atkinson, Wis., on May 26, 2022. A Delta Delta Delta, she worked with her husband for their small trucking business then enjoyed working part time as a librarian. Predeceased by husband William, she is survived by children Suzanne and Robert, and two grandchildren. Deceased Middlebury relatives include parents Charles '32 and Margaret Smith Thrasher '34.

1960

Christie A. Lerch, 81, of Ithaca, N.Y., on March 27, 2020. With a master's from the Univ. of Pennsylvania and a PhD in English from Bryn Mawr College, she taught English at various universities, including at SUNY Binghamton and Penn State University.

Elizabeth Bennethum Pertzoff, 82, of Yorklyn, Del., on July 16, 2022. She earned her bachelor's from Widener Univ. in 1988. After working as the business manager of a needlepoint design business, she served as the executive director of the Delaware Council on Alcoholism from 1981 to 1984 then in 1985 became the executive director of the Delaware Council on Gambling Problems, retiring in 2015. She is survived by husband Robert Walton, children Tatiana and Constantin, and six grandchildren.

Michael J. Robinson, 85, of Sudbury, Mass., on May 15, 2022. A Zeta Psi, he earned his MD from Tufts Univ. School of Medicine in 1964 and had a three-year residency in pediatrics. During the Vietnam War, he served as a captain in the Army in Washington State. He was a partner at Sudbury Pediatrics for over 35 years, retiring in 2005. A loyal alumnus, Middlebury bestowed on him an Alumni Plaque Award in 2010. He is survived by wife Amy (Stellar), son Carl '96, and one grandchild.

Susan Foster Rowlands, 83, of Johnston, R.I., on June 13, 2022. She had a long teaching career in the William Penn School District, teaching French and Spanish. She is survived by brother Mike '63. Deceased Middlebury relatives include great-uncle Louis, Class of 1904, and great-aunt Elizabeth Salisbury Squire, Class of 1903.

Vcevold O. Strekalovsky, 84, of Hingham, Mass., on June 19, 2022. A Chi Psi, he earned his Master of Architecture from the Univ. of Pennsylvania and a Master of Civic Design from the Univ. of Edinburgh. Beginning his architecture career in 1965, he established his own firm in 1978 and practiced up until June 2022. He was an accomplished painter whose works were shown extensively in galleries around New England. He is survived by wife Jane (Cram) '61, daughters Elisabeth '87, Katherine, and Anna, and four grandchildren.

1961

Carolyn Cooper Bird, 82, of Falmouth, Mass., on May 4, 2022. She worked as a biology teacher, librarian, and graphic artist among other jobs before joining the staff at the *Falmouth Enterprise,* a local newspaper, first as a typesetter, proofreader, and copy editor before working in ad production and eventually becoming the manager of compositions systems. She loved running in various road races and for 30 years she and her husband directed the Cape Cod Marathon. She is survived by husband Courtney '63, children Stephen and Aletha, and four grandchildren.

Peter M. Howe, 83, of Charlottesville, Va., on September 15, 2022. An accomplished horseman, he worked for Marion Dupont Scott, owner of Montpelier, as her racehorse trainer, and they won many notable races as well as Eclipse Award honors for steeplechase and flat racing. He was a gifted equestrian, who competed in many shows, including at Madison Square Garden, Washington National, and the Pennsylvania Horse Show. He is survived by children Debby, Jill, and Jeffrey, and four grandchildren.

1962

Timothy L. Barnett, 82, of Saratoga Springs, N.Y., on August 29, 2022. After leaving Middlebury in 1960, he served two years in the Army in Germany then received his bachelor's from the Univ. of Colorado at Boulder. In 1972, he became the founding executive director of the Adirondack Chapter of the Nature Conservancy. His conservation work led to protecting 585,000 acres in the Adirondacks. He also oversaw the merger of the Adirondack Land Trust with the Nature Conservancy. He is survived by wife Claire, sons Ian and Edward, and six grandchildren.

Anne Ryan Higginbottom, 82, of Yarmouth Port, Mass., on May 13, 2022. A Kappa Kappa Gamma at Middlebury, she earned her bachelor's from Syracuse University in 1970. With a career in education, she taught English at the high school level then taught at Binghamton Univ. She and husband George had one son, Eric.

Robert C. Jacobson, 83, of Unionville, Conn., on June 21, 2022. At Middlebury he was a member of Delta Kappa Epsilon. He had a long career with Aetna Life and Casualty Insurance as an analyst and writer. He is survived by wife Janice (Tracy), son Richard, daughter Sharon, and five grandchildren.

Eleanor Williams Pringle, 82, of Crystal River, Fla., on August 1, 2022. A member of Kappa Kappa Gamma, she earned her medical degree from Tufts Univ. School of Medicine in 1966, did a residency in psychiatry at Yale, and had a solo practice in Higganum, Conn., for 38 years. For nine years she also served on the clinical faculty at Yale Univ. School of Medicine. She is survived by husband Wallace "Pete" '63, children Elizabeth '88, Wallace '90, and Jennifer, and five grandchildren.

1963

David E. Burtis, 80, of Delmar, N.Y., on May 8, 2022. After earning a master's in international relations from the Univ. of Pennsylvania and a master's in statistics and operation research from RPI, he had a long career working as an econometrician for the New York State Division of Budget. He is survived by wife Linda (Salem), daughters Rachael and Sarah, and five grandchildren.

1964

Harry L. "Skip" Cody, 82, of Chicago, Ill., on June 19, 2022. A member of Chi Psi, he earned his MBA from Columbia University School of Business and served in the Navy. He pursued a long career in entrepreneurial ventures, owning various businesses, and sold his last, Multicolor Specialties, to Rust-Oleum. He is survived by wife Nancy (Evans), children Lisa, Philip, Christopher, Kasi, and Leslie, and nine grandchildren.

James T. McCormack, 79, of La Mesa, Calif., on August 7, 2022. After Middlebury, he spent two years in the Army at the Presidio in San Francisco. He then had a long career with United Airlines, first in marketing then running the San Diego sales office and airline operations. Leaving United, he purchased his own travel agency then managed a sales team at a Marriott. He is survived by wife Carole (Nelson), children Todd and Holly, and five grandchildren. Middlebury relatives include sister Judy '72.

Mary Jocelyn Stock, 80, of Kailua, Hawaii, on August 24, 2022. A member of Pi Beta Phi, she worked as an airline stewardess for Pan American Airways for two years. With a master's in educational psychology from the Univ. of Hawaii, she began teaching at Waiokeola Preschool in 1982 and became director in 1984, a position she held until she retired in 2003. She is survived by husband David, children Rob, Katy, and Michael, three grandchildren, and brother Bob '70. Deceased Middlebury relatives include parents Douglas '34 and Dorothy Gray Jocelyn '35, aunt Janet Gray Willis '37, uncle John Gray '39, and brother Douglas '61.

1965

Maris Swan Humphreys, 79, of Portsmouth, R.I., on May 31, 2022. A member of Theta Chi Omega, she earned a Master of Library Science from Simmons College in Boston. She worked at Portsmouth Free Public Library before joining the Redwood Library and Atheneum in Newport, R.I., where she began as a library assistant, then moved to assistant librarian and cataloger before becoming head of technical services in 1992 then head of special collections in 1996. Predeceased by husband Keith, she is survived by children Lesley '91, Gardner '94, and Pamela, and five grandchildren. Middlebury relatives include brother Fred Swan '59.

1967

Alice Milnor Norton, 77, of Boulder, Colo., on July 26, 2022. She attended the Sorbonne in Paris, pursued graduate studies at Boston Univ., and earned her CPA designation while working in the accounting and technology fields in the U.S. and France. She was chair of the Monticello College Foundation, a founding member of BouldeReach, and actively engaged with the Webb-Waring Institute. She is survived by children Dolly and James, four grandchildren, and former husband Ed Norton '67.

1968

Jeffrey P. Minns, 75, of Panton, Vt., on May 7, 2022. He had a long career in education, teaching English and Latin at Vergennes (Vt.) High School, where he also coached soccer and wrestling. Taking a computer course, he changed fields and taught technology at Middlebury Union Middle School, retiring in 2002. For 30 years, he enjoyed driving school buses for field trips and sporting events. He is survived by wife Joy (Ostovitz) and children Jennifer and Jason.

Kurt Stier, 74, of Paris, France, on June 1, 2021. He began his long career in photography as a museum photographer at the Shelburne Museum in Vermont. He then worked in film until becoming an assistant to art and fashion photographer Irving Penn. He turned to fashion work and divided his time between agency and corporate work. Subsequently, he moved to Paris and achieved substantial success as a photographer.

1969

Elizabeth Campbell Chromec, 75, formerly of Saxton's River, Vt., on August 1, 2022. After attending Norwich University's accelerated program for teaching, she became a long-term substitute teacher in Cornish, N.H., and worked in special education at Bellows Free Union High School in Vermont. She is survived by daughter Rachael.

CLASS ACTS

John W. McConnell, 75, of Torbay, Newfoundland, Canada, on May 8, 2022. A Zeta Psi, he earned his Master of Science in geology at Queen's Univ. in Kingston, Ontario, Canada. He had a long career as a geologist with the Newfoundland Dept. of Mines and Energy. He is survived by wife Kiki (Moore), children Jesse and Molly, and several grandchildren.

Pamela Pritchard Orchard, 75, of Milton, Mass., on July 27, 2022. She worked as a research assistant in a lab at Yale Univ. and earned a master's in interior design from the Univ. of Connecticut. After earning a master's in early childhood education from Wheelock College, she began teaching at Belmont Day School in 1990, where she worked 20 years mostly teaching fourth grade. She is survived by husband Robert '69, children Christopher '00 and Katherine '04.5, one grandchild, and two brothers, including Alan Pritchard '65. Deceased Middlebury relatives include parents Dale '35 and Bevalie Cone Pritchard '36, uncle and aunt Reginald, Class of 1924, and Juanita Pritchard Cook, Class of 1926, and aunt Elizabeth Cone '46.

1971

Peter Ender, 73, of St. James, Barbados, on September 12, 2022, after a long, courageous battle. After earning his Doctor of Medicine from the Univ. of Ottawa in Canada, he specialized in neurology at McGill Univ. and was a clinical neurologist at three French hospitals in Montreal. He was also the director of neurological rehabilitation at one of the hospitals. His survivors who mourn his loss are wife Chantal (Levesque) and daughter Sidney.

Anne Weismann Shea, 71, of North Hampton, N.H., on May 9, 2022. She graduated at the top of her class from the New Hampshire Police Academy and served 12 years as a police officer in South Hampton and at UNH. She also served as a selectwoman in South Hampton for seven years. She had a 30-year career at Boston Univ. as an administrator and became the vice president for enrollment. She also was a deputy chief with the BU Police Dept. In retirement she worked as a realtor. Predeceased by husband Robert, she is survived by children Natalie and Jacob and two grandchildren.

1972

Anne L. Garrels, 71, of Norfolk, Conn., on September 7, 2022. After earning her degree from Radcliffe, she began her long career in journalism at ABC News, serving as Moscow, Russia, bureau chief. She then covered conflicts in El Salvador and Nicaragua before joining NBC as the State Dept. correspondent. Moving to NPR in 1988, she opened its Moscow bureau and served for 10 years. Her time with NPR was marked by reporting from the frontlines of major conflicts around the world, including from Afghanistan after 9/11 and from Baghdad during the 2003 Iraq war. She received a George Polk Award as well as a duPont-Columbia Award and Peabody Award with her NPR team. Predeceased by husband James Vinton Lawrence, she is survived by brother John, sister Molly, and two stepdaughters.

Catherine Morse Gavin, 71, of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., on February 6, 2022. After college, she worked for the U.S. Dept. of Housing and Development and later was the director of music and the organist at All Saints Episcopal Church in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. An accomplished musician, she was a chamber pianist and accompanist who frequently performed in public appearances. Middlebury relatives include brother Tom '66.

Cheryl A. Rinder, 72, of Middlebury, Vt., on June 6, 2022. With business partners, including Dale Goddard '69, she helped start Fire and Ice Restaurant in 1974 and helped create Rosie's Restaurant in Middlebury. After several years in the restaurant business, she attended nursing school and worked at Porter Hospital. She then owned and operated Stark Window Cleaning with her husband. She is survived by husband John Stark, children Paris, Pilar, Bow, Liberty, Ali, and Glory, stepsons Abbott and Alex, and several grandchildren.

1973

John R. Echols, 71, of Fort Defiance, Va., on May 23, 2022. He worked in construction and welding then became a building contractor, restoring historic buildings and building new homes in Virginia and North Carolina. He also worked for a decade on the physical plant at James Madison Univ. He is survived by sons Jared and Cameron, two grandchildren, and brother Robert '69.

1974

Jonathan S. Emerson, 69, of Tepotzlàn, Mexico, on May 15, 2021. After earning a Master of Professional Studies at Cornell Univ., he had a long career in the hospitality industry, working for various inns and resorts before owning his own, Neskowin Resort and Raku Grille in Oregon. Changing careers, he served as VP of marketing for Regent Assisted Living. He is survived by wife Louisa (Harris), sons Parker, Jordan, and Cameron, and three grandchildren. Middlebury relatives include parents Gordon '40 and Margaret Jones Emerson '40 (deceased), brother David (who died September 13, 2023), and niece Jessica Emerson Demarjian '92.

Earl M. Irving, 69, of Silver Spring, Md. on August 17, 2022. After earning a master's in Slavic languages and literatures at the Univ. of California, Berkeley, he went to work at the Department of State as an interpreter before becoming a foreign service officer in 1983. His postings included Brazil, South Africa, the Soviet Union, Zimbabwe, Mexico City, and Australia before he became the U.S. ambassador to Swaziland in 2009. In 2019 he began serving as a senior advisor to the Franklin Fellows Program at the State Dept. He is survived by wife Jeanne and children Michael and Zoë.

1975

Christine Nyquist McLaren, 66, of Bourne, Mass., on April 29, 2019. She worked as a cartographer for the National Survey Co., as a services manager then marketing manager for Commercial Union Assurance Co., and in 2014 she was named the community programs manager at Old Colony Elder Services in Brockton, Mass. She is survived by husband John and two stepsons. Deceased Middlebury relatives include mother Helen Nyquist '35.

1977

Mary E. "Beth" Newkirk, 67, of Minneapolis, Minn., on June 10, 2022. She earned an MA in journalism from the Univ. of Minnesota then found her calling as an organizer with VISTA. She then was founding director of All Parks Alliance for Change, where she delivered landmark legislation protecting mobile homeowners. She was also a founding director of the Organizing Apprenticeship Project, later called Voices for Racial Justice. She is survived by husband George Rothenberger and daughter Sophie.

Harry F. Weyher III, 66, of Green Pond, S.C., on June 26, 2022. In 1977, he joined Brunge Corp., an agribusiness firm in NYC, as treasurer. In 1995, he joined Gerald Metals of Stamford, Conn., as the vice president of finance. He was a founding partner in 2000 of Littlejohn and Co., a private equity firm in Greenwich, Conn. Most recently he was CFO of Traxys Group, a global metals and minerals trading firm. He is survived by children Harry IV and Jesse, and two grandchildren.

1978

Jennifer P. Atkins, 65, of Amherst, Mass., on June 30, 2022. For 22 years she was a lab instructor and taught introductory biology at Mount Holyoke College in South Hadley, Mass. She was also a fiber artist. She is survived by husband Kent, daughters Lucy and Geneviève, and one granddaughter. Deceased Middlebury relatives include great-uncle Sydney Pollard, Class of 1918, and aunt Britt Gore '47.

1979

Sharon Flack Mussomeli, 65, of Vienna, Va., on September 18, 2022. After a year at Columbia Law School, she joined the Dept. of State as a foreign service officer, serving at a post in Ethiopia. Upon marrying another foreign service officer, she retired and became a strong, supportive ambassador's wife. She is survived by husband Joe, and children Isaac '06, Alexis '08, and Thomas.

1981

Marcia Parlow Pomerance, 62, recently of Weybridge, Vt., on July 19, 2022. After graduation, she worked in book publishing at William Morrow and Houghton Mifflin. In 2013, she became the managing editor for the *New England Review (NER),* where she worked until 2021. She created *NER*'s first social media presence and podcast. She is survived by children Jared '11, Justin '13, and Lucas '16, longtime partner Nathan Dansereau, and former husband, John '80. Middlebury relatives include sister Elizabeth '70 and brother Bob '72 (deceased).

IN MEMORIAM

ROBERT P. MARTIN

MARCH 10, 1943–JUNE 27, 2023

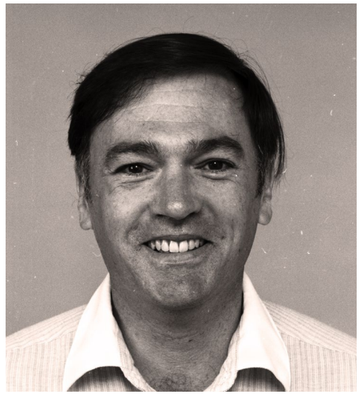
Professor Emeritus Robert P. Martin, whose curiosity and commitment helped create the computer science major at Middlebury, died June 27, 2023, at The Arbors in Shelburne, Vt. He was 80 years old.

After earning a BS and MS in mathematics from Central Connecticut State University, he received his PhD in mathematics from the University of Maryland. His outstanding dissertation earned him a postdoc position at the University of Pennsylvania. In 1978 he joined the faculty at Middlebury and was appointed associate professor of mathematics. He quickly became one of the College's most popular teachers. In 1986 he became professor of mathematics. His approach to teaching math was unique and his courses in the foundations of math and the mathematics of Rubik's Cube were legendary.

Always ready to extend his knowledge in new directions, he took a sabbatical in 1980 at Harvard and MIT to explore and learn more about the field of computer science. He returned to Middlebury and was instrumental in building course selections in computational science and turning those into a major. He hired trained faculty and led the effort to create a department. He was named director of academic computing.

While Martin was a beloved and influential teacher, he had another claim to fame at the College. He was one of the creators of the "Green Chicken Contest" with Williams College. The Green Chicken was a chartreuse, chicken-shaped chafing dish of Martin's that he put to good use in 1978. He and colleague Bill Beckmann were involved with prepping Middlebury students for the National Putnam Exam and Martin's friend Peter Andrews was doing the same at Williams. That fall, they decided to have their "teams" take a practice exam on the same day as the Middlebury-Williams football game. The competition went well, so they decided to make it an annual tradition—and it needed an award. Martin said, "It was [wife] Holly who suggested the Green Chicken be used as a trophy. The big question we had to wrestle with was who should get it, the winners or the losers?!"

A well-respected, beloved colleague, Martin is remembered fondly by his colleagues. Michael Olinick, professor of mathematics, has memories that include teaching classes with Martin on cryptology—introducing students to Alan Turing, the "father" of the modern computer, and to the Navajo codetalkers of World War II. "Bob was an absolutely marvelous colleague," said Olinick. "I cherish the times we worked together as coteachers."



Martin is survived by wife Holly McKenzie '61, children Ashley, Marshall, Hilary, and Jason Cross '93, Seth Martin, Nicole Nicholson, and Michael Martin; eight grandchildren; and sister Linda Martin.

CLASS ACTS

1982

Mark D. Stone, 61, of Grand Island, N.Y., on August 12, 2022. A member of Delta Upsilon, he began his career as an assistant to a trade show planner and ended up as the owner and president of Aurora, Colorado–based Milestone Presentations, a tradeshow management and conference planning firm. He is survived by daughter Taylor. Middlebury relatives include brother Rick '78.

1983

John D. Alexander III, 62, of Bomoseen, Vt., on May 3, 2022. After earning his master's in German from Middlebury, he had a 30-year career in high school education, teaching German, history, and English. He also earned his certificate in Teaching English as a Second Language. Over the years he taught at a wide range of independent schools in Connecticut, Texas, New Jersey, California, and New York. He is survived by wife Martie, stepchildren Gregory and Rebecca, and one grandson.

Karen J. Barss, 61, of Cambridge, Mass., on September 8, 2022. She worked for Boston's PBS station, WGBH, 25 years in various capacities, including as director of educational outreach, and also brought in millions of dollars in foundation grants and corporate support. She then worked 10 years for the international nonprofit, Facing History and Ourselves, before retiring. She is survived by husband Daniel Boyne and daughter Kalie.

Bentley A. Merrick, 61, of South Burlington, Vt., on July 2, 2022. After earning his DMD from the Univ. of Pennsylvania School of Dental Medicine in 1988, he worked four years at Chatham Dental Assoc. in New Jersey, his father's business. Pursuing further training at NYU in prosthodontics, he opened his own prosthodontics practice in Vermont in 1993, which thrived over the next 29 years. He is survived by wife Susie (Rose) '83, MA English '90, and daughters Katie '17 and Janie. Middlebury relatives include sister Jenny Vecchio '84, MA German '87.

1987

James M. Scannell, 56, of Utica, N.Y., on May 13, 2022. With a master's in English from the Univ. of Virginia and a doctorate in English literature from SUNY Stony Brook, he taught English literature at Utica Univ. for over 20 years and was a tenured professor. He is survived by his brothers and sister and their families.

1988

Lee Rose Emery, 56, of Prague, Czechoslovakia, on June 1, 2022. After earning a master's in theater through Trinity Repertory Theatre and Rhode Island College, she spent many years in Los Angeles as an actress and TV scriptwriter. She and husband Josiah had two children.

GRADUATE SCHOOLS

1956

Eleanor McCleary Sellstrom, 92, MA French, of Austin, Texas, on June 24, 2022. She taught English and French at Perry School and volunteered weekly as a reader at Recording for the Blind.

1957

Marie M. Collins, 86, MA French, of New York, N.Y., on January 6, 2022. She was a professor of French and comparative literature at Rutgers Univ. and founded the first women's studies program there.

1961

Randall W. Listerman, 83, MA Spanish, of Oxford, Ohio, on January 19, 2022. He taught for 35 years in the German and Spanish Departments at Miami Univ., retiring as a full professor.

1962

Mikal L. Barnes, 83, MA German, MA Spanish '88, of Linwood, N.C., on May 19, 2022. His teaching career took him from Maryland to Georgia to North Carolina.

Elaine McDermott Bunn, 83, MA Spanish, of Middletown, N.J., on June 18, 2022. Most of her career was spent as a professor of Spanish language and literature at Drew Univ. in Madison, N.J.

Philip A. McCormick, 92, MA Russian, of Glen Arm, Md., on June 24, 2022. After serving in the Army in Japan during the Korean War, he had a lifelong career in higher ed at Loyola College in Baltimore, teaching Russian language and area studies.

1965

Pierre Mali, 93, MA French, of East Greenwich, R.I., on July 3, 2021. A high school French teacher throughout his career, he taught in Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and Rhode Island.

Carole Landry Stefanoni, 84, MA French, of Needham, Mass., on June 5, 2022. She was dedicated to her career as a language teacher at Brookline (Mass.) High School and she tutored many local students.

1967

Rilla Carter Keith, 77, MA Spanish, of Cary, N.C., on March 22, 2022. She taught Spanish and French at North Carolina Wesleyan College in Rocky Mount.

Geraldine Wagstaff Rodibaugh, 85, MA English, of Farmington Hills, Mich., on June 15, 2022. She taught English, literature, and humanities at Elyria (Ohio) High School and Ypsilanti (Mich.) High School for 30 years. She was also a substitute teacher and tutored Japanese children and adults in English.

Maria Rodriguez Toy, 95, MA Spanish, of Spring Lake, Mich., on February 9, 2021. She worked as a schoolteacher in many capacities for Muskegon Heights (Mich.) High School for 40 years.

1969

Marcel W. Charland, 86, MA French, of Plattsburgh, N.Y., on May 10, 2022. His 26-year career in education included teaching high school French in schools in Albany, Westchester County, and northern New York.

1970

Evelyn Hester Church, 95, MA Spanish, of Winston-Salem, N.C., on May 15, 2022. She had a long teaching career, first at the high school level and later at Juniata College in Pennsylvania.

1972

Sr. **Mary Joan Dyer**, 95, MA French, of O'Fallon, Mo., on May 6, 2022. She was an archivist for the Sisters of the Most Precious Blood.

1975

Linda M. Lane, 80, DML French, of Brandon, Miss., on July 12, 2022. She served as head of the Dept. of Foreign Languages at Mississippi Univ. for Women and taught at East Central Community College.

1980

Ursula Becker Uhlig, 90, MA German, of Athens, Ga., on June 8, 2022. Born in Germany, she immigrated to the U.S. in 1966 and taught German at Loomis Chaffee School in Connecticut. She then was an academic advisor in the Economics Dept. at the Univ. of Georgia.

1981

Carl J. Storz, 92, MA French, of Kingston, Pa., on January 31, 2021. After serving in the Army in the Korean War, he had a career at Llewellyn Bros. Printing.

1985

K. Leslie Burke, 72, MA French, of Paris, France, on May 21, 2018. She was a singer, writer, and teacher of English, including at the Univ. of Nice.

1989

Peter N. Wing, 73, MA Spanish, of McAllen, Texas, on May 14, 2020. He was an educator for the Donna (Texas) Independent School District for many years, retiring in 2010.

1998

Mary Smoley Blust, 78, MA French, of Chicago, Ill., in April 2021. She was the director of finance for the Alliance Française de Chicago.

2007

Wanda Seay Partnoy, 85, MLitt English, of Charlotte, Vt., on November 7, 2021. She was a writer and enjoyed painting.

STAFF

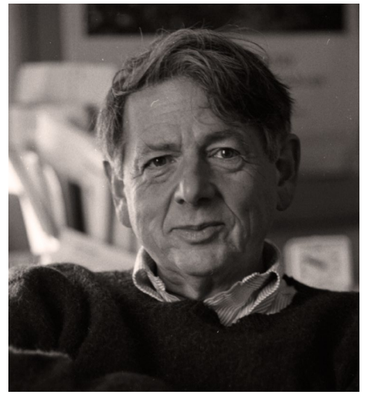
Leo F. Hotte, 74, of Cornwall, Vt., on February 14, 2023. After working as the night watchman on the Bread Loaf campus, he was hired as the caretaker and worked as groundskeeper, caretaker, and manager for the campus for 26 years before retiring in 2009. In addition to keeping the physical plant running, he supervised the grounds and housekeeping staff, and supported any groups using the facilities. Much loved, he was admired for his skills and knowledge and easy-going nature. He is survived by wife Sandy LeGault and sons Leo and Jean Paul. He was predeceased by daughter Terry.

John D. Stokes, 64, of Brandon, Vt., on August 6, 2023. A graduate of the Kathryn Wasserman Davis School of Russian, he became the coordinator for the school in 2005 and served until 2012. He was named director of operations of the Language Schools in 2012 and remained in that position until he retired in 2023. He played a central role each summer in designing and implementing plans for student housing, classrooms, orientation, arrival schedules, and programs and was known for his calming presence, professionalism, and dedication to the Language Schools.

IN MEMORIAM

Victor L. Nuovo

NOVEMBER 13, 1931–OCTOBER 5, 2023



Teacher, scholar, and philosopher Victor L. Nuovo, Charles A. Dana Professor Emeritus of Philosophy, passed away with his family by his side on October 5, 2023, in Middlebury, Vt. He was 91 years old. For many decades, his depth and breadth of class offerings and intellectual research inspired and informed countless students at Middlebury. He was also deeply involved in the welfare of the town of Middlebury and served the community in many ways.

President Laurie Patton says, "Victor was the consummate educator and public servant whose impact on both the town of Middlebury and the College was profound. Known for his gentle demeanor, he thought deeply about the impact of his decisions on the people of his community—which was especially valuable at times when the town was undertaking ambitious projects. As a celebrated scholar, educator, and writer for six decades, his effect on generations of students was no less impactful."

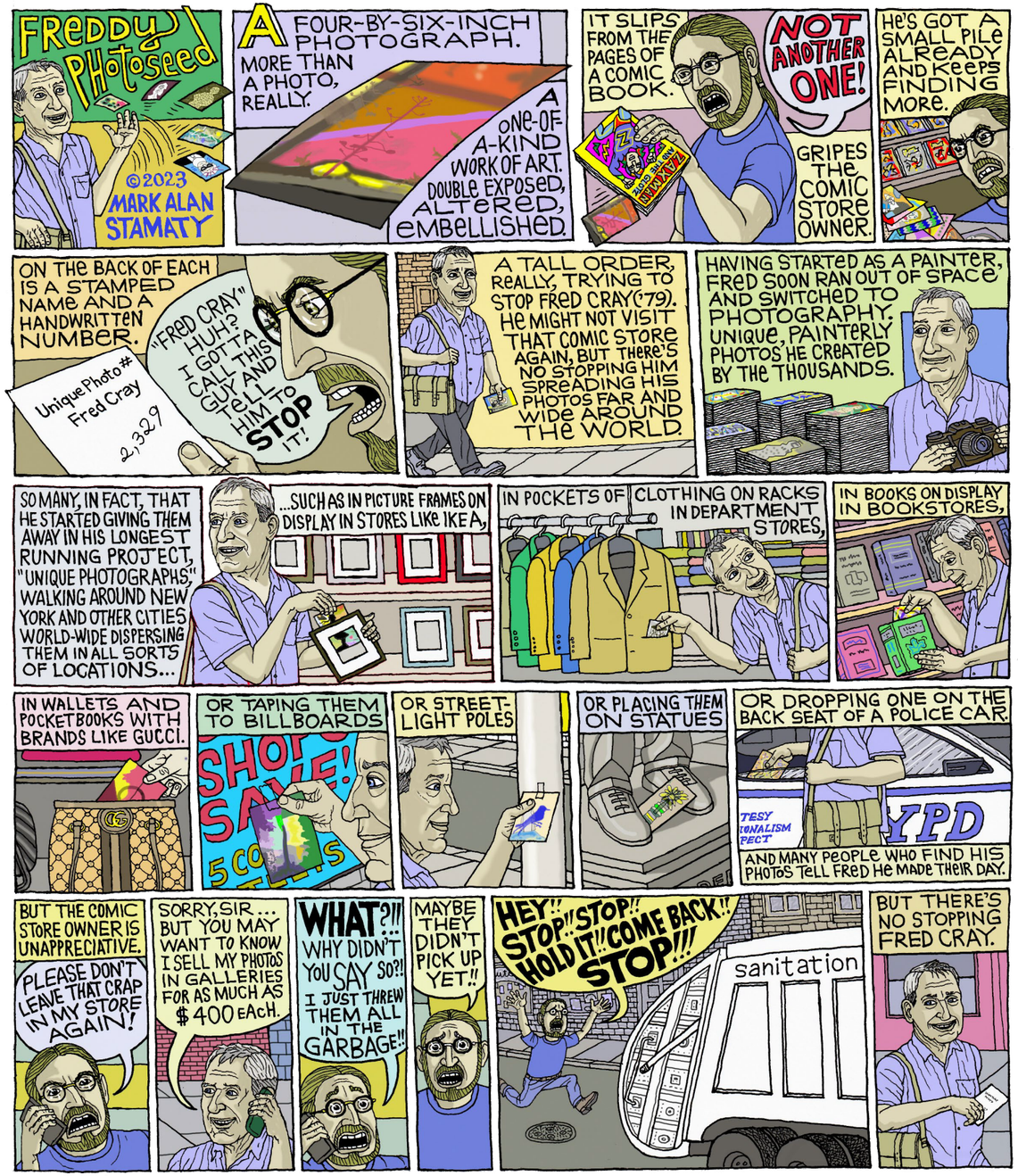
Nuovo was born in New York City on November 13, 1931. He graduated from Hope College in 1954 with a degree in English literature, then pursued a Bachelor of Divinity at New Brunswick Theological Seminary, receiving the degree in 1957. He joined the faculty of Middlebury College as an instructor in religion in 1962 and earned his PhD from Columbia University in 1964.

He became a professor of religion in 1975 and accepted an appointment as chairman of the Division of Humanities for 1976–1977, whereupon his title became professor of philosophy. His teaching covered a broad range of subjects, and he had an impressive command of the history of philosophy. He published numerous books and articles, particularly in the early years on German-American theologian Paul Tillich and later on 18th-century thinker William Paley.

After retirement in 1994, he was appointed Visiting Fellow at Harris Manchester College, University of Oxford, in 1997, and was then appointed Senior Research Fellow, a position he continued to hold. "He became a serious scholar of the works of John Locke; in particular, Locke's writings on toleration," says Murray Dry, Charles A. Dana Professor of Political Science.

Nuovo was a devoted civil servant for the town of Middlebury, serving many years on the selectboard during a time when the town was involved in several ambitious projects, including adding a second bridge to the downtown area. He was instrumental in helping to secure funds from the College for that project, feeling the bridge was crucial for relieving traffic and boosting the downtown economy.

Nuovo was predeceased by his beloved wife of 70 years, Betty (Stagg). He is survived by son Victor and wife Pamela, son Thomas '85 and wife MaryBeth, and grandchildren Giuliana, Leo, Sofia, and Lucia.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©2023 MARK ALAN STAMATY
A FOUR-BY-SIX-INCH PHOTOGRAPH.
MORE THAN A PHOTO, REALLY.
A ONE-OF-A-KIND WORK OF ART. DOUBLE EXPOSED, ALTERED, EMBELLISHED.
IT SLIPS FROM THE PAGES OF A COMIC BOOK.
NOT ANOTHER ONE!
GRIPES THE COMIC STORE OWNER.
HE'S GOT A SMALL PILE ALREADY AND KEEPS FINDING MORE.
ON THE BACK OF EACH IS A STAMPED NAME AND A HANDWRITTEN NUMBER.
Unique Photo #
Fred Cray
2,329
"FRED CRAY" HUH? I GOTTA CALL THIS GUY AND TELL HIM TO STOP IT!
A TALL ORDER, REALLY, TRYING TO STOP FRED CRAY('79). HE MIGHT NOT VISIT THAT COMIC STORE AGAIN, BUT THERE'S NO STOPPING HIM SPREADING HIS PHOTOS FAR AND WIDE AROUND THE WORLD.
HAVING STARTED AS A PAINTER, FRED SOON RAN OUT OF SPACE AND SWITCHED TO PHOTOGRAPHY. UNIQUE, PAINTERLY PHOTOS HE CREATED BY THE THOUSANDS.
SO MANY, IN FACT, THAT HE STARTED GIVING THEM AWAY IN HIS LONGEST RUNNING PROJECT, "UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPHS," WALKING AROUND NEW YORK AND OTHER CITIES WORLD-WIDE DISPERSING THEM IN ALL SORTS OF LOCATIONS...
...SUCH AS IN PICTURE FRAMES ON DISPLAY IN STORES LIKE IKEA,
IN POCKETS OF CLOTHING ON RACKS IN DEPARTMENT STORES,
IN BOOKS ON DISPLAY IN BOOKSTORES,
IN WALLETS AND POCKETBOOKS WITH BRANDS LIKE GUCCI.
OR TAPING THEM TO BILLBOARDS
SHOE SALE! 5 CO
OR STREET-LIGHT POLES
OR PLACING THEM ON STATUES
OR DROPPING ONE ON THE BACK SEAT OF A POLICE CAR.
YPD
AND MANY PEOPLE WHO FIND HIS PHOTOS TELL FRED HE MADE THEIR DAY.
BUT THE COMIC STORE OWNER IS UNAPPRECIATIVE.
PLEASE DON'T LEAVE THAT CRAP IN MY STORE AGAIN!
SORRY, SIR... BUT YOU MAY WANT TO KNOW I SELL MY PHOTOS IN GALLERIES FOR AS MUCH AS $400 EACH.
WHAT?!! WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO?! I JUST THREW THEM ALL IN THE GARBAGE!!
MAYBE THEY DIDN'T PICK UP YET!!
HEY!! STOP!! STOP!! HOLD IT!! COME BACK!! STOP!!!
sanitation
BUT THERE'S NO STOPPING FRED CRAY.

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